







THE POETRY
OF
W I T C H C R A F T

ILLUSTRATED BY COPIES OF THE
Plays on the Lancashire Witches

BY
HEYWOOD AND SHADWELL.

REPRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S., &c.

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THE
Lancashire Witches

AND

Tegue o Dibelly the Irish Priest.

A

C O M E D Y

ACTED AT

THE DUKE'S THEATER.

Written by *THO. SHEDWELL.*

—*Nihilo quae sunt metuenda magis quam
Quae pueri in tenebris paritunt, singulay, futura.*

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TO THE READER.

FOPS and knaves are the fittest characters for Comedy, and this town was wont to abound with variety of vanities and knaveries till this unhappy division. But all run now into politicks, and you must needs, if you touch upon any humour of this time, offend one of the parties; the bounds being then so narrow, I saw there was no scope for the writing of an intire Comedy (wherein the Poet must have a relish of the present time), and therefore I resolved to make as good an entertainment as I could, without tying my self up to the strict rules of a Comedy, which was the reason of my introducing of Witches. Yet I will be bold to affirm that young *Hartfort*, *Sir Timothy Smerk*, and *Tegue O Direlly* are true comical characters, and have something new in 'em. And how any of these (the scene being laid in Lancashire) could offend any party here, but that of Papists, I could not imagine, till I heard that great opposition was design'd against the Play (a month before it was acted) by a party who (being ashamed to say it was for the sake of the Irish Priest) pretended that I had written a satyr upon the Church of *England*, and several profest Papists railed at it violently, before they had seen it, alledging that for a reason, such dear friends they are to our Church. And notwithstanding all was put out that could any way be wrested to an offence against the Church) yet they came with the greatest malice in the world to hiss it, and many that call'd themselves Protestants, joyn'd with them in that noble enterprise.

How strict a scrutiny was made upon the Play you may easily see, for I have, in my own vindication, printed it just as I first writ it; and

all that was expunged is printed in the *Italick* letter. All the difference is, that I have now ordained *Smerk*, who before was a young student in Divinity, expecting orders and to be Chaplain to *Sir Edward*. The master of the revels (who, I must confess, used me civilly enough) license'd it at first with little alteration; but there came such an alarm to him, and a report that it was full of dangerous reflections, that upon a review, he expunged all that you see differently printed, except about a dozen lines which he struck out at the first reading.

But, for all this they came resolved to hiss at it right or wrong, and had gotten mereenary fellows, who were such fools they did not know when to hiss; and this was evident to all the audience. It was wonderful to see men of great quality, and gentlemen, in so mean a combination. But to my great satisfaction they came off as meanly as I could wish; I had so numerous an assembly of the best sort of men, who stood so generously in my defence, for the three first days, that they quash'd all the vain attempts of my enemies, the inconsiderable party of hissers yielded, and the Play liv'd in spight of them.

Had it been never so bad, I had valued the honour of having so many, and such friends, as eminently appeared for me, above that of excelling the most admirable *Johnson*, if it were possible to be done by me.

Now, for reflecting upon the Church of *England*, you will find, by many expressions in the Play, that I intended the contrary. And I am well assnred that no learned, or wise divine of the church will believe me guilty of it. I profess to have a true value and respect for them.

But they who say that the representation of such a fool and knave as *Smerk* (who is declared to be an infamous fellow, not of the church, but crept into it for a lively-hood, exposed for his folly, and knavery, and expelled the family) should concern, or reflect upon the church of England, do sutiliently abuse it. A foolish lord or knight,

is daily represented ; nor are there any so silly to believe it an abuse to their order. Should Thompson, or Mason, or any impudent hot-headed tantivy fool be exposed, I am confident that the sober and the wise divines of the church will be so far from thinking themselves concern'd in it, that they detest them as much as I do.

Nor should any of the Irish nation think themselves concern'd but *Kelly* (one of the murderers of Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey) which I make to be his feign'd name, and *Tegue O Dicelly* his true one. For whores and priests have several names still.

Some of the worsted party of the hissers were so malicious to make people believe (because I had laid the scene in Lancashire) that I had reflected personally on some in that, and in an adjoining county, which no man, that will give himself leave to think, can believe. And I do here solemnly declare the contrary, and that it was never once in my thought to do so.

But the clamours of a party (who can support themselves by nothing but falsehood) rose so high, as to report that I had written sedition and treason, had reflected upon His Majesty, and that the scope of the Play was against the government of England. Which are villanies I abhor, and some of the reporters I believe would not stick at. But I am well assured they did not believe themselves, only (out of malice to me) thought if they could bring the report to Windsor (which they did) by that means to cause the silencing the Play, without farther examination : but they who had the power were too just for that, and let it live.

For these reasons I am forced, in my own vindication, to print the whole play just as I writ it (without adding or diminishing) as all the actors who rehears'd it so a fortnight together, before it was reviewed, may testify.

For the magical part I had no hopes of equalling Shakespear in fancy, who created his witchcraft for the most part out of his own

TO THE READER.

imagination, (in which faculty no man ever excell'd him), and therefore I resolved to take mine from authority. And to that end, there is not one action in the Play, nay, scarce a word concerning it, but is borrowed from some antient, or modern witchmonger. Which you will find in the notes, wherein I have presented you a great part of the doctrine of witchcraft, believe it who will. For my part I am (as it is said of Surly, in the Alchymist), somewhat coticive of belief. The evidences I have represented are natural, viz., slight, and frivolous, such as poor old women were wont to be hang'd upon.

For the actions, if I had not represented them as those of real Witches, but had show'd the ignorance, fear, melancholy, malice, confederacy, and imposture that contribute to the belief of witchcraft, the people had wanted diversion, and there had been another clamor against it ; it would have been called atheistical, by a prevailing party who take it ill that the power of the Devil should be lessen'd, and attribute more miracles to a silly old woman, than ever they did to the greatest of prophets, and by this means the Play might have been silenced.

I have but one thing more to observe, which is, that witchcraft, being a religion to the Devil, (for so it is, the Witches being the Devil's clergy, their charms upon several occasions being so many offices of the Witches liturgy to him,) and attended with as many ceremonies as even the popish religion is, 'tis remarkable that the church of the Devil (if I may catachrestically call it so) has continued almost the same, from their first writers on this subject to the last. From Theocritus his *Pharmaceutria*, to *Sadducismus Triumphatus* ; and to the shame of divines, the church of Christ has been in perpetual alteration. But had there been as little to be gotten in one as in the other, 'tis probable there would have been as few changes.

I have troubled you too long ; speak of the Play as you find it.

P R O L O G U E.

OUR Poet once resolv'd to quit the Stage,
But seeing what slight Plays still please the age,
He is drawn in: And thinks to pass with ease,
He cannot write so ill as some that please.
Our Author says he has no need to fear,
All faults but of good writing you can bear.
The common eyes all paintings please alike,
Signs are as good to them as pieces of *Tandike*.
Our Author honours th' understanding few;
And from the many he appeals to you:
For (tho' in interest most should judge!) 'Tis fit
There should an oligarchy be in wit:
False wit is now the most pernicious weed,
Rank and o'ergrown—and all run up to seed.
In knavish politicks much of it's employ'd,
With nasty spurious stuff the town is cloy'd;
Which dayly from the teeming press y'have found,
But true wit seems in magick fetters bound,
Like sprights which conjurers' circles do surround.
The Age's sores must rankle farther when
It cannot bear the cauterizing pen:
When Satyr the true medicine is declin'd,
What hope of cure can our corruptions find?

}

If the Poet's end only to please must be,
Jugglers, Rope-dancers, are as good as he.
Instruction is an honest Poet's aim,
And not a large or wide, but a good Fame.
But he has found long since this would not do,
And therefore thought to have deserted you :
But poets and young girls by no mishaps
Are warn'd, those damning fright not, nor these claps.
Their former itch will, spite of all, perswade,
And both will fall again to their old trade :
Our Poet says, that some resolve in spite
To damn, tho' good, whatever he shall write.
He fears not such as right or wrong oppose,
He swears, in sence, his friends out-weigh such foes.
He cares not much whether he sink or swim,
He will not suffer, but we shall for him.
We then are your Petitioners to-day,
Your charity for this crippled piece we pray : }
We are only losers if you damn the play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Edward Hartfort, a worthy hospitable true English Gentleman, of good understanding, and honest principles.

Young Hartfort, his Son, a clownish, sordid, Country Fool, that loves nothing but drinking ale, and country sports.

Sir Jeffery Shacklehead, a simple Justice, pretending to great skill in Witches, and a great persecutor of them.

Sir Timothy Shacklehead, Sir Jeffery's Son, a very pert, confident, simple Fellow, bred at Oxford, and the Inns of Court.

Tom Shacklehead, Sir Jeffery's poor Younger Brother, an humble companion, and led a drinker in the country.

Smerk, Chaplain to Sir Edward, foolish, knavish, popish, arrogant, insolent; yet for his interest, slavish.

Tegue O Divilly, the Irish Priest, an equal mixture of fool and knave.

Biffort, & Two Yorkshire Gentlemen of good estates, well bred, *Doubtly*, & and of good sense.

Lady Shacklehead, Wife to Sir Jeffery, a notable discreet lady, something inclined to wantonness.

Therasosin, Daughter to Sir Jeffery and Lady.

Isabella, Daughter to Sir Edward Hartfort, & wit, and beauty.

Susan, Housekeeper to Sir Edward.

Clod, a Country Fellow, a retainer to Sir Edward's family.

Thomas o' Georges, another Country Fellow.

Constable.

The Devil,

Mother *Hargrave*,

Witches.

Mother *Dundike*,

Hal Spencer,

Mother *Dickenson*,

Judge, and several other

Old Woman that searches them. Servants, Dancers, Musicians,

Messenger, &c.

THE SCENE IN *LINCOLNSHIRE*, NEAR *PENDLE-HILLS*.

THE
LANCASHIRE WITCHES
AND
Tegue O'Divelly the Irish Priest.

ACT I.

Enter Sir Edward Hartfoot and Smerk.

Smerk. Sir, give me leave, as by duty bound,
To let you know (thongh I am lately come
Into your family) I have observ'd
(For all your real courtesie, and seeming mirth
Among your friends that visit you) a fixt
And constant melancholy does possess you, Sir,
When y'are alone; and you seem not to relish
The happiness your ample fortune, and
The great esteem your worth has ever gain'd
From all good men might give you: I am bound
To inquire the cause, and offer my advice.

Sir Edw. Pray search no further, I, for once, can pardon
The rashness of your curiositie.
I did not take you for my councellor.

Smerk. You now, Sir, are become one of my flock :
And I am bound in conscience to advise,
And search into the troubles of your spirit,
To find the secrets that disturb your mind.

Sir Edw. I do not wonder, that a person should
Be foolish and pragmatical ; but know,
I will advise and teach your master of artship
(That made you lord it over boys and freshmen)
To add to your small logieck and divinity
Two main ingredients, Sir,—sence and good-manners.

Smerk. Consider, Sir, the dignity of my function.

Sir Edw. Your father is my taylor, you are my servant,
And do you think a cassock and a girdle
Can alter you so much, as to enable
You (who before were but a coxcomb, Sir,)
To teach me ? Know, I only took you for
A mechanick divine, to read Church prayers
Twice every day, and once a week to teach
My servants honesty and obedience.
You may be belweather to a silly flock,
And lead 'em where you please, but ne'er must hope
To govern men of sense and knowledg.

Smerk. My office bids me say this is profane,
And little less than atheistical.

Sir Edw. You're insolent ; you're one of the senceless,
Hotheaded fools, that injure all your tribe ;
Learn of the wise, the moderate and good,
Our Church abounds with such examples for you.
I scorn the name of atheist, you're ill-manner'd.
But who e'er touches one of you hot-spur persons,
You brand him home, and right, or wrong, no matter.

Smerk. My orders give me authority to speak.

Sir Edw. Your orders separate, and set you apart
To minister, that is, to serve, in churches,
And not to domineer in families.

Smerk. A power legantine I have from Heaven.

Sir Edw. Show your credentials. Come, good petulant
Mr. Chop-Logick, pack up your few books
And old black thred-bare clothes to-morrow morning,
And leave my house; get you a wall-ey'd mare
Will carry double, for your spouse and you,
When some cast chamber-maid shall smile upon you,
Charm'd with a vearidge of forty pound
A year, the greatest you can ever look for.

Smerk. Good Sir! I have offended, and am sorry.
I ne'er will once commit this fault again,
Now I am acquainted with your worship's mind.

Sir Edw. So, now you are not bound in conscience then
The indiscretion of such poultry fellows
Are scandals to the Church and cause they preach for.
What fatal mischiefs have domestick priests
Brought on the best of families in England!
Where their dull patrons give them line enough,
First with the women they insinuate
(Whose fear and folly makes them slaves t'you),
And give them ill opinions of their husbands.
Oft ye divide them, if the women rule not.
But, if they govern, then your reign is sure.
Then y' have the secrets of the family,
Dispose o'th' children, place and then displace
Whom, and when you think fit.

Smerk. Good, noble Sir, I humbly shall desist.

Sir Edw. The husband must not drink a glass, but when
You shall, of your good grace, think fit for him.
None shall be weleom but whom you approve :
And all this favour is, perhaps, requited
With the infusing of ill principles into the sons,
And stealing, or corrupting of the daughters.
Sometimes upon a weak and bigot patron you
Obtain so much to be executor :
And, if he dies, marry his widdow, and
Claim then the cheating of his orphans too.

Smerk. Sweet Sir, forbear, I am fully sensible.

Sir Edw. With furious zeal you press for discipline,
With fire and blood maintain your great Diana.
Foam at the mouth when a Dissenter's nam'd,
(With fiery eyes, wherein we flaming see
A persecuting spirit) you roar at
Those whom the wisest of your function strive
To win by gentleness and easie ways.
You dam 'em if they do not love a surplice.

Smerk. Had I the power, I'de make them wear pitcht surplices,
And light them till they flain'd about their ears,
I would——

Sir Edw. Such firebrands as you but hurt the cause,
The learnedst and the wisest of your tribe
Strive by good life and meckness to o'reome them.
We serve a Princec renown'd for graee and mercy,
Abhorring ways of blood and cruelty ;
Whose glory will, for this, last to all ages.
Him Heaven preserve long quiet in his throne.
I will have no such violent sons of thunder,
I will have moderation in my house.

Smerk. Forgive my zeal, and, if your worship please,
I will submit to all your wise instructions.

Sir Edw. Then (on your good behaviour) I receive you.
Search not the secrets of my house or me.
Vain was our Reformation, if we still
Suffer auricular confession here,
By which the Popish clergy rule the world.
No business in my family shall concern you;
Preach nothing but good life and honesty.

Smerk. I will not.

Sir Edw. No controversial sermons will I hear:
No meddling with government; y'are ignorant
O'th' laws and customs of our realm, and should be so.
The other world should be your care, not this.
A plowman is as fit to be a pilot,
As a good clergyman to be a statesman, Sir;
Besides, the people are not apt to love you,
Because your sloth is supported by their labours.
And you do hurt to any cause you would
Advance.

Smerk. I humbly bow, Sir, to your wisdom.

Sir Edw. A meek and humble modest teacher be;
For piteous trifles you divines fall out.
If you must quarrel, quarrel who shall be
Most honest men; leave me, and then consider
Of what I have said.

Smerk. I will do any thing
Rather than lose your worship's grace and favour.

Sir Edw. Begon.

[*Exit Smerk.*

Enter Isabella.

Isabella. Sir, why do you walk alone, and melancholy?
I have observ'd you droop much on the suddain.

Sir Edw. Dear Isabella, the most solid joy
And comfort of my fading life! thou truest image
Of thy dead mother! who excell'd her sex:
Fair, and not proud on't; witty, and not vain;
Not grave, but wise; chaste, and yet kind and free;
Devout, not sowl; religious, not preeise:
In her no foolish affectation was
Which makes us nauseate all good qualities.
She was all meekness and humility;
The tenderest mother, and the softest wife.

Isab. My dearest and most honoured father,
(Had you not been the best of parents living)
I could not have outliv'd that Mother's loss:
Loss of her tender care, and great example.

Sir Edw. Yet learn, my child, never to grieve for that
Which cannot be recall'd; those whom I love
With tenderness I will embrace, when living,
And when they're dead strive to forget 'em soon.

Isab. What is it can afflict you now, dear Father?

Sir Edw. Thou'rt wise, to thee I can declare my grief;
Thy brother has been still my tender eare,
Out of my duty, rather than affection,
Whom I could never bend by education
To any generous purpose, who delights
In dogs and horses, peasants, ale and sloth.

Isab. He may have children will be wiser, Sir.
And you are young enough yet to expect
Many years comfort in your grand-children.

Sir Edw. To that end, I would match the unhewn clown
To the fair daughter of Sir Jeffery Shacklehead,
Who has all the perfections can be wish'd
In woman kind, and might restore the breed :
But he neglects her, to enjoy his clowns,
His foolish sports, and is averse to marriage.
I would not have my name perish in him.

Isab. (aside) I am sure shee'l never help to the continuance.

Sir Edw. But thou art good, my child, obedient.
And though Sir Timothy, Sir Jeffery's son,
Has not the great accomplishments I wish him,
His temper yet is flexible and kind,
And will be apt to yield to thy discretion.
His person not ungracious, his estate
Large, and lies altogether about his house,
Which (for its situation and its building)
With noble gardens, fountains, and a river
Running quite through his park and garden,
Exceeds most in the north ; thou knowest my child
How this cross match will strengthen and advance
My family——He is coming hither from
His sport, he has given his horse to his man, and now
Is walking towards us ; I'll go and find
My lady and her daughter.

[*Exit* Sir Edward]

Isab. Oh hard fate !
That I must disobey so good a father :
I to no punishment can be condemn'd
Like to the marriage with this foolish knight.
But by ill usage of him, I will make him,
If possible, hate me as I hate him.

Enter Sir Timothy Shacklehead.

Sir Tim. Oh, my fair cousin, I spied yee, and that made me give my man my horse to come to you.

Isab. Me? have you any business with me?

Sir Tim. Business! yes faith, I think I have, you know it well enough; but we have had no sport this afternoon, and therefore I made hast to come to you.

Isab. Such as you should have no sport made to you, you should make it for others.

Sir Tim. Ay, it's no matter for that; but Cousin, would you believe it, we were all bewitched; Mother Demdike and all her imps were abroad, I think; but you are the pretty witch that enchanteth my heart. This must needs please her. [Aside.]

Isab. Well said, Academy of Complements, you are well read I see.

Sir Tim. Ods bud, who would have thought she had read that!

Isab. Nay, for learning and good breeding let Tim alone.

Sir Tim. Tim! I might be Sir Timothy in your mouth tho', one would think.

Isab. I am sorry the king bestowed honour so cheaply.

Sir Tim. Nay, not so cheaply neither; for though my Lady Mother had a dear friend at court, yet I was fain to give one a hundred pounds, besides my fees, I am sure of that: Tim! hum go too ——

Isab. Was there ever so fulsom a fool!

Sir Tim. Besides, I gave thirty guinnies for the sword I was knighted with to one of his nobles, for the king did not draw his own sword upon me.

Isab. Do you abuse the nobility? would a nobleman sell you a sword?

Sir Tim. Yes that they will, sell that or any thing else at court. I am sure he was a great courtier, he talked so prettily to the king's dogs, and was so familiar with them, and they were very kind to him, and he had great interest in them : he had all their names as quick, and Mumper and I don't know who, and discours'd with them, I protest and vow, as if they had been Christians.

Isab. Oh thou art a pretty fellow ; hey for little Tim of Lancashire !

Sir Tim. You might give one one's title, one would think, I say again, especially one that loves you too.

Isab. Yes, I will give you your title.

Sir Tim. Thank you, dear Cousin. [*He offers to kiss her hand. She gives him a box on the ear.*

Isab. Take that, and your proper title, fool.

Sir Tim. Fool ! I defie you, I scorn your words, 'tis a burning shame you should be so incivil, that it is : little thinks my Lady Mother how I am used.

Isab. Once for all, as a kinsman I will be civil to you ; but if you dare make love to me, I'll make thee such an example, thou shalt be a terror to all foolish knights.

Sir Tim. Foolish ! ha, ha, ha, that's a pretty jest ; why hasn't I been at Oxford and the Inns of Court ? I have spent my time well indeed if I be a fool still : but I am not such a fool to give you over for all this.

Isab. Dost thou hear ? thou most incorrigible lump, never to be likit into form ; thou coxcomb incarnate ; thou fresh, insipid, witless, mannerless knight, who wearest a knighthood worse than a haberdasher of small wares would ; it serves but to make thy folly more eminent.

Sir Tim. Well, well, forsooth, somebody shall know this.

Isab. Every one that knows thee, knows it. Dost thou think, because thy foolish mother has cocker'd thee with morning cawdles

and afternoon luncheons, thou art fit to make love? I'll use thee like a dog if thou darest but speak once more of love, or name the word before me.

Sir Tim. Mum, mum, no more to be said, I shall be heard somewhere. Will your father maintain you in these things, ha gentlewoman?

Isab. Tell if thou durst, I'll make thee tremble. Heart, if you ben't gone now presently, I'll beat you. [Exit Sir Tim.]

Enter Theodosia.

Isab. My dear, art thou come! I have been just now tormented by thy foolish brother's awkward courtship; forgive me that I make so bold with him.

Theo. Prethee do, my dear, I shall be as free with thine, though he is not so great a plague, for he is bashful, very indifferent, and for ought I perceive, to my great comfort, no lover at all: but mine is pert, foolish, confident, and on my conscience in love to boot.

Isab. Well, we are resolved never to marry where we are designed, that's certain. For my part I am a free English woman, and will stand up for my liberty, and property of choicer.

Theo. And faith, girl, I'll be a mutineer on thy side; I hate the imposition of a husband, 'tis as bad as Popery.

Isab. We will be husband and wife to one another, dear Theodosia.

Theo. But there are a brace of sparks we saw at the Spaw, I am apt to believe would forbid the banes if they were here.

Isab. Belfort and Doubty, they write us word they will be here suddenly, but I have little hopes; for my father is so resolved in whatever he proposes, I must despair of his consent for Belfort, though he is too reasonable to force me to marry any one; besides he is engaged, in honour, to your father.

Theo. Nay, if thou thinkest of subjection still, or I either, we are in a desperate case: no, mutiny, mutiny, I say.

Isab. And no money, no money will our fathers say.

Theo. If our lovers will not take us upon those terms, they are not worthy of us. If they will, farewell daddy, say I.

Isab. If so, I will be as hearty a rebel, and as brisk as thou art for thy life; but canst thou think they are such romancy knights to take ladies with nothing? I am scaree so vain, though I am a woman.

Theo. I would not live without vanity for the earth; if every one could see their own faults, 'twould be a sad world.

Isab. Thou saist right, sure the world would be almost depopulated, most men would hang themselves.

Theo. Ay, and women too: is there any creature so happy as your affected lady, or conceited coxcomb?

Isab. I must confess they have a happy error, that serves their turn better than truth; but away with Philosophy, and let's walk on and consider of the more weighty matters of our love.

Theo. Come along, my dear. [Ex. Isabella and Theodosia.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. What a pox is the matter? She has piss'd upon a nettle to-day, or else the witches have bewitched her. Hah, now I talk of witches, I am plaguily afraid, and all alone: No, here's uncle Tomas.

Enter Tho. Shacklehead.

Tho. Sha. How now, cousin?

Sir Tim. Cousin? plain cousin? You might have more manners, Uncle; 's flesh, and one gives you an inch, you'll take an ell. I see familiarity breeds contempt.

Tom. Sha. Well, Sir Timothy, then, by'r lady I thought no harm ; but I am your uncle I'le tell a that.

Sir Tim. Yes, my father's younger brother. What a mirrain do we keep you for, but to have an eye over our dogs and hawks, to drink ale with the tenants (when they come with rent or presents) in black jacks, at the upper end of a brown shovel-board table in the hall ? to sit at lower end o'th' board at meals, rise, make your leg, and take away your plate at second course ? And you to be thus familiar !

Tom. Sha. Pray forgive me good cousin ; Sir Timothy, I mean.

Sir Tim. Very well, you will be sauey again, uncle. Uds lud, why was I knighted but to have my title given me ? My father and lady mother can give it me, and such a fellow as you, a meer younger brother, to forget it !

Tom. Sha. Nay, nay, haud yee, yeou mun ta't in good part, I did but forget a bit, good Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. My mother would be in fine taking about it, and she knew it.

Tom. Sha. Nay, pray now do not say ought to my lady, by th' mass who'l be e'en stark wood an who hears on't. But look a, look a, here come th' caursers, the bare ha's play'd the dee'l with us to neeght, we han been aw bewitch'd.

Sir Tim. Ay, so we have, to have the hare vanish in open field before all our faces, and oar eyes never off from her.

Tom. Sha. Ay, and then an awd wife (they caw'n her Mother Demdike) to start up i'th' same pleck ! i'th' very spot o'grawnt where we losten puss !

Enter Sir Jeffery Shacklehead, Sir Edward Hartfort, Young Hartfort, Chaplain, Clod, and other Servants.

Sir Edw. These are prodigies you tell, they cannot be ; your senses are deceived.

Sir Jeff. My senses deceived ! that's well. Is there a justice in Lancashire has so much skill in witches as I have ? Nay, I'll speak a proud word ; you shall turn me loose against any witch-finder in Europe ; I'd make an ass of Hopkins if he were alive.

Young Har. Nay, I'll swear 'tis true ; a pox on that awd carriion Mother Demidike, she ha's marr'd all our sports, and almost kill'd two brace of greyhounds worth a thousand pound.

Sir Edw. Dreams, meer dreams of witches, old women's fables ; the devil's not such a fool as you would make him.

Sir Jeff. Dreams ! mercy upon me ! are you so profane to deny witches ?

Smerk. Heaven defend ! will you deny the existence of witches ? Tis very atheistical.

Sir Edw. Incorrigible ignorance ! 'tis such as you are atheistical, that would equal the devil's power with that of Heaven itself. I see such simple parsons cannot endure to hear the devil dishonoured.

Sir Jeff. No witches ! why I have hang'd above fourscoure. Read Bodin, Remigius, Delrio, Nider, Institor, Sprenger, Godehan, and More, and Malleus Maleficarum, a great author, that writes sweetly about witches, very sweetly.

Sir Edw. Malleus Maleficarum a writer ! He has read nothing but the titles, I see.

Sir Jeff. Oh, a great man ! Mallens was a great man. Read, Cousin, read the antidote against atheism : well, I'll make work among your witches.

Young Har. Ay, good Sir Jeffery, do. Uds lud, they'l grow so bold one sha'nt go a eaursing, hunting or hawking for 'em, one of these days ; and then all the joy of one's life's gone.

Sir Edw. Why, are those all the joys of life ?

Young Har. Ay godsflesh are they ; I'd not give a farthing to live without 'em. What's a gentleman but his sports ?

Tho. Cha. Nay, by'r lady, I mun have a sancp of ale now and then, besides sports.

Sir Jeff. Why here's my son, Sir Timothy, saw the hare vanish, and the witch appear.

Sir Tim. That I did, upon my honour, Sir Jeffery.

Enter Clod.

Clod. So ho, here's the hare again.

Young Har. Ha boys, loo on the dogs, more sport, more sport.

Sir Edw. 'Tis almost dark, let's home : go to your mistress, fool.

Young Har. Time enough for that, sir ; I must have this course first. Halloo. [They all go out as to coursing.]

Mother Demdike rises out of the ground as they re-enter.

Sir Jeff. Now, Sir Edward, do you see, the hare is vanish'd, and here is the hag.

Sir Edw. Yes, I see 'tis almost dark, the hare is run from your tired dogs, and here is a poor old woman gathering of sticks.

Smerk. Avant, thou filthy hag, I defy thee and all thy works.

Clod. This is wheint indeed, Sir ; you are a schollard, pray defend me.

Sir Jeff. Now you shall see how the witches fear me.

Sir Edw. The old women have reason to fear you, you have hang'd so many of 'em.

Sir Jeff. Now, Tom Shacklehead, and you Clod, lay hold o'th' witch quickly. Now you shall see my skill, wee'l search her; I warrant she has biggs or teats a handful long about her parts that shall be nameless; then wee'l have her watched eight and forty hours, and prickt with needles, to keep her from sleeping, and make her confess: gad, shee'l confess any thing in the world then; and if not, after all, wee'l tye her thumbs and great toes together and fling her into your great pond. Let me alone with her, I warrant ye; come, come, come, where are you?

Sir Edw. So I must have a poor old woman murder'd in my house.

[Mother Demdike *knocks down Tom Shacklehead and Clod, and vanishes.*

Tom Sha. }
Clod. } Oh, the witch! the devil!

Sir Jeff. How now, what's the matter?

Tom Sha. Why by'r lady, the deel's i'th' matter, the old hag has knockt us both down, and is vanisht under grawnt I think.

Sir Edw. Your fear has knockt you down, and the old woman has escap'd.

Sir Jeff. No, no, she has done't. A witch has a mighty strength: six men are not strong enough for a witch of fourscore.

Sir Edw. Come prethy, Sir Jeffery, let's home and drive these fables out of our heads, it's dark.

Sir Jeff. Nay, I know how to deal with her: I'll send my warrant and a constable with't that is strong enough to beat six witches, ay, six the ablest witches on 'em all: you'd wonder at it, but faith 'tis true.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Mother Demdike *re-enters.*

Demd. Ha, ha, ha, how I have fooled these fellows; let 'em go home and prate about it. This night wee'l revel in Sir Edward's cellar, and laugh at the justice. But to the business of the night.

She sings

Come, Sister, come, why do you stay ?
Our business will not brook delay,
^a The owl is flown from the hollow oak.
From lakes and bogs the toads do croak.
The foxes bark, the screech-owl screams :
Wolves howl, bats fly, and the faint beams
Of glow-worms, light grows bright apace ;
The stars are fled, the moon hides her face.
^b The spindle now is turning round ;
^c Mandrakes are groaning under ground.
^d I'th' hole i'th' ditch (our nails have made),
^e Now all our images are laid,
Of wax and wool, which we must ^f priek
With needles, urging to the quick.
^g Into the hole I'le pour a flood
Of black lamb's bloud, to make all good.
The lamb with nails and teeth wee'l tear.
Come, where's the sacrifice ?—appear.

*Enter Mother Dickenson, Hargrave, Mal Speneer, and several other
Witches, with a black lamb.*

Witches. "Tis here.

Dem'd. Why are you all so tardy grown ?
Must I the work perform alone ?

Dicken. Be patient, ^h Dame, wee'l all obey.

Dem. Come then to work, anon wee'l play.

To yonder hall
Our lord wee'l call,

Sing, dance and eat,
 Play many afeat,
 And fright the justice and the squire,
 And plunge the cattel into the mire.

But now to work. { *They tear the black lamb in pieces,*
 { *and pour the blood into the hole.*

¹ Deber, Deber, do not stay,
 Upon the waves go sport and play,
 And see the ship be cast away :
 Come, let us now our parts perform,
 And serape a hole, and raise a storm.

Dicken. * Here is some sea-sand I have gotten,
 Which thus into the air I throw.

Harg. Here's sage, that under ground was rotten.
 Which thus around me I bestow.

Spencer. Sticks on the bank across are laid.

Harg. The hole by our nayles is almost made :
 Hog's bristles boyl within the pot.

Demd. The hollow flint-stone I have got,
 Which I over my shoulder throw
 Into the west, to make winds blow.
 Now water here, and urine put,
 And with your sticks stir it about.
 Now dip your brooms, and toss them high,
 To bring the rain down from the sky.
 Not yet a storm? ¹ Come let us wound
 The air with every dreadful sound,
 And with live vipers beat the ground.

[*They beat the ground with vipers; they bark, howl,*
 kiss, cry like screech-owls, hollow like owls, and
 make many confused noises: the storm begins.

Song, of three Parts.

Now the winds roar,
And the skies pour
Down all their store.

{

And now the night's black,
Heark, how the clouds crack.
Heark, how the clouds crack.

{

A hollow din the woods now make,
The vallies tremble, mountains shake,
And all the living creatures quake.

It thunders and lightens.

It keeps awake the sleepy fowl,
The saylers swear, the high seas rowl,
And all the frightened dogs do howl.

It thunders and lightens.

Demdike speaks. Now to our tasks let's all be gone,
Our master we shall meet anon,
Between the hours of twelve and one.

*They all set up a laugh.**Enter Clod, with a candle and lanthorn.*

Clod. Whaw, what a storm is this! I think Mother Demdike and all her dee'l's are abroad to-neight; 'tis so dark too, I canno see my hont.* Oh, the Dee'l, the Dee'l; help! help! this is Mother Demdike; help, s'flesh; what mun I do? I canno get dawn; 'swawnds ayst be clemd'an I stay here aw neight.

* *One of the Witches flies away with the candle and lanthorn;*
Mother Demdike sets him upon the top of a tree, and they all fly away laughing.

Enter Bellfort and Doubt.

Bell. Was there ever such a storm raised on a suddain, the sky being clear, and no appearance on't before?

Doubt. But the worst part of our misfortune is to be out of our way in a strange country, the night so dark that owls and bats are wildred.

Bell. There is no help, cover the saddles, and stand with the horses under that tree, while we stand close and shelter ourselves here: the tempest is so violent, it cannot last.

Doubt. Now philosophy help us to a little patience, Heaven be praised we are not at sea yet.

Bell. These troubles we knight-errants must endure when we march in search of ladies.

Doubt. Would we were in as good lodging as our dogs have which we sent before to Whalley. I fear too (after all this device of yours) our pretending to hunt here will never take.

Bell. Why so?

Doubt. Will any body think that a man in his right wits should chuse this hilly country to hunt in?

Bell. O, yes, there are huntsmen that think there's no sport without venturing necks or collar-bones; besides, there is no other way to hope to see our mistresses: by this means we shall troll out my mistress's brother, who loves and understands nothing but country sports. By that we may get acquaintance with Sir Edward Hartfoot, who is reported to be a wise, honest, hospitable, true Englishman. And that will bring us into Sir Jeffery Shacklehead's family, Whalley being in the mid-way betwixt them.

Doubt. I am resolved to see my mistress, whate'er comes on't, and know my doom. Your Yorkshire Spaw was a fatal place to me: I lost a heart there, Heaven knows when I shall find it again.

Bell. Those interviews have spoiled me for a man of this world; I can no more throw off my loose corns of love upon a tenant's daughter

in the country, or think of cuckolding a keeping fool in the city ; I am grown as pitiful a whining loving animal as any romance can furnish us with.

Doubt. That we should 'scape in all the tour of France and Italy, where the sun has power to ripen love, and catch this dis temper in the north ! but my Theodosia, in humour, wit and beauty, has no equal.

Bell. Besides my Isabella.

Doubt. To you your Isabella's equal.

Bell. We are pretty fellows to talk of love ; we shall be wet to the skin Yonder are lights in many rooms ; it must be a great house, let's make towards it.

Doubt. It is so dark, and among these hills and inclosures 'tis impossible. Will no lucky fellow, of this place, come by and guide us ? We are out of all roads.

Clod. Oh ! Oh ! what mun Ay do ? Ay am well neegh parisht : I mun try to get dawn. [He falls.] Help, help ! murder, murder !

Bell. What a devil is here ? a fellow fallen from the top of a tree !

Doubt. 'Sdeath, is this a night to climb in ? What does this mean ?

Clod. Oh ! Oh !

Bell. Here, who art thou ? What's the matter ?

Clod. Oh the dee'l ; avannt, I defy thee and all thy warks.

Doubt. Is he drunk or mad ? Give me thy hand, I'le help thee.

Clod. Begon, witches, I defy ye. Help ! help !

Bell. What dost thou talk of ? We are no witches nor devils, but travellers that have lost our way, and will reward thee well if thou wilt guide us into it.

Clod. An yeow been a mon ay'st talk wy ye a bit ; yeow mun tack a care o your sell's, the plee's haunted with buggarts, and witches : one of 'em took my condle and lanthorn out of my hont, and flew along wy it ; and another set me o top o'th' tree, where I feel dawn naw ; ay ha well neegh brocken my theegh.

Doubt. The fellow's mad, I neither understand his words, nor his sense, prethee, how far is it to Whalley?

Clod. Why yeow are quite besaid th' road mon, yeow shoulden a gone dawn th' bonk by Thomas o Georges, and then een at yate, and turn'd dawn th' lone, and left the steepo o'th' reeght hont.

Bell. Prithee don't tell us what we should have done, but how far is it to Whalley?

Clod. Why marry four mail and a bit.

Doubt. Wee'l give thee an angel and show us the way thither.

Clod. Marry that's whaint, I canno see my hont, haw con ay show yeow to Whalley to neeght.

Bell. Canst thou show us to any house where we may have shelter and lodging to night? We are gentlemen and strangers, and will pay you well for't.

Clod. Ay, by'r Lady con I, th' best ludging and diet too in aw Lancashire. Yonder at th' hough whre yeow seen th' leeghts there.

Doubt. Whose house is that?

Clod. Why what a pox, where han you lived? why yeow are stronger indeed! Why 'tis Sir Yedard Hartfort's, he keeps oppen hawse to all gentry; yeou'l be welcome to him by day and by neeght; he's lord of aw here abauts.

Bell. My mistress's father. Luck, if it be thy will, have at my Isabella. Canst thou gnide us thither?

Clod. Ay, ay, there's a pawer of company there naw: Sir Jeffery Shacklehead, and the knight his son, and daughter.

Doubt. Lucky above my wishes! O my dear Theodosia, how my heart leaps at her! Prithee guide us thither, wee'l pay thee well.

Clod. Come on, I am e'n breed aut o my senses; I was ne'er so freeghten'd sin I was born. Give me your hont.

Bell. No, here are our men and horses; wee'l get up, and you shall lead the formost; now, stars, be kind.

[*Er. Omnes.*

NOTES UPON THE MAGICK.

^a This is a solemn description of a fit time for witches to be at work.

^b The spindle or wheel is used in their conjurations. Martial makes it used for troubling the moon, lib. 9, Ep. 3—"Quae nunc Thessalico lunam diducere rhombo," and lib. 2, Ep. 67—"Cum seeta Cochlo Luna vapulat rhombo." Lucan, who of all the poets writes with the most admirable height about witchcraft, in his sixth book, makes the wheel or spindle to be used in love matters—"Traxerunt torti magiceâ vertigine fili;" as does Ovid, lib. 1, Eleg. 8—"Sen bene quid gramen, quid torto concita rhombo Licia," &c. And so Propertius, lib. 3—"Stamineâ rhombi dueitur ille rotâ." And lib. 2—"Deficimt magico torti sub carmine rhombi."

^c The groaning of mandrakes is a tradition of old women, and that the groan kills. See the Notes in the Third Act. It has been always thought of great use in magick.

^d For chusing ditches for their magick rites, Ovid, Metam. lib. 7, de Medea—"Haud procul egesta serobibus tellure duabus Sacra facit." For scraping holes with their nails, Horat. lib. 1, Satyr. 8, concerning Canidia and Sagana—"Scalpere terram unguibus." And it is used by our modern witches, as you shall find in Malleus Maleficarum, Bodin, Remigius, Delrio, &c. Id. lib. 3 Disquisitionum Magicarum, sect. 4, de sagittariis assassinis et imaginum fabricatorum maleficiis, tells many stories of their using 'images; he says, "Haud multum à sagittariis diserepat genus maleficorum, qui quasdam fabricantur imagines quas vel acibus pungunt, vel igne liquant vel confringunt," &c. See Heet. Boeth. the History of King Duff, lib. 3 Rerum Scoticarum. · Corn. Tacit. Ann. 2, de seclere Pisonis et morte Germanici, says—"Reperiebantur solo et parietibus erutæ humanorum corporum reliquiae, carmina et devotiones, et nomen Germanie plumbatis tabulis insculptum, semiusti cineres et tabe oblii, aliaque

maleficia quibus creditur animas Numinibus inferni sacrari. Malleus Maleficarum, and Wierus are full of examples of using images in witchcraft. Hor. lib. 1, Sat. 8, mentions both waxen and woolen images—"Lanea et effigies erat altera cerea," &c. Ovid Epist. Hypsipyle to Jason—"Devovet absentes simulacraque cerea fingit." Hor. 18 Epod.—"Que mouere cereas imagines." Ovid. Amor. 7, Eleg. 6—"Sagave Punieâ defixit nomina cerâ."

¹ Ovid, ibid.—"Et medium temues in jeour urget acens." Id. Ep. before quoted, following that verse—"Et miserum temues in jeour urget acens." See Bodin. Daemonoman. lib. 2, cap. 8, a great deal of stuff to this purpose. One in my memory had this kind of witchcraft sworn against her at the Old-Bayley, before Steel, Recorder of London.

² Hor. lib. 1, Satyr. 8, de Canidia et Sagana—"Pullam divellere mordicus agnam euperunt." Ovid. Metam. 7—"Cultrosque in guttur velleris atri Conjecit et patulas perfundit sanguine fossas."

³ All witches, ancient and modern, are said to have one presiding at their conventions which they honour with a title. Apuleius mentions the *Regina sagarum*; and Delrio, Disqu. Mag. lib. 2, quæst. 9, and this is found in all late examinations of witches.

⁴ Deber is said to be the daemon of the night, that flies about and does mischief, and principally in tempests, Pet. de Loyer de spectris, in English, page 14. And Bodin, lib. 2, cap. 4, says, Deber is the daemon of the night, and Cheleb of the day.

⁵ For their rites in their imaginary raising of storms, see Bod. lib. ii, cap. 8; Remigius Daemonolat. lib. i, caps. 25, 29; also Delrio, lib. ii, quæst. 1, enumerates a great many odd rites, different from the following. For troubling the air, and bringing darkness, thunder, rain, hail, &c., see Nider, in his Fornicarium, cap. 1; Olans de gentibus septentrionalibus, lib. iii, sub titulo de Magis et Maleticiis Finnorum; also Malleus Maleficarum. Wierus de præst. Daem

lib. iii, cap. 16, describes at large the way of raising a storm. Speaking of the illusions of the Devil towards witches, he says, “ Itaque eas instruit ut quandoque silices post tergum occidentem versus projiciant, aliquando ut arenam aquae torrentis in aream projiciant, plerumque scopas in aquam intingant cœlumque versus spargant, vel fossulâ factâ et lotio infuso vel aquâ digitum [others say, digitum vel baculum] commoveant; subinde in ollâ porcorum pilos [or, as others say, setas porcimas] bulliant; nonnunquam trabes vel ligna in ripâ transverse collocant.” See Scot. p. 60; he adds the use of rotten sage.

¹ Lucan, lib. 6.—“Miratur Erietho Has satis lieuisse moras, irataque morti Verberat immotum vivo serpente cadaver,” I use live serpents here upon another occasion.

^m For these confused noises, Lucan, in the same book,—“Tunc vox Letheis cunctis pollentior herbis Excantare Deos, confudit murmura priuatum Dissona, et humanae multum discordia linguae. Latratus habet illa canum gemitusque luporum; Quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna queruntur, Quod strident ululantque fera, quod sibilat anguis,” &c. “Tot rerum vox una fuit.” See the latter part of the Notes in the Second Act, about the raising of tempests: if you be so curious, you may find something in all authors that treat of witches, and many of 'em mention one Ericus king of Sweeden, who, as they believe, could do it by magiek, as does Delrio, Remigius, and Ludwicus, Elich Dæmonomagiae, quæstio 6; Silvest. Prierias de ord. Prædicatorum, de Strigimagiæ, discourses of the power of witches in raising storms: and Guaccius, Compendium Maleficarum, Goddelmannus, Bartholomeus Spineus, and many more.

ACT II.

Enter Isabella and Smerk.

Isab. How this insolence provokes me!
You are not sure in earnest! [*Aside.*
[*To him.*

Smerk. Can any one behold those radiant eyes,
And not have sentiments of love like mine?

Isab. This fellow has read romances as well as schoolmen.

Smerk. Those eyes to which mine are the burning-glasses
That to my heart convey the fire of love.

Isab. What a fustian fool's this! Is this language
For a divine?

Smerk. Are not divines made of those elements
Which make up other men? Divines may be
In love I hope.

Isab. And may they make love to the daughter without
The consent of the father?

Smerk. Undoubtedly, as casuists must determine.

Isab. Will not common sense, with a casuist, tell
Us when we do wrong, if so, the law we are
Bound to, is not plain enough.

Smerk. Submit to the judgment of divines (sweet lady)
Marriage is not an ordinance made by parents,
But from above deriv'd; and 'tis for that I sue.

Isab. Is it not fit I should obey my father?

Smerk. O no, sweet lady, move it not to him,
Your father has not reverence enough
For the church and churchmen.

Besides, I'll tell you,
He is atheistically inclin'd: pardon my boldness;
For he believes no witches: but, madam, if my
Poor person and my parts may seem gracious to you,
You lawfully may chuse me to make happy.

Isab. Your person needs must please; 'tis amiable.

Smerk. Ah, sweet madam!

Isab. Your parts beyond exception, neat, spruce, florid,
And very diverting.

Smerk. No, no, dear madam.

Isab. Who can behold your face without pleasure? or
Consider your parts without reverence?

Smerk. O Lord, I swear you pose me with your great
Civilities: I profess you do.

Isab. 'Tis impossible you should keep long from being
Dignified.

Smerk. 'Tis that I mainly aim at next the enjoyment
Of so fine a lady.

Isab. May I flatter my self to think you are in earnest?

Smerk. You may, most excellent lady.

Isab. And so am I.

Smerk. Sweet madam, I receive you as a blessing on my knees.

[*She gives him a box on the ear.*

Isab. Thou most insolent of pedants! Thou silly, formal thing, with
a stiff plain band, a little parsonieal grogram, and a girdle thou art
so proud of, in which thou wouldest do well to hang thy self; some
have vonchsa'd to use it for that purpose: thou that never wert but
a curate, a journeyman divine, as thy father was a journeyman
taylor, before he could set up for himself, to have the impudence to
pretend love to me!

Smerk. My function yet, I say, deserves more reverence.

Isab. Does it make you not an ass, or not a taylor's son?

Smerk. It equals me with the best of gentry.

Isab. How, arrogance! Can any power give honour but the king's? This is popery, I'll have you troune'd. Could it once enter into thy vain pate, that I could be contented with the pitiful equipage of a parson's wife? Bless me! to be carried home to an antique building, with narrow windows, with huge irons-bars, like an old jail in some country burrough, wickedly abus'd too with dilapidations. To lye in Dameux curtains, and a beds-tester, carv'd with idolatrous images, out of two load of old timber: or to have for a friend or a lying in, one better, one ofworsted chamblet, and to be drest and undrest by my cookmaid, who is my woman and my chambermaid, and serves me and the hogs.

Smerk. I intend none of these. I assure you my house shall be—

Isab. I know what it will be: your parlour hung with green printed stuff, of the new fashion, with gilt leather in panes, a finger's breadth at least, stuff up with a great many stinking Russia leather chairs, and an odious carpet of the same: then shelves on one side of your chimney for a pair of tables, a chessboard, your frame of wax candle, and tabaco-pipes.

Smerk. No, no, no, madam.

Isab. On the other side, shelves for huge folios, by which you would be counted a great read man; vast large volumes of expositions upon a short creed; some twenty folios upon the Ten Commandments; Lands, Heylins, Andrews, and Tom Fuller's works, with perhaps a piece of Austin, to shew you understand a little Latin: and this is your ecclesiastical furniture, very fit for a gentlewoman's eating-room, is it not?

Smerk. I understand the mode, madam, and contemn such vulgar ornaments.

Isab. And in this parlour to eat five tithe-piggs in a week.

brought in by my woman-chamber-maid, wash-maid, cook-maid, &c. And if it be not a working day, waited on by your groom, plough-man, carter, butler, tithe-gatherer, all in one, with horse-nail'd shoes; his head new kemb'd and slick'd, with a starch'd band and no cuff's.

Smerk. My merits will provide you better ; please to hear me.

Isab. Yes, I know your merits. Then to quibble with you, for my desert, your backside of half an acre, with some sixteen trees of marygold and sweeting-apples, horse-plums, and warden-pears, hem'd in with panes of antique crumbling clay ; where I should have six hives of bees, and you a mare and foal, going with a peacock and hen.

Smerk. All these I much despise ; would you hear.

Isab. Hear, yes, how I should have nothing to entertain my visitors with, but stew'd prunes and honeycombs, and flying ale bottled with limon-pill, without all sight of wine. And should I march abroad to visit 'twould be behind my canonical husband, perhaps upon a pied-bald mare big with foal, holding both hands upon his girdle, and when at place appointed I arrive, for want of groom, off slips my nimble husband first, then helps me down. And now, fool, I have painted thee, and what thou art to trust to in thy colours.

Smerk. I beseech you, madam, moderate your passions : hear my propositions.

Isab. No, Impudence, my father shall hear 'em.

Smerk. I beseech you, madam, for Heaven's sake, that will undo me. I shall desist, I shall desist. [Ex. Isabella.

Enter Susan, the Chambermaid.

Good lack, how a man may be mistaken !
I durst ha sworn, by her courtesy and frequent smiles, she had been
in love with me.

Susan. Sweet sir, what is befallen you? has my lady anger'd you? If she can, her heart is not like mine.

Smerk. Nothing, Mrs. Susan, nothing; but to be thus despised.

[*To himself.*]

Susan. Dear sir, can I serve you in any thing? I am bound. I ne're have been so elevated by any man; methinks I never should have enough of your powerful ministry, sweet sir.

Smerk. Pish: if she tells her father, I am ruin'd. [To *himself.*]

Susan. Dear man, now, come drive away this sadness. Come, give me thy hand; let's sit down and be merry.

Smerk. How! my hand! go to.

This creature is in love with me: but shall my prodigious natural parts, and no less amazing acquisitions in metaphysics and school divinity be cast upon a chambermaid? Farewell, I must not be too familiar.

[*Exit.*]

Susan. So scornful! cruel creature, I will soften thee yet. *Have I for thee sat days and nights cross-legg'd, and sigh'd before thou cam'st hither? And fasted on S. Agnes night for thee? And since thy coming have tied three coloured true loves knots, quill'd thy enfls, and starch'd thy band myself, and never fail'd thee of thy morning candle or jelly broth? Have I already put my hair and nails in powder in thy drink, and put a live fish in a part about me till it died, and then gave it thee to eat, and all for this! Well, I will mollifie thee. And Mother Demdike shall help me to-morrow: I'll to her, and discourse her about it: if I have breath I cannot live without him.

Enter Sir Edward Hartfort and his Son.

Sir Edw. Susan, go tell my cousin Theodosia, I would speak with her.

Susan. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Yo. Har. Pshaw, now must I be troubled with making love, a denee take it for me : I had rather be a coursing an 'twere time o' th' day.

Sir Edw. Now son, for your own good and my satisfaction, I would have you (since her father and I am agreed) to settle this business, and marry with Theodosia with all the speed that can be.

Yo. Har. What haste, sir ? For my part I care not for marriage, not I. I love my neighbours, a cup of ale, and my sports ; I care for nought else.

Sir Edw. (But that thy mother was too vertuous for my suspieion) I should think that by thy sordid mind thou wert a stranger to my blood ; and, if you be not rul'd by me, assure yourself I'le make you a stranger to my estate.

Yo. Har. What does he mean now ? Hah, to disinherit me ?

Sir Edw. No, part of it's entail'd ; and if you will not marry where I direct you, your sister will obey me, and may bring me one to inherit it. Consider that.

Enter Theodosia.

Here comes your mistress, beautiful and good as any of her sex. Sweet cousin, be pleas'd to stay one moment with my son : I'le wait on you again. [Exit.

Theo. Your servant, sir. How shall I be entertain'd by this dolt ! How much rather had he bee with country justices and farmers, in a low thatch'd house, with a smooth black pot of ale in his hand, or with his kites, dogs, and cattel ?

Yo. Har. What a devil shall I say to her now ? I had as lieve knock my head against the wall as make love. Will you please to sit down, cousin ?

Theo. Ay, cousin. And fall fast asleep if I can.

[*Aside.*

Yo. Har. 'Twas a great storm, and rose very suddenly to-night, cousin.

Theo. Very true.

Yo. Har. Pox, I don't know what to say to her.
"Tis almost over tho' now.

[*Aside.*]

[*To her.*]

Theo. 'Tis so.

Yo. Har. 'Tis so—what a devil shall I say more? Would I were at six-go-downs upon reputation, in ale, with honest Tom Shackle-head. [*Aside.*] What do you think 'tis a clock, madam? [*To her.*]

Theo. Six minutes past eight by mine.

Yo. Har. Mine goes faster. Is yours Aspenwold's?

Theo. No, Tompion's.

Yo. Har. 'Tis a very pretty one! Pish, I can go no farther, not I.

Theo. 'Tis bedtime.

Yo. Har. Ay, so it is, and I am main sleepy by'r lady,
Coursing had gotten me a woundy stomach,
And I eat like a swine, faith and troth.

Theo. But it got you nothing to your stomach.

Yo. Har. You have heard the story: we cours'd a witch all day instead of a hair; Mother Demdike.

Theo. 'Tis well you did not catch her; she would have been very tough meat.

Yo. Har. Ha, ha, ha, well, I vow that's very well. But I hope Sir Jeffery will hang the witch; I am sure she has tired my dogs and me so, that I am so sleepy I can scarce hold up my head, by'r lady.

Theo. I am tired too: this dulness is almost as tedious as his making love would be.

Yo. Har. If 'twould hold up now, we should have fine weather for hawking to-morrow, and then have at the powts.

Theo. Your hawks would not fly at mother Demdike too.

Yo. Har. Nay, marry, I cannot tell: but would you would go a hawking, you should ride upon a pad of mine, should carry you with a bumper in your hand, and not spill a drop.

Theo. I am for no field sports, I thank you, sir.

Yo. Har. Now can't I speak a word more. [They pause.]

Theo. Now methinks we are meer man and wife already, without marrying for the matter. Hah, he's asleep, and snores like the base-pipe of an organ: tho' I like his indifference better than I should his love, yet I have no patience to bear sleeping in my face; that's a little too much.

Yo. Har. Oh Lord, what's that! Oh, Mother Demdike! Oh, oh, the wicheh, the wicheh!

Theo. He talks in his sleep, I believe, e'en as well as when he's awake.

Yo. Har. Murder, murder! oh, help! the wicheh! oh, the wicheh! oh, oh, Mother Demdike!

Theo. He talks and dreams of the wicheh: I'll try a trick with him.

[She pulls the chair from under him, and exit.]

Yo. Har. Oh, help, help! the wicheh! the wicheh! ay, there she vanish't: I saw her; oh, she flew up the chimney. I'll go to Sir Jeffery, and take my oath presently. Oh, I am sore frightned.

Enter Isabella.

Oh, the wicheh, the wicheh! Mother Demdike. [Exit Yo. Har.]

Isab. What ails the fool, is he mad?

Here's a coil with witches.

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady Shacklehead and Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Oh, madam, are you there? I have done your errand.

La. Sha. Your servant, cousin.

Isab. Your ladiship's humble servant.

La. Sha. Look you, cousin, lady me no ladies, unless you be civiller to Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Look you there.

Sir Jeff. I suppose you are not ignorant who we are.

La. Sha. Nay, prithee, Sir Jeffery, hold; let me alone.

Sir Jeff. Nay, go on, my dear; thou shalt have it: well, thou art as notable a woman as any is within fifty miles of thy head; I'll say that for thee.

La. Sha. Pray, cousin, conceive me, breeding is a fine thing; but you have always liv'd in the country: I have, for my part, been often at London, lodg'd in Covent Garden, ay, and been in the drawing-room too. Poor creature, she does not know what that is.

Sir Jeff. Pray mind, my chicken; she's the best bred woman in the country.

La. Sha. Pray spare me, Sir Jeffery, here's Sir Timothy, I have bred him with great care and charges at Oxford and the Inns of Court.

Sir Tim. Ay, and I have been in the drawing-room too.

La. Sha. I have gotten him knighted too, for mine and Sir Jeffery's services, which we have perform'd in governing the country about us so well.

Isab. What does your ladyship drive at?

Sir. Tim. Ay, you know well enough: now you look as if butter would not melt in your mouth.

La. Sha. Besides, let me tell you, Sir Timothy's person's as charming as another's; his shape and height perfect, his face, though I say it, exceeding good, his eyes vigorous and sparkling, his nose and chin resembling our family; in short, nature has not been negligent in his composition.

Sir Jeff. Well, thou art the best spoken woman in England, I'll say that for thee.

Isab. I confess all this, madam.

Sir Tim. Oh, do you so?

La. Sha. Pray give me leave, not one knight in the land dresses better, or wears better fensed garniture, or better periwigs.

Sir Tim. My trimmings my own fancy; and the best wig maker in England, one in Crooked-lane, works for me.

La. Sha. Hold, Sir Timothy, I say, these things premis'd, it is not fit to use my son uncivilly: I am loth to complain to your father; consider and be wise. I know we are politickly coy, that's decent; I my self was so to Sir Jeffery.

Sir Jeff. Ay, by'r lady, was she. Well, I thought I should never have won thee: thou wert a parlous girl.

La. Sha. But I was never uncivil.

Isab. I know not what you mean! I uncivil to my dear cousin: what makes thee think so? I assure your ladyship I value him as he deserves. What, cousin, art angry for a jest? I think no man like him for my part.

Sir Jeff. Why, look you, Sir Tim.

La. Sha. Nay, Sir Timothy, you are to blame, jesting shows one's kindness, go to.

Sir Tim. I swear and vow I thought you had been in earnest, cousin. I am your humble servant.

La. Sha. Well, wee'l leave you together.

Sir Jeff. Come on, boy, stand up to her; 'gad, I bore up briskly to thy mother before I won her. Ah, when I was young, I would have —well, no more to be said.

La. Sha. Come, come away, you will have your saying!

[*Ereunt Lady and Sir Jeff.*

Sir Tim. Well, but have you so good an opinion of me as you declar'd? hum—

Isab. The very same, I assure you.

Sir Tim. Ah, my dear pretty rogue ! Then I'le marry you presently, and make you a lady.

Isab. Let me see, are they out of hearing ?

Sir Tim. Come feth, let's kiss upon that business ; here's a parson in the house ; nay, feth, feth, I must kiss thee, my dear little rogue.

Isab. Stand off, baboon ; nay, a baboon of good parts exceeds thee : thou maggot, insect, worse than any nasty thing the sun is father to.

Sir Tim. What do you begin to call names again ? but this is in jest too : prithee let me kiss thee, pray dear, feth do.

Isab. In jest ! Heaven is my witness there's not a living thing upon two leggs I would not chuse before thee.

Sir Tim. Holloo, where's Sir Jeffery and my lady ?

Isab. They are out of thy hearing, oaph. 'slife how darst thou be so impudent to love me with that face, that can provoke nothing but laughter at best in any one ? Why, thou hast the rickets in thy face : there's no proportion, every feature by itself is abominable ; and put together intolerable. Thou hast the very lines and air of a pigg's face : Baptista Porta would have drawn thee so.

Sir Tim. Hah, what do you say ? my face ! I'le not change faces with e're a man in Lancashire. Face ! talk of my face, hah.

Isab. Thou art uglier than any witch in Lancashire, and if thou wert in woman's clothes, thy own father would apprehend thee for one : thy face ! I never saw so deform'd a thing on the head of an old Lyra viol. It might fright birds from a cherry garden : but what else 'tis good for, I know not.

Sir Tim. 'sbud, now you provoke me, I must tell you, I think myself as handsome for a man, as you are for a woman.

Isab. Oh, foh, out upon that filthy visiage : my maid with her sizars in two minutes shall cut me a better in brown paper. There is

not a creature upon earth but is a beauty to thee ; besides, thou hast a hollow tooth would cure the mother beyond assa fetida, or burnt feathers.

Enter Theodosia.

Sir Tim. Well, well, you'll sing another note when I have acquainted your father, you will.

Isab. Thou liest, I will not : if I were condemn'd to death, I would not take a pardon to marry thee. Set thy fool's heart at rest then, and make no more nanseous love to me. Thy face to one fasting would give a vomit beyond crocus.

Sir Tim. You are a proud, peevish minx, and that's the best of you. Let me tell you that, hum. I can have your betters every day I rise.

Theo. How now ! what says the fool ?

Sir Tim. Uds ludlikins, huswife, if you provoke me I'll take you o' the pate.

Isab. Thou odious, loathsome coxcomb, out of my sight, or I'll tear thy eyes out.

Sir Tim. Coxcomb ! ha, ha, ha ! ah, thou art a good one. Well, I say no more.

Isab. Da, da, pretty thing !

Enter Sir Edward, Bellfort and Doubtby.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, the storm has oblig'd me that drove you under my roof ; I knew your fathers well ; we were in Italy together, and all of us came home with our English religion, and our English principles. During your stay here (which for my own sake I hope will not be short) command my house : let not your dogs and servants lye at Whalley ; but be pleas'd to know this house is yours, and you will do me honour in commanding it.

Bell. This generosity makes good the character that all men give of you.

Doubt. A character that England rings with, and all men of never so differing opinions agree in.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, you do me too much honour; I would endeavour to imitate the life of our English gentry before we were corrupted with the base manners of the French.

Bell. If all had had that noble resolution, long since we had curb'd the greatness of that monarch.

Isab. What are these apparitions? Hah, Doubt and Bellfort.

Theo. They are they indeed. What ails my heart to beat so fast?

Isab. Methinks mine is a little too busy here.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, here is my daughter and kinswoman, I think you saw 'em last summer at Scarborough.

Bell. We did, Sir.

[*They salute 'em.*

Doubt. We little thought to have the honour of seeing so fine ladies this night.

Enter Servant, and whispers to Sir Edward.

Bell. We could not expect this happiness, till next season at the waters.

Sir Edw. What story is this? My son almost frighted out of his wits by a witch! Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for a moment.

[*Ex. Sir Edward and Servant.*

Both. Your humble servant.

Isab. Nothing could be more unexpected than seeing you here!

Theo. Pray, gentlemen, how did you come?

Doubt. Travelling for Whalley, where I told you, madam, in my letters, I would suddenly be, we lost our way by the darkness of the night, and wander'd till we came near this house, whither an honest country fellow brought us for shelter from this dreadful tempest.

Bell. And your father is pleas'd to admit a brace of stray-fellows with the greatest civility in the world : but, madam, coming safe to shore, after a shipwreck, could not bring such joy to me, as I find in seeing you. [To Isab.]

Doubt. The sun, to a man left a winter at Greenland, could not be so ravishing a sight, as you, dear madam, are to me. [To Theo.]

Theo. This is knight-errantry indeed.

Isab. Methinks they talk romance too. But 'tis too late if they be in earnest ; for the dames are disposed of.

Bell. } How, married !
Doubt. }

Isab. Not executed, but condemn'd !

Theo. Beyond all hopes of mercy.

Doubt. Death, madam, you struck me to the heart ; I felt your words here.

Bell. My heart was just at my mouth, if you had not stopt it with this cordial, 't had flown. I may live in hope of a reprieve for you.

Isab. Our fathers will never consent to that.

Theo. Mine will not, I am sure. I have a mother, to boot, more obstinate than he.

Doubt. If they be so merciless, self-preservation, the great law of nature, will justify your escape.

Bell. We knight-errants, as you call us, will rescue you, I warrant you.

Isab. But if we leave our fools, our fathers will leave us.

Bell. If you lose your father, madam, you shall find one that will value you infinitely more, and love you more tenderly.

Doubt. And you, madam, shall meet with one, whose person and whose fortune shall be always at your command.

Theo. We grow a little too serious about this matter.

Isab. 'Tis from matrimony we would fly ! oh, 'tis a dreadful thing !

Bell. This heresy can never be defended by you: a man must be blind that inclines to that opinion before you.

Enter Sir Edward, Smerk, Servants.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, be pleas'd to walk into the next room, and take a small collation to refresh yourselves.

Bell. Your humble servant.

Sir Edw. This country fellow that led you hither, tells me a tale of witches, and here's an uproar in my family, and they say this place is haunted with them; I hope you have no faith in those things.

Doubt. When I hear a very strange story, I think 'tis more likely he should lye that tells it me, than that should be true.

Sir Edw. 'Tis a good rule for our belief.

[*Evening.*

Smerk. My blood rises at them; these are damn'd Hobbists and Atheists; I'd have 'em burnt in Smithfield.

Isab. Well, these gentlemen may perhaps go to their servants and horses at Whalley to-morrow, where they must stay sometime before we see 'em again.

Theod. We are ruin'd then: for this marriage will be so pressed upon us, now the writings are sealed and cloths bought, we shall have no way to delay it, but downright breaking with our fathers.

Isab. I am resolv'd to consult with the gentlemen this night, whatever comes on't.

Theo. How canst thou possibly bring it about, my dear?

Isab. I warrant thee, a woman's wit will naturally work about these matters. Come, my dear.

[*Evening.*

The Scene Sir Edward's Cellar.

Enter all the Witches, and the Devil in form of a Buck Goat after.

Demd. Lo here our little ^a master's come.

Let each of us ^b salute his bunn. [*I'll kiss the Devil's arse.*

See our provisions ready here,

To which no ^c salt must ere come near.

[*Table rises.*

M. Spen. Who draws the wine?

Demd. Our ^d brooms shall do't.

Go thou.

Dicken. And thou.

Harg. And thou.

Mal. Spen. And thou. [*Their Brooms all march off and fetch bottles.*

Devil. ^e What have ye done for my delight?

Relate the service of the night.

Demd. To a mother's bed I softly erept,

And while th' unchristn'd brat yet slept,

^f I suckt the breath and a ^g blood of that,

And stole another's flesh and fat,

Which I will boyl before it stink;

The thick for ointment, then for drink

I'le keep——

^h From a murd'rer that hung in chains

I bit dry'd sinews and shrunk veins.

Marrow and entrails I have brought,

A piece o'th' gibbet too I got,

And of the rope the fatal knot.

I sunk a ship, and in my flight

I kickt a steeple down to-night.

Devil. Well done, my dame, ho, ho, ho!

Dick. ¹ To gibbets I flew and dismal caves,
To charnel houses and to graves.

² Bones I got, and flesh enough,
From dead men's eyes the glewy stuff,
Their eyeballs with my nails scoop'd out,
And pieces of their limbs I've brought——

¹ A brat i'th' mother's womb I slew :
The father's neck I twisted too.
Dogs barkt, cocks crow'd, away I flew.

Devil. A good servant, ho, ho, ho !

Harg. ³ Flesh from a raven in a ditch
I snachte and more from a ravenous bitch.

⁴ 'Mongst tombs I search'd for flesh and bone,
⁵ With hair about my ears alone.

⁶ Fingers, noses, and a wen.
And the blood of murder'd men,
⁷ A mad dog's foam, and a wolve's hairs,
A serpent's bowels, adder's ears,
I put in my pouch ; and coming back,
The bells in a steeple I did crack.
I sent the murren into hogs,
And drove the kine into the bogs.

Devil. 'Tis well, 'tis well. Ho, ho, ho !

M. Spen. ⁸ To make up love cups, I have sought
A wolf's tayl-hair and yard ; I've got
The green frog's bones, whose flesh was ta'n
From thence by ants ; then a cat's brain,
The ⁹bunch of flesh from a black fole's head,
Just as his dam was brought to bed,
Before she lickt it ; and I have some
Of that which falls from a 'mare's womb

When she's in lust ; and as I came home
I put a woman into fits,
And frightened a parson out of his wits.

Devil. All's well, Ho, ho, ho, ho !

[*Dance.*

S O N G.

1.

What joy like ours can mortals find ?
We can command the sea and wind :
All elements our charms obey,
And all good things become our prey ;
The daintiest meat, and lustiest wine,
We for our sabbaths still design.
'Mongst all the great princees the sun shall ere see,
None can be so great, or so happy as we.

2.

We sail in eggshells on rough seas, '
And see strange countries when we please !
Or on our beesoms we can fly,
And nimbly mounting to the sky,
We leave the swiftest birds behind,
And when we please outstrip the wind :
Then we feast and we revel after long flight,
Or with a lov'd incubus sport all the night.

3.

When we're on wing, we sport and play,
Mankind, like emmets, we survey ;
With lightening blast, with thunder kill,
Cause barrenness where e're we will.
Of full revenge we have the power ;
And heaven itself can have no more.
Here's a health to our master the prince of the flies,
Who commands from center all up to the skies.

III. " Harr, harr, harr, hoo, hoo, sabath, sabath, sabath,
Devil, Devil, Devil, dance here, dance there, play here, play there,
harr, harr, harr, hoo, hoo ! —————

[*They all sink and vanish.*

Act Ends.

NOTES UPON THE SECOND ACT.

* For the chambermaid's superstition, p. 41, see Burchard Decret. Amongst his questions about confession, where this is found, "Fecisti quod quædam mulieres facere solent: Tollunt pisces vivum, et mittunt eum in puerperium suum, et tam diu eum ibi teneant, donec mortuus fuerit, et decocto pisce vel assato, maritis suis ad comedendum tradunt; ideo faciunt hoc, ut plus in amorem carum exardescant: si fecisti, duos annos per legitimas ferias pœnitezias." For the knots (Virg. Eelog. 8), "Neete tribus nodis ternos Amarylli colores, Neete Amarylli modò, et Veneris, dic, vineula necto."

^a They call the devil that calls them to their sabbaths or feasts, little Martin, or little Master. Delrio, Disquis. Mag. quæst. 16, lib. 2, and Bodin, Daemonoman. lib. 2, cap. 4, have the same relation out of Paulus Grillandus. He is said to call them with a human voice, but to appear in the shape of a buck-goat: "Evoeabatur voce quâdam velut humanâ ab ipso dæmone, quem non vocant Dæmonem sed Magisterulum, aliae Martinettum hunc sive Martinellum." And a little after—"Et statim hircus ille ascendebat per aerem," &c. Almost all authors that speak of Witches' sabbaths, say, that he is called Martinetus or Magisterulus, and that he appears in form of a buck-goat. About their sabbaths, see Nicholaus Remigius, lib. i, cap. 14. Philippo Ludwig. Elich. Daemonomagia, quæst. 10: "Solent ad conventum delatae Lamiæ Dæmonem, synagogæ præsidem et rectorem in solio considentem, immutatum in hircum horridum." Guaccius, Compendium Maleficarum, lib. i, cap. 13: "Ibi dæmon est conventus; præses in solio sedet formâ terrificâ utplurimum hirci," &c.

^b Kissing the Devil's buttocks is a part of the homage they pay the devil, as Bodin says Dr. Edlin did, a Sorbon doctor, who was burn'd for a witch. Seot also quotes one Danaeus, whom I never read, for kissing the Devil's buttocks. About kissing the Devil's buttocks, see farther, Guaccius, in the foreqnoted chapter—"Ad signum homagii eum (sc. daemonem) in podice osculantur." Ludwicus Eliach., quæst. 10—"Deinde quod homagii est indicium (honor sit auri- bus), ab iis ingerenda sunt oscula Daemonis podici."

^c The Devil will have no salt in his meat.—Ludwicus Eliach., quæst. 7, p. 113; as also Guaccius, c. 13. The Devil loves no salt in his meat, says Bodin (Dæm. lib. 3, c. 5), because it is an emblem of eternity, and used by God's command in sacrifices, and quotes Levit. i, for that, which is a notable reason.

^d Lucian, in his Dialogue of ΦΙΛΟΦΕΥΔΕΣ, or the lovers of lies (as all witchmongers are), makes one of his sages, Eucrates, tell how he learned of Pancrates, an Egyptian magitian, that travelled with him, to make a staff run of errands and bring things to him, and that he, in the absence of the magitian, commanded a staff to fetch him water, and not having learn'd the art of conjuring it down again, it brought water so often that he feared it would have drowned the room; he cut it in two pieces, and then both those pieces fetch'd water till the Egyptian came and conjur'd 'em down.

^e They are always at their meetings examin'd by the Devil, or the dame, what service they have done. Remigius Daemonolat. lib. i, cap. 22—"Quemadmodum solent heri in villicis procuratoribus, &c. Ita daemon in suis comitiis quod tempus examinandis enjusque rebus et actionibus ipse constituit," &c., speaking of witches.

^f See Malleus Maleficarum, tom. ii, of witches being transform'd into cats, and sucking the breath and blood of children.

^g Ovid, Fast. lib. 6, says of Striges, which modern witchmongers

call witches, “Nocte volant puerisque petunt mitrieis egentes, Et vitiant eunis corpora rapta suis. Carpere dieuntur lactentia viscera rostris, Et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent.” Wierus, lib. ultimo de Lamiis, cap. 6, relates, from one Petrus, a judge in Boltingen, a place in the countrey of Beru, the confession of a witch, thus—“Infantibus baptizatis vel nondum baptizatis insidiatur, &c.; hos in cunabulis vel ad parentum latera jacentes ceremoniis nostris occidimus, quos, postquam putantur oppressi vel aliunde mortui, ex sepulchro elam suffuramus, et in olla decoquimus; de solidiore materia unguentum facimus nostris voluntatibus, actibus et transvectionibus commodum; de liquidiore vero humore utrem implemus, ex quo quiunque biberit:” see the Notes in the third Act.

^b Remigius, lib. 2 Daemonolat. cap. 3—“Haec et nostræ aetatis maleficiis hominibus moris est facere, præsertim si enjus supplicio affecti cadaver exemplo datum est, et in erueem sublatum; nam non solum inde seortilegiis suis materiam mutuantur, sed et ab ipsis carnificiae istrumentis, reste, vinculis, palo, ferramentis, siquidem iis vulgi etiam opinione inesse ad incantationes magicas vim quandam et potestatem.” The French gamesters are superstitious in this, and think that the noose of the rope that went about the neck of one that was hang'd will make them win. And here old women will prescribe a piece of the gallows for a cure for an ague. That the aneients were superstitious in these things, see Lucan, lib. 6—“Laqueum nodosque noeentes Ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpsit, Abrasitque cruees pereussaque viscera nimbis Vulsit, et incoetas admisso sole medullas, Insertum manibus chalybem, nigramque per artus Stillantis tabi sauiem virusque coactum Sustulit, et morsus nervo retinente pependit.” For the use of dead bodies in witcherast, see Apuleius, De Aureo Asino, lib. 3, speaking of Pamphile, “Prusque apparatu solito instruxit feralem officinam.”

Among other things, “Sepultorum cadaverum expositis multis admodum membris, hic nares, illuc digiti, illuc carnosus clavi pendentium, alibi trucidatorum servatus error.”

¹ Lucan makes his witch inhabit such places: “desertaque busta Incolit et tumulos expulsis obtinet umbris.” Agrippa, de Occulta Philosophia, lib. 1, c. 48. “Saturno correspondent loca quaevis fortida, tenebrosa, subterranea, religiosa, funesta, ut cœmeteria, busta et hominibus deserta habitacula et vetustate caduea, loca obscura et horrida, et solitaria antra, cavernæ, putei,” &c. And in his third book, c. 42, “Aptissima loca plurimum experientia visionum nocturnalium, incursionum, et consimilium phantasmatum, ut cœmeteria et in quibus fieri solent executiones criminalis judicij,” &c.

² Lucan, lib. 6—“Ast Ubi servantur saxis, quibus intimus humor Duceitur, et tractâ durescunt tibi medullæ Corpora, tunc omnes avide desævit in artus Immersaque manus oculis, gaudetque gelatos Effodisse orbes.”

³ Nider, in his Fornicarium, mentions one that kill'd seven children in the mother's womb, by witchcraft; this, he says, was done by laying a lizard under the threshold, and that will cause abortion in every female in the house: vide Fornicar. c. 3. Remigius says, about the cocks crowing, that nothing is so hateful to the witches, when they are at their charms, as the cock-crowing; as one Latoma, a witch, among other things, confessed; and several other authors mention it as very hateful to the witches.

⁴ Hor. Epod. 5, amongst Canidia's materials, reckons, “Ossa ab ore raptæ jejunaæ Canis.” And Lucan, lib. 6, of Erietho, “Et quodcumque jacet nuda tellure cadaver Ante feras volueresque sedet; nec carpere membra Vult ferro manibusque suis morsuque luporum Expectat siccis raptura à faneibus artus.”

⁵ See Apuleius, before cited.

^o Ovid. “Per tumulos errat sparsis distineta capillis.” See the Notes of the Third Act.

^p For the parts of the body, the wen, and the blood of slain men, see Apuleius, before quoted.

^q Lucan, lib. 6—“Huc quicquid fœtu genuit natura sinistro, Miscetur: Non spuma eamum quibus unda timori est, Viscera non lyneis, non duræ nodus hyænæ Defuit.”

^r For Philtres, see Juvenal, Sat. 6—“Hic magicos affert cantus, hie Thessala vendit philtra.” For this following potion, take the words of Wierus de Praestig. Dæm. lib. 3, c. 37—“Inter amatoria ad hæc venena connumerantur, in extrema lupi cauda pilus, ejusque virga, remora pisceulus, felis cerebrum et lacertæ stellio cui stineus nomen est, item os de rana viridi in formicarum acervo exesa.” See Pliny, lib. 8, c. 22.

^s This Hippomanes Pliny in Nat. Hist. and Aristotle de Nat. Animal, mention, and all the old poets (Virg. Æneid, 4)—“Quæritur et nascentis equi de fronte revulsus Et matri præreptus amor.” See this described in Wierus, lib. 3, c. 37. Ovid, lib. 2 de Arte Amandi—“Datque quod à teneri fronte revellit equi.” Lucan, lib. 6—“Nec noxia tantum Pocula proficiunt, aut quum turgentia suco Frontis amaturæ subduemt pignora fœtæ.”

^t Virg. 3 Georg.—“Hinc demum hippomanes vero quod nomine dicunt Pastores, lentum distillat ab inguine virus.” Tibullus, lib. 1, Eleg. 4—“Hippomanes cupidæ stillat ab inguine Equæ.” Ovid, lib. 1, Eleg. 8, (upon a Bawd)—“Seu bene quid gramen, quid torto concita rhombo Licia, quid valeat virus amantis equæ?” Propert. lib. 4—(in quandam Lænam) “Consuluit striges nostro de sanguine et in me Hippomanes fœtæ semina legit equæ.” In Wierus it is thus described—“Caruncula haud parum famosa, carieæ magnitudine, specie orbiculata, latinæcula, colore nigro, que in fronte nascentis pulli

equini appareat, quam edito statim partu mater lambendo, abstergendoque devorat, et si præripiatur, animum à fœtu penitus aversum habet, nec eum ad ubera admittit."

⁴ That they make these confused noises, see Nandæus, Hist. Mag. and Pet. de Loyer de Spectris. And that these shouts and these words are used by them, see Scott, p. 42, and Bodin, lib. 2, c. 4. This is to be found in Remigius and Delrio; and M. Phi. Ludwicus, Elich., out of them says, quæst. 10—"Tota turba colluviesque pessima fescenninos in honorem dæmonum cantat obsecenissimos. Haec canit Harr, har, illa Diabole, Diabole, salta hue, salta illuc, altera lude hic, lude illic, alia Sabaoth, Sabaoth, etc. immo clamoribus, sibilis, ululatibus, propisiniis furit ac debacchatur."

ACT III.

Enter Sir Edward Hartfort, Belfort and Doubt.

Doubt. You have extreamly delighted us this morning, by your house, gardens, your accommodation, and your way of living; you put me in mind of the renowned Sidney's admirable description of Kalandar.

Sir Edw. Sir, you complement me too much.

Bell. Methinks you represent to us the golden days of Queen Elizabeth, such sure were our gentry then; now they are grown servile apes to foreign customes, they leave off hospitality, for which we were famous all over Europe, and turn servants to board wages.

Sir Edw. For my part, I love to have my servants part of my family, the other were, to hire day labourers to wait on me; I had rather my friends, kindred, tenants, and servants, should live well out of me, than coachmakers, taylors, embroiderers, and lacemen should: to be pointed at in the streets, and have fools stare at my equipage, is a vanity I have always scorn'd.

Doubt. You speak like one descended from those noble ancestors that made France tremble, and all the rest of Europe honour 'em.

Sir Edw. I reverence the memory of 'em: but our new-fashion'd gentry love the French too well to fight against 'em; they are bred abroad without knowing any thing of our constitution, and come home tainted with foppery, slavish principles, and Popish religion.

Bell. They bring home arts of building from hot countries to serve for our cold one; and frugality from those places where they have little meat and small stomachs, to suffice us who have great plenty and lusty appetites.

Doubt. They build houses with halls in 'em, not so big as former porches : beggars were better entertained by their ancestors, than their tenants by them.

Sir Edw. For my part, I think 'twas never good days, but when great tables were kept in large halls ; the buttery-hatch always open, black jacks, and a good smell of meat and March-beer, with dog's-turds and marrow-bones as ornaments in the hall : these were signs of good house-keeping ; I hate to see Italian fine buildings, with no meat or drink in 'em.

Bell. I like not their little plates ; methinks there's virtue in an English sur-loyn.

Doubt. Our sparks bring nothing but foreign vices and follies home ; 'tis ridiculous to be bred in one country to learn to live in another.

Sir Edw. While we lived thus (to borrow a coxcombly word) we made a better figure in the world.

Bell. You have a mind that suits your fortune, and can make your own happiness.

Sir Edw. The greatest is the enjoyment of my friends, and such worthy gentlemen as yourselves ; and when I cannot have enough of that, I have a library, good horses, and good musick.

Doubt. Princes may envy such an English gentleman.

Sir Edw. You are too kind : I am a true Englishman : I love the prince's rights and people's liberties, and will defend 'em both with the last penny in my purse, and the last drop in my veins, and dare defy the witless plots of Papists.

Bell. Spoken like a noble patriot.

Sir Edw. Pardon me, you talk like Englishmen, and you have warm'd me ; I hope to see the prince and people flourish yet, old as I am, in spite of Jesuits : I am sure our constitution is the noblest in the world.

Doubt. Would there were enough such English gentlemen.

Bell. 'Twere to be wisht ; but our gentry are so much poysoned with foreign vanities, that methinks the genius of England seems sunk into the yeomanry.

Sir Edw. We have indeed too many rotten members. You speak like gentlemen, worthy of such noble fathers as you both had ; but gentlemen, I spoke of musick ; I see two of my artists come into the garden, they shall entertain you with a song this morning.

Bell. Sir, you oblige us every way.

[*In Italian song.*]

Finely compos'd, and excellently perform'd.

Doubt. I see, sir, you are well serv'd in every thing.

Enter Isabella and Theodosia.

Sir Edw. My sweet cousin, good morrow to thee ; I hope to call thee shortly by another name, my dear child : Heavens bless thee !

[*Isab. kneels.*]

Bell. Ladies, your most humble servant ; you are early up to take the pleasure of the morning in these gardens.

Doubt. 'Tis a paradise you are in ; every object within this place is ravishing.

Theo. This place affords variety of pleasures ; nothing here is wanting.

Bell. Where such fine ladies are.

Enter Servant with Tegue O Dively an Irish Priest.

Serv. A gentleman, to speak with you.

Sir Edw. With me ! Daughter, pray shew those gentlemen the statues, grottoes, and the water-works : I'll wait on you immediately.

Bell. This is an opportunity beyond our hopes. [*Eve. Bell., Doubt.,*

Sir Edw. Would you speak with me ? *Isab., Theo.*

Priest. Arrah, and please ty Oorship, I am come here to dis plaash to maake a wisitt unto thee ; dosht dou not know me, Joy ?

Sir Edw. Oh ! you live at Mr. Redletter's, my catholick neighbour's.
Priest. Ah, by my shoul, I.

Sir Edw. How came you to venture hither ? you are a popish priest.

Priest. Ah, but 'tis no matter for all daat, Joy : by my shoul, but I will taak de oades, and I think I vill be excus'd ; but hark vid you a while, by my trott I shall be a paapist too for all daat, indeed, yes.

Sir Edw. Excellent principles !

Priest. I do come for de honest to see dee, and yet I do not come on purpose, gra : but it is no matter, I vill talk vid you aboot daat, I do come upon occasioun, and Mr. Redletter did shend me unto dee.

Sir Edw. For what ?

Priest. What will I say unto dee now, but Mr. Redletter did shend me, and yet I did come of my self too for all daat upon occasioun, daat I did heare concerning of dee, dat dy house and de plaash is all over-run with witches and spirits, do you see now ?

Sir Edw. I had best let this fool stay to laugh at him ; he may be out of the damn'd plot, if any priest was ? Sure they would never trust this fool.

[*Inside.*]

Priest. What shaall you shay unto me upon all dis ; I will exorcize doze witches, and I will plague dose devils now, by my shoul, vid holy-water, and vid reliques, and I will free 'em out of this plaash, God shaave de king.

Sir Edw. I have forgot your name.

Priest. They do put the name of Kelly upon me, Joy, but by my fai I am call'd by my own right naame, Tegue O Divelly.

Sir Edw. Tegue O Divelly.

Priest. Yes, a very oold naame in Eerland by my shalwaation, well gra, I have brought upon my cloke-bagg shome holy-vaater, and I will put it upon the devil's and de vithees' faashes, and I will make you shome more holy-vaater, and you vill vaash all de roomes vid it and bee ——

Sir Edw. Well, father Tegue O Dively, you're welcome; but how dare you venture publiekly in these times?

Priest. Why, I have great consideraation upon dy prudence; for if dou voudst betray me, now phare will be de solecdity of dat, Joy.

Sir Edw. I speak not for my self, but others.

Priest. The devil taak me now, I do tink, I will suffer for my religion, I am afraid I will be slain at lasht at the plaash they call Saint Tyburn, but I do not caare by my shalwaation; for if I will be hang'd I will be a saint presently, and all my country shall pray unto saint Tegue; besides shome great people will be naamless too, I tell you; I shay no more, but I will be prayed unto, Joy.

Sir Edw. Prayed too! very well.

Priest. Yes, by my shoule will I, and I will have reliques made of me too.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Jeffery Shacklehead and my lady have some business with you, and desire your company within.

Sir Edw. Come, Father Tegue, come along with me; do you hear? find the gentlemen that are walking with my daughter and her cousin, and tell 'em I will wait on 'em presently. [Ex. *Sir Edw.* and *Priest*.]

Serv. I will. They are here: gentlemen, my master is call'd away upon business, he begs your excuse, and will wait on you presently. [Ex. *Serv.*]

Bell. Heaven gives us yet a longer opportunity, and certainly intends we should make use of it; I have my own parson that comes to hunt with me at Whalley, madam, an excellent school divine, that will end all differences betwixt us.

Isab. He is like to begin 'em betwixt us; the name of a parson is a dreadful name upon these occasions; he'l bring us into a condition we can never get out of but by death.

Bell. If the absolute command of me and my fortune can please you, you shall never desire to get out of it.

Doubt. I should at more distance and with more reverence approach you, madam, did not the shortness of the time, and the great danger of losing you, force me to be free; throw not away this precious time, a minute now is inestimable.

Theo. Yet I must consider on that minute on which the happiness or misery of all my life may depend.

Isab. How can I imagine that you who have rambled up and down the Southern World, should at last fix on a homebred mistress in the north? How can you be in earnest?

Bell. Consult your understanding, and your looking-glass: one will tell you how witty, wise, and good you are; the other, how beautiful, how sweet, how charming.

Isab. Men before they are married turn the great end of their perspective; but the little end after it.

Bell. They are men of ill eyes, and worse understanding; but for your perfections there needs no perspective.

Theo. If I were inclin'd to marriage, methinks we are not well enough acquainted yet to think of that.

Doubt. To my reputation I suppose you are no stranger, nor to my estate, which lies all in the next county; and for my love, I will convince you of it, by settling what ever you please, or all that estate upon you before I expect any favour from you.

Theo. You are so generous beyond my deserts, that I know not how to credit you.

Doubt. Your modesty is too great, and your faith too little.

Enter Sir Timothy

Sir Tim. Death, who are these with my mistress and my sister? Oh! they are the silly fellows that we saw at the Spaw, that came hither last night. Do you know, sir, that this is my mistress, sir?

Bell. I know, sir, that no man is worthy of that honour.

Sir Tim. Yes, sir, I will make you know that I am, sir; and she has the honour to be my mistress.

Bell. Very well, sir.

Sir Tim. Very well, sir; no, 'tis very ill, sir, that you should have the boldness to take my mistress by the hand, sir; and, if you do, sir, I must tell you, sir —— What, do you smile, sir?

Bell. A man may do what he will with his own face. I may smile, sir, ——

Sir Tim. If you do, sir, I will fight, sir; I tell you that, sir, hah!

Isab. Sir Timothy, you are a bloody-minded man.

Sir Tim. 'Tis for my honour, my honour. He is plaguely afraid. Look you, sir, if you smile, sir, at me, sir, I will kick, sir, that's more, sir.

Bell. If you do, you will be the fifteenth man I have run through the body, sir.

Sir Tim. Hah! What does he say, through the body? oh.

Theo. Yonder's my brother; we must not be so particular; let's joyn.

Sir Tim. How, the body, sir.

Bell. Yes, sir, and my custom is (if it be a great affront, I kill them, for) I rip out their hearts, dry 'em to powder, and make snuff on 'em.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord, snuff!

Bell. I have a box full in my pocket, sir: will you please to take some?

Sir Tim. No, sir, I thank you, sir; snuff quoth a? I will have nothing to do with such a eruel man; I say no more, sir.

Doubt. Your servant, sir ——

Sir Tim. Your servant, sir: does he take such snuff too?

Bell. The same—do you hear, sir, if you value your own life, which I will save for the families' sakes, not a word of this to any man.

Sir Tim. No, sir, not I, sir. Your humble servant.

Enter Sir Edward.

Sir Edw. I ask your pardon, gentlemen ; I was stay'd by what, if you please to walk in, will divert you well enough.

Doubt. We will wait on you, sir.

Sir Edw. Daughter, Sir Jeffery and my lady have made complaints of you for abusing Sir Timothy ; let me hear no more on't ; we have resolv'd the marriage shall be to-morrow ; it will become you to be upon a little better terms to-day.

Sir Tim. Do you hear that, gentlewoman —

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, I have sent to Whalley for all your servants, and horses, and doggs ; you must do me the honour to make some stay with me.

Bell. We cannot enough acknowledge your great civility.

Sir Edw. No complements ; I oblige my self. Sir Jeffery Shacklehead and I have just now agreed, that to-morrow shall be the day of marriage between our sons and daughters.

Theo. Very short warning.

Sir Edw. Hee'l not delay it longer.

Theo. I'le in and see what's the reason of this sudden resolution.

Bell. Sir, we wait on you.

Sir Edw. Stay you there awhile with Sir Timothy.

[*Ex. all but Sir Tim. and Isab.*

Sir Tim. Dear cousin, prethee be kinder to me ; I protest and vow, as I am a christian, I love thee better than both my eyes, for all this.

Isab. Why, how now dog's face, hast thou the impudence to make love again, with that hideous countenance ? that very insipid, silly physiomy of thine ? with that most piteous mien ? why thou lookest like an operator for teeth.

Sir Tim. This is all sham ; I won't believe it : I can see myself in the great glass, and, to my mind, no man looks more like a gentleman than myself.

Isab. A gentleman ! with that silly, waddling, shuffling gate ? thou hast not nien good enough for a chief constable, every change of thy countenance, and every motion of thy body proclaims thee an ass.

Sir Tim. Ay, ay, come, madam, I shall please you better when I am marryed, with a trick that I have, I tell yee.

Isab. Out of my sight, thou makest me sick to see thee.

Sir Tim. I shall be more familiar with you to-morrow night ; oh, my dear rogue ! Well, I say no more ; faith, I shall : well, no more to be said.

Isab. Be gone, thou basilisk ; here, I vow if thou wert the only man on earth, the kind should cease rather than I would marry thee.

Sir Tim. You'll be in a better humour to-morrow night, though you are such a vixen now.

Isab. This placee, where some materials are to mend the wall, will furnish me with some ammunition : be gone, I say.

Sir Tim. I shant do't, I know when I am in good company ; come, prethee cousin, do not let us fool any longer, to-morrow we shall be one flesh—d'ye see.

Isab. I had rather be inoculated into a tree, than be made one flesh with thee ; can that Westphalia hide of thine ever become one flesh with me ; when I can become one ass with thee, it may ; you shall never change my mind.

Sir Tim. Well, well, I shall have your body to-morrow night, and I warrant you, your mind shall soon follow it.

Isab. Be gone, thou infinite coxeomb, I'le set thee farther.

[*She throws stones at him.*]

Sir Tim. What, what, what a pox ! hold, what a devil, are you mad ? Flesh, heart, hold, what, a plague, uds bnd, I could find in my heart to turn again.

Isab. Do, filthy face, do, if thou darst.

Sir Tim. Oh help, murder, murder !

[*Ex. Sir Timothy.*]

Isab. I have no patience with this fool ; no racks or tortures shall force me to marry him. [Ex. *Isab.*

Enter Young Hartfort and Theodosia.

Theo. I am very indifferent about this matrimony, and for ought I see, you are so too.

Yo. Har. I must confess you are as fine a gentlewoman as ever I saw, and I am not worthy of you ; but my father says he will disinherit me, if I will not marry you to-morrow ; therefore I desire you would please to think on't.

Theo. I will think on't.

Yo. Har. You shall command all my estate, and do what you will : for my part, I resolve all my life, to give up my self wholly to my sports, and my horses, and my dogs, and to drink now and then a cup of ale with my neighbours ; I hate wine.

Theo. You will do very well.

Yo. Har. He says we must be married to-morrow at ten : I can be going a hawking by six and come home time enough ; I would be loth to neglect my hawking at Powts in the height of the season.

Theo. By no means, you'd do very ill if you should.

Yo. Har. Ay, so I should, but shall I tell my father that you will have me to-morrow ? You know the writings are sealed, and wedding cloaths bought of all sides.

Theo. Well, I shall do as becomes me.

Yo. Har. Well, cousin, there's no more to be said betwixt you and I then. *Panca verba*, a word to the wise, I say, is enough, so I rest your humble servant to command. I'll tell my father what you say presently, your servant. To tell you truly, I had never so much mind to be married as now ; for I have been so woundedly frightned with witches, that I am afraid to lye alone, d'e see ; well, I am glad this business is over : a pox upon all making of love for me. [Ex. *Yo. Har.*

Theo. I thought I saw my cousin in you walk, 'tis time for us to consult what to do; my father and mother are resolved upon to-morrow for the fatal day.

[*Ex. Theo.*]

Enter Smerk, and Priest, and Mrs. Susan.

Priest. By my shoule, Joy, I thank you for my fast-break, for it does give refreshment unto me, and consolaation too, gra.

Smerk. Thank yon, Mistress Susan, my candle was admirable; I am much strengthned by these good creatures.

Susan. Yours was admirable—if Mother Demdike has any skill; I shall find the operation before night, and I will be reveng'd for his scorn to me.

[*Aside.*]

Priest. Though thou dosht know me, yet thou dosht shay thou wilt tell nothing concerning of me.

Smerk. No, for my part, though I differ in some things, yet I honour the Church of Rome as a true Church.

Priest. By my shalwaation ye did all come out of us indeed, and I have expectaation daat you will come in agen, and I think I will live to shee it: perhaps I will tell you now, you had your ordination too with us.

Smerk. For my part, I think the papists are honest, loyal men, and the Jesuits dyed innocent.

Priest. Phaat dou dosht not believe de plot, de devil taake me.

Smerk. No, no, no papist plot, but a Presbyterian one.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, by my shalvaation I will embraash dy father's child, and I will put a great kish upon dy cheeke; now for dat, ay dear ish a damn'd Presbyterian plot to put out de paapists, and de priests, and de good men, and if I would have my minde, de devil taak me, I would shee 'em all broyle and fry in de plaash they call Smitfield, Joy.

Smerk. I would have surplices cram'd down their throats, or would have 'em hang'd in canonical girdles.

Priest. Let me imbraash my Joy agen for daat.

Enter Bellfort and Doubty.

Bell. We shall have excellent sport with these priests ; see they are come from their breakfast, and embracing.

Priest. And dou dosht not believe the Paapists plot, my Joy ?

Smerk. No, but the damn'd Presbyterian plot I do : I would be a Turk before I would be a Presbyterian ; rogues, villains.

Priest. By my shoule I vill give satisfaction unto dee, and maak dee of my church ; we have shome good friends of dy church, and dou art almost as good a friend as he in de west, I have forgot his naam ; I do take it did begin vid a T.

Doubt. How now ! Do not you believe a Popish plot ?

Smerk. No, but a Presbyterian one I do.

Bell. This is great impudence, after the King has affirm'd it in so many proclamations, and three Parliaments have voted it, *nemine contradicente*.

Smerk. Parliaments ? tell me of Parliaments ? With my Bible in my hand, I'll dispute with the whole House of Commons. Sir, I hate Parliaments ; none but phanaticks, Hobbists, and atheists believe the plot.

Priest. By my fait and trot, dou dosht maak me weep indeed ; by my shoul, Joy, dou wilt be a good Catholick, if I will instruct dee ; I will weep on dee indeed.

Bell. Why the true and wise Church of England men believe it, and are a great rock 'gainst the 'Church af Rome.

Doubt. And preach and write learnedly against it ; but such fellows as you are scandals to the church ; n company of tautivv fools.

Bell. All the eminent men of the Church of England believe the plot, and detest it with horrour, and abominate the religion that contriv'd it.

Smerk. Not all the eminent men, for I am of another opinion.

Priest. By my shoul, by my shoul, Joy, dey are our enemies, and I would have no fait put upon dem ; but dis is my dear friend.

Doubt. This is a rascal conceal'd in the church, and is none of it ; sure his patron knows him not.

Bell. No, certainly !

Smerk. You are Hobbists and atheists.

Priest. It is no matter for all daat, Joy, what dey do shay unto thee ; for by Creest and by Saint Paatrick dey be heretick doggs ; by my shalwaation dou dosht make me weep upon de agen ; by de Lady Mary, I think I will be after reconciling dee to de Caatholick church indeed.

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady Shaek., Sir Edw., Isab., and Theodosia.

Sir Jeff. Your servant, gentlemen.

La. Sha. Your most humble servant.

Bell. } Your most humble servant.
Doubt. } Your most humble servant.

Sir Edw. Is not my Irish man a pleasant fellow ?

Doubt. A great father of the church.

Bell. And perhaps may come to be hang'd for't.

Sir Edw. Sir Jeffery is going to take some informations about witches ; perhaps that may divert you not ill. 'Tis against my opinion, but I give him way.

La. Sha. I hope you are pleas'd to pardon my incivility, in rushing unawares into your chamber last night ; but I know you are so much a gentleman, so well-bred, and so acomplisht, I know you do ——

Doubt. Madam.

La. Sha. And for that reason I will make you my confidant in a business, that perhaps, I do not know, but I think it may not be to your disadvantage, I will communicate it to you in private. Now, Sir Jeffery and I are to take some examinations. I assist him very much in his business, or he could never do it.

[*He sits down and La. Sha.*

Sir Jeff. Call in these fellows, let's hear what they'l say about these witches ; come on : did you serve my warrant on Mother Demdike ?

[*They call the constable in and a country fellow.*

Const. Sir, I went to her house (and please your worship), and lookest in at her window, and she was feeding three great toads, and they daunc'd and leapt about her, and she suckled a great black cat well nigh as big as a spaniel ; I went into the house, and she vanisht, and there was nothing but the cat in the middle, who spit and star'd at me, and I was frighted away.

Sir Jeff. An arch witch I warrant her.

Const. I went out at the back dore, and by the threshold sat a great hare ; I struck at it, and it run away, and ever since I have had a great pain in my back, and cannot make water, saving your presence.

Sir Edw. A fit of the gravel.

Priest. No, by my shoule, she is a great witch, and I vil cure you upon daat.

Sir Jeff. No : I tell you, Sir Edward, I am sure she is a witch, and between you and I, last night, when I would have been kind to my wife, she bewitched me, I found it so.

Sir Edw. Those things will happen about five and fifty.

Priest. I will tell you now, Joy, I will cure you too. ^a Taak one of de tooths of a dead man, and bee, and burn it, and taak dee smoke into both your noses, as you taak snush, and anoint your self vid dee gaall of a crow, taak quicksilver, as dey do call it, and put upon a

quill, and plaash it under de shoft pillow you do shit upon, den maake shome waater through de ring of a wedding, by St. Patrick, and I will shay shome Ave Maaries for dee, and dou wilt be sound agen : gra.

Sir Jeff. Who is this pretends to skill in witchcraft ?

Sir Edw. A very learned man in these matters, that comes hither on purpose.

Sir Jeff. I shall be glad of your better acquaintance.

Priest. I vil be very wel pleased to bee after being acquainted vid dee, Joy.

La. Sha. Have you any more to say ? Fellow, speak to me.

Const. Why, an't please your worship forsooth, Mother Demidike said she wold be reveng'd on me for not giving her some buttermilk ; and the next night coming from Rachdale, I saw a great black hog, and my horse threw me, and I lost a hog that night, he dy'd, that was as well when he went to bed as ever he was since he was born.

La. Sha. 'Tis enough, a plain, a manifest witch ; make a warrant for her.

Sir Jeff. Ay, do.

La. Sha. Take some of the thatch of her house, and burn it at your house, and you shall see she will come streight.

Sir Jeff. Or to-morrow, about dawn, piss in a pot, and cover it with your right nether stocking, and the witch will be tormented in her bladder, and come to you roaring before night:^b

Doubt. A most profound science.

Bell. And poor old ignorant wretches must be hang'd for this.

Const. A cow of mine is bewitcht too, and runs about the close as if she were mad ; and that, I believe, Mother Hargrave bewitcht, because I deny'd her some gos—good.

Sir Jeff. Put her into the warrant too : 'tis enough ; a little thing will serve for evidence against a witch.

Sir Edw. A very little one.

Priest. Put a pair of breeches or Irish trowsers upon your cow's head, fellow, upon a Fryday morning, and wid a great stick maak beat upon her, till she do depart out of de close, and she vill repair unto de witches dore, and she vill knock upon it vid her horns indeed.

Const. Thank you, good sir.

Sir Jeff. Sir, I see you are a learned man in this business, and I honour you.

Priest. Your servant, sir; I will put shome holy waater into your cow's mout, and I vill maak cure upon her for all daat indeed.

La. Sha. Come, has any one else any thing to inform?

Const. Yes, am't please your worships, here is a neighbour, Thomas o' Georges.

Tho. o' G. Why, am't please your worships, I was at Mal Spencer's house where he wons i' th' lone, and whoo had a meeghty great cat, a black one by'r lady, and whoo kist and who elipt cat, and ay set me down a bit (meet a bit) and belive cat went under her coats, quo ay what don yoo doo with that fow cat? Why, says whoo, who soukes me, Soukes tee? Marry, that's whaint quo ay, by'r lady, what can cat do besides? Why, says whoo, whoost carry me to Rachdale belive. Whaw, quo ay, that's pratty! Why, says whoo, yeost ha one an yeow win to carry yeow; by'r lady, quo ay, with aw my heart, and thank ow too, marry 'twill save my Tit a pow'r of labbomr; so whoo cwid a cat to me, a huge cat, and we ridden both to Rachdale streight along.

Bell. Well said, this was home; I love a fellow that will go through stich.

Sir Jeff. This is a witch, indeed; put her name in.

Priest. This is naw thing by my shoule; I will tell you now it is naw thing for all daat, a vitch, if she be a good vitch, will ride upon a graashopper, I tell you, very well, and yet a graashopper is but a

weak beast neither ; you do maak wonder upon dis, but by my shoule it is naw thing.

Sir Jeff. Where did you take eat, say you, together ?

Tho. o Geor. Why, we took eat i' th' lone meet a mile off.

Sir Jeff. So you rid eight mile upon eats : are there any more informations ?

Const. No more, an't please your worship ; but when I have once taken 'em, enough will come in.

La. Sha. Go then about taking 'em, and bring 'em before Sir Jeffery and my self ; I'le warrant you wee'l order 'em.

Priest. I will tell you now, fellow, taak de shoe of a horse, and nayle it upon your threshold, de plaash dou dosht goe into dy dore upon.

Sir Jeff. And put a clove of garlick into the roof of thy house.

La. Sha. Fennil is very good in your house against spirits and witches ; and alicium, and the herb mullein, and longwort, and moly too, is very good.

Priest. ^d Burn shome brimstone, and maake a sweet fume of de gall of a black dogg, Joy, and besmear dy poshts and dy valls, and bee, and cross dy self, and I will touch dee vid reliques, and dee to, gra.

Const. Thank you, good sir.

Theo. o Geor. Thank a.

Sir Edw. Is not this an exellent art ?

Bell. "Tis so extravagant, that a man would think they were all in dreams that ever writ of it.

Doubt. I see no manner of evidences against these poor creatures.

Bell. I could laugh at these fools suffiently, but that all the while our mistresses are in danger.

Doubt. Our time is very short ; prithee let's consider what is to be done.

Isab. Well, my dear, I must open my heart to thee; I am so much in love with this Bellfort, that I shall dye if I lose him.

Theo. Poor Isabella, dying is something an inconvenient business; and yet I should live very uncomfortably without my spark.

Isab. Our time's very short, therefore preethee let's play the fool no longer, but come to the point when we meet 'em.

Theo. Agreed: but when shall we meet 'em?

Isab. I warrant thee before midnight.

Sir Edw. Come, let us take one turn in the garden, and by that time my dinner will be ready.

Bell. Madam, for heaven's sake consider on what a short time my happiness or ruin depends.

Isab. Have a care, Sir Jeffery and his lady will be jealous.

Bell. This is a good sign. [To himself.]

Theo. Not a word, we shall be suspected; at night we will design a conference.

Enter Mal Spence and Clod.

M. Spen. Why so unkind, Clod? You frown, and wonnot kiss me.

Clod. No, marry, I'll be none of thy imp, I wott.

M. Spen. What dost thou mean, my love? prethee kiss me.

Clod. Stand off, by'r lady, an I lift kibbo once, ist raddle thy bones: thou art a fow wheame, I tell o that, thou art a fow witch.

M. Spen. I a witch! a poor innocent young lass, that's whaint, I am not awd enough for that, mon.

Clod. And I believe my cyne, by the mass I saw you in Sir Yedard's cellar last neight with your haggs; thou art a rank witch, und flesh I'll not come nere thee.

M. Spen. Did you see me? Why, if I be a witch, I am the better fortune for you; you may fare of the best and be rich.

Clod. Fare? marry I'll fare none with thee; I'll not be hang'd.

nor go to the deel for thee, not I by th' mass, but I will hang thee on I con, by'r lady.

M. Spen. Say you so, rogue? I'le plague for that. [*She goes out.*

Clod. What is whoo gone? 'Tis for no good, marry; I ha scap'd a fine waif, a fow carriou, by'r lady; I'le hang the whean, and there be no more witches in Loneashire. Flesh, what's 'tiss?

[*Mal enters with a bridle, and puts it on ere he is aware.*

M. Spen. A ^e horse, a horse, be thou to me,
And carry me where I shall flee.

[*She gets upon him, and flees away.*

Enter Demidike, Dickenson, Hargrave, &c., with their Imps, and Madge, who is to be the new witch.

Demd. Within this shattered abby walls,
This pit oregrown with brakes and briers,
Is fit for our dark works, and here
Our master dear will soon appear,
And make thee, Mother Madge, a witch,
Make thee be happy, long liv'd, rich;
Thou wilt be powerful and wise,
And be reveng'd of thy enemies!

Madg. 'Tis that I'd have; I thank you, Dame.

Demd. Here, take this imp, and let him suck;
He'l do what e're thou bidst him: call
Him Puck-Hairy.

Madg. Come hither, Puck-Hairy.

[*Enter an Imp, in shape of a black shooe, comes to her.*

Demd. Where is thy contract, written in blood?

Madg. 'Tis here.

Demd. So 'tis, firm and good.

Where's my Mamillion? Come, my rogue,
And take thy dinner.

Dicken. Where's my Puggy?

Come to me, and take thy duggy.

Harg. Come, my Rouncey, where art thou?

Enter Mal Spence, leading Clod in a bridle.

Mal. Come, sirrah, I have switcht you well,
I'le tye you up now to the rack.

[*She ties him up, and joyns with the other witches.*
Well met, sisters? Where's my Pucklin?
Come away, my pretty sucklin.

Clod. Wauns and flesh, what con ay do naw? I am turn'd into a horse, a capo, a meer titt; flesh, ayst ne're be a mon agen; I marle I con speak, I conno pray; I wot, a pox o' th' deel, mun ay live of oates, and beens, and hay, aw my life, instead of beef and pudding? und flesh, I neigh too. [*He neighs.*] Oh whoo has switcht and spur'd me plaguey; I am raw all over me; whoo has ridden a waunded way about too.

Demd. Oyntment for flying here I have,

^b Of children's fat stoh from the grave.

The juice of smallage and night-shade,

Of poplar leaves, and aconite made;

With these

The aromatick reed I boyl,

With water-parsnip, and cinquefoil;

With store of soot, and add to that

The recking blood of many a bat.

Dick. ^c From the sea's slimy owse a weed

I fetch'd to open locks at need.

¹ With coats tuck up, and with my hair
 All flowing loosely in the air,
 With naked feet I went among
^m The poysnous plants, there adder's ⁿ tongue,
 With aconite and martagon,
 Henbane, hemlock, moon-wort too,
^o Wild fig-tree, that o'er tombs do's grow,
 The deadly night-shade, cypress, yew,
 And libbard's bane, and venomous dew,
 I gathered for my charms.

Harg.^p And I

Dug up a mandrake, which did cry ;
 Three circles I made, and the wind was good,
 And looking to the west I stood.

M. Spen. ^q The bones of frogs I got, and the blood,
 With screech-owls' eggs, and feathers too.
^r Here's a wall-toad, and wings of bats,
 The eyes of owls, and brains of cats.

The Devil appears in humane shape, with four Attendants.

Demd. Peace ; here's our master ; him salute,
 And kiss the toe of his cloven foot. [*They kiss the Devil's foot.*
 Now our new sister we present,
 The contract too, sign it with ^s blood.]

[*Madge signs it with her blood.*

Dev. First, heaven you must renounce.

Madg. I do.

Dev. Your baptism thus I wash out too.
 The new name, Maudlin, you must take,
 And all your gossips must forsake,
 And I these new ones for you make.

Derm. A piece of your garment now present.

Mady. Here, take it, master ; I'm content.

[*Gives it him.*

Derm. Within this cirele I make here,

Truth to our master you must swear.

Mady. I do.

Derv. You must each month some murdered children pay,

Besides your yearly tribute at your day.

Mady. I will.

Derv. Some secret part I with my mark must sign,

A lasting token that you are wholly mine.

Mady. Oh !

Derm. Now do your homage. [*The Devil takes her hands between his.*

Derv. Curse heaven, plague mankind, go forth, and be a witch.

[*The musick sounds in the air*

S O N G.

Chorus of three Parts.

Welcome, welcome, happy be,
In this blest society.

I.

Men and beasts are in thy power :
Thou canst save, and canst devour,
Thou canst bless, and curse the earth,
And cause plenty, or a dearth.

Chorus.—Welcome, &c.

2.

O'er Nature's powers thou canst prevail,
Raise winds, bring snow, or rain, or hail,
Without their causes, and canst make
The steady course of Nature shake.

Chorus—Welcome, &c.

3.

Thou canst mount upon the clouds,
And skin o'er the rugged floods ;
Thou canst dive to the sands below,
And through the solid earth canst go.

Chorus—Welcome, &c.

4.

Thou'l open locks, or through a chink
Shalt creep for daintiest meat and drink :
Thou maist sleep on tops of trees,
And lye in flowers like humble bees.

Chorus—Welcome, &c.

5.

Revenge, revenge, the sweetest part
Of all thou hast by thy black art :
On heaven thou ne'er shalt fix thy mind,
For here 'tis heav'n to plague mankind.

Chorus—Welcome, &c.

They dance with fantastick unusual postures.

Devil. ⁴ At your command all Nature's course shall cease,
And all the elements make war or peace ;
The sky no more shall its known laws obey,
Night shall retreat whilst you prolong the day.

⁵ Thy charms shall make the moon and stars come down,
And in thick darkness hide the sun at noon.

⁶ Winds thou shalt raise, and streight their rage controul.

⁷ The orbs upon their axes shall not rowl ;
Hearing thy mighty charms, the troubled sky
Shall crack with thunder, Heav'n not knowing why.

⁸ Without one puff the waves shall foam and rage,
Then though all winds together should ingage,
The silent sea shall not the tempest feel.

⁹ Vallies shall roar, and trembling mountains reel.

¹⁰ At thy command woods from their seats shall rove,
Stones from their quarries, and fixt oaks remove.

¹¹ Vast standing lakes shall flow, and, at thy will,
The most impetuous torrents shall stand still ;
Swift rivers shall (while wond'ring banks admire)
Back to their springs, with violent hast, retire.

¹² The charms shall blast full fruits and ripen'd ears.

¹³ Ease anxious minds, and then afflict with cares.

¹⁴ Give love, where Nature cannot, by thy skill,
And any living creature save or kill.

¹⁵ Rise ghosts, transform yourself and whom you will.

Enter Tom, Shacklehead, with a gun on his shoulder

Demd. Who's here? who's here?

Tom. Sha. Waunds, what's here? The witches, by'r lady.
I'll shoot amongst 'em; have at ye. [They all vanish, and Clod weighs

Hey, dive-dappers, dive-dappers ;
What a devil's here ! Clod tied by a bridle and a neighing ! What a
pox ail'st thou ? Const a tell ? [Tho. Shae. *takes off the bridle.*

Clod. Uds flesh, I am a mon agen naw !
Why, I was a horse, a meer tit, I had lost aw
My speech, and could do naught but neigh ;
Flesh, I am a mon agen.

Tom. Shae. What a dickens is the fellee wood ?

Clod. Ise ta the bridle with me, fly from the deal, and the witches,
and I'll tell you aw at the ale-house.

Tom. Shae. What a mirrain ails the hobbell ?
I mun follow, and see what's the matter.

Act Ends.

NOTES ON THE THIRD ACT.

^a This receipt is in Scott; he has taken it out of inquisitors and witchmongers.

^b These two remedies are in Scott.

^c This is likewise to be found in Scott. Abundance of this kind is to be seen in Flagellum Diabol., in the second tom. of Mall. Maleficarum.

^d This is to be found in Delrio, and Remig. and Fr. Silvester.

^e For these kind of transformations, you will see authority at the latter end of these Notes.

^f For witches delighting in such solitary places, see Agrippa and Lucan, quoted in the second Act.

^g Having imps is to be found in all authors that treat of witches. Having of biggs or teats, I find no where but in our English authors, and in late examinations.

^h For this ointment, see Wier De præstigiis Daem., ultimo libro de Lamiis, he has the receipt at large—"Puerorum pinguedinem decoquendo ex aqua capiunt inspissando quod ex elixatione ultimum novissimumque subsidet, inde condunt continuoque inserviunt usui; cum haec immiscent Eleoselenum, aconitum, frondes populeas et fuliginem, vel aliter."

ⁱ "Sium, acorum vulgare, pentaphylon, vespertilionis sanguinem, solanum somniferum," &c. This ointment is in Cardan, De subtilitate, cap. de Mirabilibus; and in Paracelsus, De magna et occulta Philosophia; in Delrio, Disquis. Mag. quæst. 16, p. 130. There are under that question several stories under oaths and confessions, of the witches night-meetings and flying. See Bodin for the ointment, lib. 2; Daemon., cap. 4; and Scot., p. 128.

^k See the renown'd Johnson in the last scene of the second Act of his Sad Shepherd.

^l Hor. Satyr. 8—"Vidi equidem nigrâ succinetam vadere pallâ Canidiam, pedibus nudis, passóque capillo;" and the verse before, "Ossa legant, herbasque nocentes." Ovid Ep. of Hypsipyle—"Per tumulos errat sparsis distincta capillis." Senec. de Medea, v. 756—"Vinculo solves Comam Seereta mudo nemora lustravi pede." Ovid. Metam. 7—"Egreditur tectis vestes induita recinetas, muda pedes, mudos hume is infusa capillos."

^m The use of herbs in witchcraft, all authors, both ancient and modern, take notice of, that treat of witches. Virg.—"Htas herbas atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta veneno." Ovid, Metam. 7—"Protinus horrendis infamia pabula succis conterit et tritis Hecateïa Carmina miscet." Virg. 3 Georg.—"Miscueruntque herbas, et non innoxia verba." Propert.—"Quippe et collinas ad fossam moverit herbas." Virg. 4, Æneid—"Falcibus ad lunæ lumen queruntur ahenis Pubentes herbae, nigri cum laete veneni."

ⁿ Cicuta, solanum, hyoscyamus, ophioglosson, martagon, daronicum, aconitum, are mention'd by Paracelsus, Porta, and Agrippa, as especial ingredients in magick.

^o Hor. Ep. 5, In Canidiam—"Jubet sepuleris caprificos erutas. Jubet cupressus fumebras."

^p Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 2, c. 13, writing of the Mandrake, says—
"Caveant effossuri contrarium ventum, et tribus circulis ante gladio circumiseribunt, postea fodiant ad occasum spectantes."

^q Hor. Ep. 5—"Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine, Plumâmique nocturnæ strigis." For the bones of frogs, they are used in love-cups, see Notes in the second Act.

^r For the owls-eyes, bars-blood, and wings, see Corn. Agrippa, De occulta Philosophia, lib. 1, c. 15 and c. 25. The toad is said to be of great use in magick; see Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. 32, c. 5.

A cat's brain is an ingredient in love-elps; see the Notes on the second Act.

¹ The contract signed with blood, Bodin, lib. 2, c. 4, and most authors speak of; but Gnaecius, in his Compend. Malefic., sets it down at large, of which these are heads—1. “Abnegant fidei et Creatori,” &c. 2. “Diabolus illos tingit Lavaero novi baptismatis.” 3. “Negato nomine novum illis inditur.” 4. “Cogit abnegare patrimis et matrinis,” &c. 5. “Lamiae diabolo dant frustum aliquod vestimenti.” 6. “Præstant Dæmoni juramentum super circulo in terram sculpto.” 7. “Petunt à Dæmonie deleri de libro vitæ, et scribi in libro mortis.” 8. “Pollicentur sacrificia, et quedam striges promittunt se singulis mensibus vel quindenis unum infantulum strigando, i.e. exsugendo oœcisoras;” this is to be found also in Bart. Spinens, quest. de strigibus, 2, c. 9—“Quotannis aliquid magistellis vel Dæmonibus pendere tenentur.” See also Remigius, lib. 1, 11, c. 10—“Corporis alicui parti characterem solet imponere: signum non est semper idem formâ, aliquando est simile leporis vestigio, aliquando bifonis pedi, aliquando armæ vel catello vel gliri.” Concerning this mark, see Bodin, lib. 2, c. 4; Ludwig. Elich. p. 58, quest. 4; Nie. Remigius, lib. 1, c. 5, p. 58. I put this down at large, because some were so ignorant to condemn this contract, as if it were my profane invention, and so silly, that they would have the Devil and witches speak piously.

² Lucan, lib. 6—“Cessavere vices rerum, dilatâque longè Haesit nocte dies: legi non paruit Æther.” Sen. Med.—“Paritéaque mundus, lege confusa Ætheris, et solem et astra vidit, Et yetitum mare tetigistis nrsæ: temporum flexi vices.

³ Ovid, Ep. Hypsip.—“Illa reluctantem cursu diducere lumen Nititur et tenebris abdere solis equos.” Metam. 7, De Medea—“Et te hma traho.” Pet. Arbiter makes a witch, boasting her power, among many other things, say—“Lamæ descendit imago Carminibus

deducta meis :” the whole description is very elegant. Hor. Epod. 5—“ Quæ sidera excantata voce Thessala, Lumâmq[ue] cœlo deripit.” Id. Ep. 18, in fine Epodos—“ Deripere lunam vocibus possim meis.” Tibul. lib. I, Eleg. 2—“ Hanc ego de cœlo ducentem sydera vidi.” Propert.—“ Audax cantatae leges imponere Luna.”

* Ovid. Metam. 7—“ Nubilaque induco ventos abigóque voeóque.”

^y Lucan, lib. 6—“ Torpuit et præceps audito carmine mundus : Axibus et rapidis impulsos Jupiter urgens Miratur non ire polos. Nunc omnia complent Imbris, et calido producunt nubila Phœbo, Et tonat ignaro cœlum Jove.”

^z Id., ibid.—“ Ventis cessantibus æquor intumuit; rursus vetitum sentire procellas conticuit turbante Noto.” Sen. Medea—“ Sonnere fluctus, tnmuit infamum mare Tacente vento.” Id. Herc. Oet.—“ Conussi fretum cessante vento turbidum explueni mare.”

^a Virg. Æneid, lib. 4—“ Mugire videbis sub pedibus terram, et descendere montibus ornos.” Metam. 7—“ Jubeoque tremiscere montes Et mugire solum.” Lucan, lib. 6, has a bolder expression—“ Terra quoque immoti concussit, ponderis axem, Et medium vergens nisi titubavit in orbem.”

^b Metam. 7—“ Vivaque saxa suâ convulsâque robora terrâ Et sylvas moveo.” Ovid, Ep. Hypsip—“ Ille loco sylvas vivaque saxa movet.” Sen. Herc. Oet.—“ Habuere motum saxa.”

^c Metam. 7—“ Cum volui, ripis ipsis mirantibus, amnes In fontes rediere suos, concussaque sisto stantia conœutio.” Virg. Æneid, 4—“ Sistere aquam fluviis et flumina vertere retro.” Tibull, following the verse before cited—“ Fluminis haec rapidi carmine vertit iter.” Sen. Med.—“ Violenta phasis vertit in fontem vada, et Ister in tot ora divisus truces compescit undas omnibus ripis piger.”

^d Ovid, Amor. 3, Eleg. 6—“ Carmine læsa Ceres sterilem vanescit in herbam.” Virg. Eclog. 8, speaking of Mæris—“ Atque satas alio vidi traducere messes.”

* Æneid, 4—"Hæc se carminibus promittit solvere mentes Quas velit, ast alis duras immittere curas."

* Lucan, lib. 6—"Carmine Thessalidum dura in praecordia fluxit Non fatis adductus amor."

* Hor. Epod. 18—"Possim crematos excitare mortuos, Desiderique temperare poculum." The raising of ghosts, and transforming themselves and others, all witchmongers, both ancient and modern, affirm. Virg. Æneid (the place before quoted)—"Nocturnosque eiet manes." Id. Eclog. 8—"Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi leeta venena Ipse dedit Meris; nascuntur plurima Ponto. His ego sœpe lupum fieri, et se condere sylvis Mærim, sape animas exire sepulchris vidi," &c. Propertius, before cited, Audax, &c.—"Et sua nocturno fallere terga lupo." You may see Lucan makes Erietho raise a ghost. Seneca's mutrix in Herc. Oetens, and Tirefias, in Oedipus, do the same; all witchmongers are full of it. In Bodin, Daemon, lib. 2, cap. 6, there is a great deal of stuff about transformations; he says, "Witches transform themselves into wolves, and others into asses;" and I think those are they that believe in 'em. He is very angry with physicians that call lycanthropia a disease; he says, "Divers witches at Vernon turn'd themselves into cats;" and tells a story of three witches at Argentine, that turn'd themselves into cats, and beat and wounded a faggot-maker. This also Petr. do Loyer de Spectris, mentions in the English translation, p. 128. He says there, that in his time a hermit of Dole was turn'd into a woolf, and was going to devour a little child, if he had not been surprised and discovered; and a merchant of Cyprus was turned into an ass; indeed, he says, the Devil does not change the body, but only abuse and delude the fancy; and quotes Thomas Aquinas, in 2 sentent. distinct. 8, Aug. lib. 18, de Civit. Dei, says, he himself knew the father of one Praestantius, who was changed into a mule, and did carry upon his back bag and baggage for soldiers; but he says, this was an illusion of the Devil, and that the father of Praestantius was not really changed into

a mule, but the eyes of the beholders were enchanted. Bodin says, “one Garner, in the shape of a wolf, kill’d a child of twelve years old, eat up her arms and legs, and carried the rest home to his wife. And Peter Burgis and Michael Werdon, having turn’d themselves into wolves, kill’d and eat a vast number of people.” Such impossible stories does this *helluo mendaciorum*, as one calls him, swallow himself, and disgorge to us. He says, “the matter of transformations was disputed before Pope Leo the Seventh, and by him were all judged possible.” Wierus, *ultimo libro de Lamiis*, c. 14, says, that “Ad Lamiarum omnipotentiam tandem quoque refertur quod se in Lupos, hireos, canes, feles aut alias bestias pro suae libidinis delectu verè et substantialiter transformare, et tantillo tempore in homines rursus transformare posse fateantur, idque deliramentum ab eximiis etiam viris pro ipsa veritate defendatur.” I should have mentioned the transformations of Lucian and Apuleius, which Bodin says, “Pope Leo the Seventh made canonical.” I could cite many more authorities for this, and for most of the miracles in the fore-written speech ; but I shall tire the reader and my self. I have not endeavoured to translate the Poets so much as to take thoughts from them. For the manner of their musick, see Ludwicus Eliach. Daemon. quæst. 10, p. 13 ; and Remigius Daemonolat. lib. 1, c. 19—“Miris modis illic miscentur ac turbantur omnia, etc., strepant sonis inconditis, absurdis ac discrepantibus, canit hic Daemon ad tibiam, vel verius ad cantum, aut baculum aliquod, quod forte humi repertum, buccam seu tibiam admovet ; ille pro Lyra equi calvarium pulsat ac digitis concerepat, alius fuste vel clava graviore Quercum tundit ; unde exauditur sonus, ac boatus veluti tympanorum vehementius pulsatorum, intercinnunt raueide,” &c. For their dancing, see Bodin, lib. 2, c. 4, who says they dance with brooms. And Remigius, lib. 1, c. 17 and 18—“Omnia fiunt ritu absurdissimo et ab omni hominum consuetudine alieno ; dorsis invicem versis et in orbem junctis manibus, etc., sua jaetantes capita ut qui oestro agitantur.”

ACT IV.

Sir Edward, Sir Jeffery, Lady Shaeklehead, Sir Timothy,
and Isabella.

Sir Jeff. I am sorry I am forced to complain of my cousin.

La. Sha. Sorry? marry, so am not I: I am sorry she is so pert and ill-bred. Truly, Sir Edward, 'tis insufferable for my son, a man of his quality and title, born of such a family, to be so abused; to have stones thrown at him like a dog,

Sir Jeff. We must e'en break off the match, Sir Edward.

Sir Edw. Sir, I am ashamed of it; I blush and grieve to hear it; daughter, I never thought to see this day.

Isab. Sir, I am so amazed, I know not what to say. I abuse my cousin! Sure, he is bewitched.

Sir Tim. I think I am, to love you after it; I am sure my arm's black and blue; that it is.

Isab. He jested with me, as I thought, and would have ruffled me, and kissed me, and I run from him, and, in foolish play, I quoited a little stone or two at him.

Sir Tim. And why did you call me filthy face, and ugly fellow hah, gentlewoman?

La. Sha. He ugly! Nay, then I have no eyes; though I say't that should not say't, I have not seen his fellow —

Isab. Nor I neither: 'twas a jest, a jest: he told he was handsomer for a man than I for a woman.

Sir Jeff. Why, look you there, you blockhead, you clown, you puppy: why do you trouble us with this impertinent lye?

La. Sha. Good words, Sir Jeffery; 'twas not so much amiss: hah, I'll tell you that.

Sir Edw. Sure this is some mistake ; you told me you were willing to marry.

Isab. I did not think I should be put to acknowledge it before this company : but heaven knows, I am not more willing to live ; the time is now so short, I may confess it.

Sir Edw. You would not use him, you intend to marry, ill.

Isab. I love him I am to marry more than light or liberty. I have thus long dissembled it through modesty ; but, now I am provoked, I beseech you, sir, think not I'd dishonour you so.

Sir Edw. Look you, you have made her weep ; I never found her false or disobedient.

Sir Tim. Nay, good dear cousin, dont ery, you'll make me ery too ; I can't forbear ; I ask your pardon with all my heart, I vow I do ; I was to blame, I must confess.

La. Sha. Go too, Sir Timothy, I never could believe one of your parts would play the fool so.

Sir Edw. And you will marry to-morrow.

Isab. I never wisht for any thing so much ; you make me blush to say this,

La. Sha. Sweet cousin, forgive me, and Sir Jeffery, and Sir Timothy.

Isab. Can I be angry at any thing, when I am to be married to morrow ?

And I am sure I will be, to him I love more than I hate this fool.

[*Aside.*]

Sir Jeff. I could find in my heart to break your head ; Sir Timothy, you are a puppy.

Sir Edw. Come, let's leave 'em together, to understand one another better.

Sir Jeff. Cousin, daughter, I should say, I beg your pardon, your servant.

La. Sha. Servant, sweet daughter. [*Eve. Sir Edw., Sir Jeff. and Lady.*

Sir Tim. Dear cousin, be in good humour; I could wish my self well beaten for mistaking one that loves me so; I would I might ne'er stir, if I did not think you had been in earnest: well, but I vow and swear I am mightily beholden to you, that you think me so fine a person, and love me so dearly. Oh, how happy am I that I shall have thee to-morrow in these arms! By these ten bones, I love you more than all the ladies in London, put them together. Prethee, speak to me. O, that smile kills me; oh, I will so hug thee, and kiss thee, and love thee to-morrow night—I'd give forty pound to-morrow night were to-night; I hope we shall have twins before the year comes about.

Isab. Do you so, puppy?

[*She gives him a box on the ear, and pulls him by the ears.*

Sir Tim. Help, help! murder, murder!

Isab. Help, help! murder, murder!

Sir Tim. What a devil's to do now? Hah, she counterfeits a sound.

Enter Theodosia at one door, and Sir Jeffery and Lady at the other.

Theo. How now, my dear, what's the matter?

Sir Jeff. What's the matter?

Sir Tim. I feel the matter; she gave me a cuff, and lug'd me by the ears, and I think she is in a sound.

Isab. O, the witch! the witch came just now into the room, and struck Sir Timothy, and lug'd him, and beat me down.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord, a witch! Ay, 'twas a two legg'd witch.

Isab. And as soon as she had done, she run out of that door.

Theo. 'Tis very true, I met her and was frighted, and left her muttering in the next room.

Sir Tim. Oh, impudence.

Sir Jeff. You puppy, you coxcomb; will you never leave these lies—is the fellow bewitched? [He cudgels Sir Tim.

La. Sha. Go, fool ; I am ashamed of you.

Sir Jeff. Let's see if we can take this witch.

La. Sha. Quickly, before she flies away. [Ex. Sir Jeff. and Lady.

Sir Tim. Well, I have done ; I'le ne'er tell tale more.

Isab. Begone, fool, go.

Sir Tim. Well, I will endure this; but I am resolved to marry her to-morrow, and be revenged on her : if she serves me so then I will tickle her toby for her, faith I will. [Ex. Sir Tim.

Isab. Well, I'le be gone, and get out of the way of 'em.

Theo. Come on.

Enter Young Hartfort, drunk.

Yo. Har. Madam ! cousin, hold a little, I desire a word with you.

Theo. I must stay.

Isab. Adieu then.

Yo. Har. I am drunken well neegh, and now I am not so hala (since we must marry to-morrow), I pray you now let us be a little better acquainted to-neeght ; I'le make bold to salute you in a civil way.

Theo. The fool's drunk.

Yo. Har. By the mass she kisses rarely ; uds lud she has a breath as sweet as a cow. I have been a hawking, and have brought you home a power of powts in my bag here ; we have had the rarest sport ; we had been at it still, but that 'tis neeght.

Theo. You have been at some other sport I see.

Yo. Har. What, because I am merry ? Nay, and I list, I can be as merry as the best on 'em all.

An onny mon smait my sweet heart,

Ayst smait him agen an I con,

Flesh what care for a brokken yead,

For onest a mon's a mon.

Theo. I see you can be merry indeed.

Yo. Har. Ay, that I can ; fa, la, la, fa, la. [He sings *Roger a Coverly*. I was at it helter-skelter in excellent ale, with Londoners that went a hawking ; brave roysters, honest fellows that did not believe the plot.

Theo. Why, don't you believe the plot ?

Yo. Har. No, the chaplain has told me all ; there's no Popish plot, but there's a Presbyterian one ; he says none but phanaticks believe it.

Theo. An excellent chaplain, to make love to his patron's daughter, and corrupt the son. [*Aside.*] Why all the eminent men of our Church believe it ; this fellow is none of the Church, but crept into it for a livelyhood, and as soon as they find him, they'll turn him out of it.

Yo. Har. Nay, cousin, I should not have told it ; he charged me to say nothing of it ; but you and I are all one, you are to be bone of my bone to-morrow : and I will salute you once more upon that d'e see.

Theo. Hold, hold, not so fast, 'tis not come to that yet.

Yo. Har. "Twill come to that, and more to-morrow, fa, la, la ; but I'll out at four a hawking though, for all that, d'e understand me ?

Enter Doubt.

Theo. Here's Doubt ; I must get rid of this fool. Cousin, I hear your father coming ; if he sees you in this condition he'll be very angry.

Yo. Har. Thank you kindly ; no more to be said : I'll go and sleep a little ; I see she loves me : fa, la, la, la. [Ex. Yo. Hartfort.

Doubt. Dear madam, this is a happy minute thrown upon me unexpectedly, and I must use it : to-morrow is the fatal day to ruin me.

Theo. It shall not ruin me ; the inquisition should not force me to a marriage with this fool.

Doubt. This is a step to my comfort ; but when your father shall

to-morrow hear your refusal, you know not what his passion may produce ; restraint of liberty is the least.

Theo. He shall not restrain my liberty of choice.

Doubt. Put your self into those hands that may defend you from his power : the hands of him who loves you more than the most pious value Ileaven, than misers gold, than clergymen love power, than lawyer's strife, than Jesuits blood and treachery.

Theo. If I could find such a man.

Doubt. Then look no farther, madam, I am he ; speak but one word, and make me the happiest man on earth.

Theo. It comes a little too quick upon me ; are you sure you are the man you speak of ?

Doubt. By heavens, and by your self, I am, or may I be the scorn of all mankind ; and the most miserable too, without you.

Theo. Then you shall be the man.

Doubt. Heaven, on my knees I must receive this blessing ? There's not another I would ask, my joy's to big for me.

Theo. No raptures, for heaven's sake ; here comes my mother : adieu.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

Doubt. I must compose my self.

La. Sha. Sir, your most humble servant.

Doubt. Your ladyship's most humble servant.

La. Sha. It is not fit I should lose this opportunity to tell you that which perhaps may not be unacceptable to a person of your complexion, who is so much a gentleman, that I'll swear I have not seen your equal.

Doubt. Dear madam, you confound me with your praises.

La. Sha. I vow 'tis true ; indeed I have struggled with my self before I thought fit to reveal this : but the consideration of your

great accomplishments, do indeed, as it were, ravish, or extort it from me, as I may so say.

Doubt. I beseech you, madam.

Lu. Sha. There is a friend of mine, a lady (whom the world has acknowledged to be well bred, and of parts too, that I must say, and almost confess), not in the bud indeed, but in the flower of her age, whom time has not yet invaded with his injuries ; in fine, envy cannot say that she is less than a full ripe beauty.

Doubt. That this creature should bring forth such a daughter.

[*Aside.*]

Lu. Sha. Fair of complexion, tall, streight, and shaped much above the ordinary ; in short, this lady (whom many have languished, and sigh'd in vain for) does of her self so much admire your person, and your parts, that she extreamly desires to contract a friendship with you, intire to all intents and purposes.

Doubt. 'Tis impossible she should be in earnest, madam ; but were she, I cannot marry ever.

Lu. Sha. Why, she is married already. Lord, how dull he is ! she is the best friend I have, married to an old man far above her sprightly years.

Doubt. What a mother-in-law am I like to have !

[*Aside.*]

Lu. Sha. Can you not guess who this is all this while ?

Doubt. Too well. [*To himself.*] Not I truly, madam.

[*To her.*]

Lu. Sha. Ha, ha, ha, no ! that's strange, ha, ha, ha !

Doubt. I cannot possibly.

Lu. Sha. Ha, ha, ha ! I'll swear ! ha, ha, ha !

Doubt. No, I'll swear.

Lu. Sha. 'Tis very much, you are an ill-guesser, I'll vow, ha, ha, ha ! Oh Lord, not yet ?

Doubt. Not yet, nor ever can.

Lu. Sha. Here's company, retire.

Enter Smerk and Tegue O Dively.

Smerk. I am all on fire, what is it that inspires me? I thought her ngly once, but this morning thought her ugly; and thus to burn in love already! sure I was blind, she is a beauty greater than my fancy e'er could form; a minnte's absence is death to me.

Priest. Phaat, Joy, dou art in meditaation and consideraation upon something? If it be a scruple upon thy conscience, I believe I vill maak it out unto dee.

Smerk. No, sir, I am only ruminating a while; I am inflamed with her affection, O Susan! Susan! Ah me! ah me!

Priest. Phaat dost dou not mind me? nor put dy thought upon me? I do desire to know of dy faather's child, what he does differ from de Caatholick Church in, by my fait it is a braave church, and a gaallant church (de Devil taake mce), I vill tell you now, phare is dere such a one? Vill you speak unto me now, Joy, hoh?

Smerk. 'Tis a fine church, a church of splendour, and riches, and power, but there are some things in it —

Priest. Shome things! Phaat dosht dou taalk of shome things? by my shoule I vill not see a better church in a shommer's day, indeed, dan de Caatholick Church. I tell you there is braave dignities, and promotions too; what vill I shay unto you? by St. Phaatrick, but I do beleeve I vill be a cardinal before I vill have death. Dey have had not one Eerish Cardinal a great while indeed.

Smerk. What power is this, that urges me so fast? Oh love! oh love!

Priest. Phaat dosht dou shay, dosht dou love promotions and dignities? den I predee now be a caatholick. What vill I say unto you more? but I vill tell you, you do shay dat de catholicks may be shaved, and de caatholicks do shay, dat you vill be after being damn'd, and phare is de solidity now of daat, daat dou vill not turn a good caatholick?

Smerk. I cannot believe there is a Purgatory.

Priest. No! phy I vill tell you what I vill shay unto you, I have sheen many shoules of Purgatory dat did appear unto me; and by my trot, I do know a shoule when I do shee it, and de shoules did speak unto me, and did deshire of me dat I vould pray dem out of that plaashe: and dere parents, and friends did give me shome money, and I did pray 'em out. Without money, indeed, we cannot pray dem out, no fait.

Smerk. That may not be so hard; but for Transubstantiation, I can never believe it.

Priest. Phaat dosht not beleeve de Cooneil of Trent, Joy? dou vilt be damn'd indeed, and de devil take me if dou dosht not beleeve it. I vill tell you phaat vill I say to you, a cooneel is infallible; and I tell you, de cardinals are infallible too, upon oceaasion; and dey are damn'd heretick dogs, by my shoulvaation, dat do not believe every oord dey vill speak indeed.

Smerk. I feel a flame within me; oh love, love, wither wilt thou carry me?

Priest. Art thou in love, Joy? By my shoule dou dosht committ fornication, I vill tell you it is a venial sin, and I vill after be absolv-ing you for it: but if dou dosh committ marriage, it is mortall, and dou vilt be damn'd and bee fait and trot. I predee now vill dou fornicate and not marry: for my shaake now vilt dou fornicate.

Smerk. Sure I am bewitch'd.

Priest. Bewitch'd in love. Aboo! boo! I'll tell you now; you must taake de woman's shoe^{*} dat dou dosht love sho, and dou must maak a jaakes of it; dat is to shay, dou must lay a Sirreverence, and be in it, and it will maaake cure upon dee.

Smerk. Oh, the witch! the witch! Mal Speneer, I am struck in my bowels; take her away, there, oh! I have a thousand needles in me: take her away, Mal Speneer.

Priest. Phaare is shee, Mal Spence. *Evorcizo te, conjuro te in nomine, &c.* [He mutters, and crosses himself.]

Smerk. Oh, I have a million of needles pricking my bowels.

Priest. I vill set up a hubnb for dee. Help! help! Who is dere? Help; aboo, boo, boo!

Enter Sir Jeffery, and Lady, and Susan.

Smerk. Oh, needles! needles! Take away Mal Spence; take her away.

Sir Jeff. He is bewitch'd; some witch has gotten his image, and is tormenting it.

Priest. Hold him, and I vill taak some course vid him; he is possess'd, or obess'd; I vill toueh him vid some relicks.

Susan. Oh, good Sir, help him; what shall I do for him?

La. Sha. Get some lead melted, and holding over his body, power it into a poringer full of water;^b and, if there appear any image upon the lead, then he is bewitch'd.

Priest. Peash? I shay, here is shome of St. Phaatrick's own whisker, and some of the snuff he did use to taak, dat did hang upon his beard; here is a tooth of St. Winifred; indeed, here is corn from de toe of St. Ignatius, and here is de paring of his nails too.

[*He rubs him with these relicks.*]

Smerk. O, worse, worse; take her away.

Priest. By my shoule it is a very strong devil; I vill try some more; here is St. Caaterine de Virgin's wedding-ring; here is one of St. Bridget's nipples of her tuggs; by my shoule, here is some of de sweat of St. Francis; and here is a piecee of St. Laurence's gridiron: dese vill make cure upon any shickness, if it be not one's last shickness.

Susan. What will beeome of me? I have poyson'd him: I shall lose my lover, and be hang'd into the bargain.

Smerk. Oh! I dye, I dye! oh, oh!

Priest. By my shoule it is a very strong devil, a very aable devil: I vill run and fetch shome holy-vater. [Exit. *Priest.*

Susan. Look up, dear Sir, speak to me: ah, woes me, Mr. Smerk, Mr. Smerk.

Sir Jeff. This Irishman is a gallant man about witches; he outdoes me.

La. Sha. But I do not know what to think of his Popish way, his words, his charms, and holy-water, and relieks; methinks he is guilty of witeheraft too, and you should send him to gaol for it.

Smerk. Oh! oh!

Enter Priest, with a bottle of holy-water.

Priest. Now, I warrant you, Joy, I vill do de devil's business for him, now I have dis holy-vater. [*The bottle flies out of his hand.* Phaat is de matter now? Phare is dis devil dat does taak my holy-vater from me? He is afraid of it; I she my bottle, but I do not shee de devil does taake it. I vill catch it from him.

[*The bottle, as he reaches at it, flies from him.*

Sir Jeff. This is wonderful!

La. Sha. Most amazing!

Priest. *Conjuro te malum daemonem, conjuro te pessimum spiritum, redde mihi meum* (die Latine). Bottle, phaat vill I do? It is gone.

[*It flies quite away.*

La. Sha. 'Tis strange: you see he does not fear holy-water.

Priest. I tell you phaat is de matter; by my shoule he vill touch de bottle, because daat is not consecrate; but, by my fait, he will not meddle vid de vater. I will fetch shome I have in a baashion.

[*He runs out and fetches a basin of water*

Susan. He lyes as if he were asleep.

Smerk. Oh! I begin to have some ease.

Priest. I did never meet vid a devil dat did cosht so much labour before. [He throws water in Smerk's face.] *Exorciso te dæmonem, fuge, fuge, exoreise te, per Melehisedeek, per Bethlehem Gabor, per omne quod exit in unum seu Græcum sive Latinum.*

Smerk. I am much better now, and the witeh is gone.

Susan. Good Sir, retire to your chamber; I will fetch some cordials.

Smerk. Sweet, beautiful creature! How I am enamour'd with thee! Thy beauty dazles like the sun in his meridian.

Sir Jeff. Beauty, enamoured! Why he seems distracted still; lead him to his chamber, and let him rest.

Priest. Now, Joy, dosht dou she, I have maade a miracle, by my shoule. Phen vill I shee one of your church maake a miracle, hoh? By my shoulevaation dey cannot maake miraeles out of de Caatholick Church, I tell you now, hoh. [Mother Demdike enters invisible to them and boxes the Priest.] Phaat is de matter now, ah? by my shoule shomething does euff upon my faash, an bee, *exorciso te in nomine, nomine.* By my shoule, Saatan, I vill pelt dee vid holy-vater indeed; he is angry dat I did maake a miracle.

[Mother Demdike gets behind him, and kicks and beats him.]

La. Sha. What is this? I hear the blows, and see nothing.

Sir Jeff. So do I. I am frightened and amazed: let's fly.

[Ex. Sir Jeff. and Lady.]

Priest. Oh, oh, vat is dis for, Joy. Oh, all my holy-vater is gone. I must fly. [He mutters and crosses himself, and the witch beats him out.]

Enter Bellfort and Isabella.

Bell. All this day have I watched for this opportunity; let me improve it now. Consider, Madam, my extream love to you, and your own hatred to that fool for whom you are designed to-morrow.

Isab. My consent is to be had first.

Bell. Your father's resentment of your refusal, may put you out of all possibility of making me happy, or providing for your own content.

Isab. To marry one against his consent is a crime hee'l ne'er forgive.

Bell. Though his engagement to Sir Jeffery would make him refuse his consent beforehand, he is too reasonable a man to be troubled afterwards at your marrying to a better estate, and to one that loves more than he can tell you: I have not words for it.

Isab. Though I must confess you may deserve much better, would you not imagine I were very forward to receive you upon so short an acquaintance?

Bell. Would I had a easement in my breast. Make me not, by your delay, the miserablest wretch on earth (which I shall ever be without you): think quickly, madam; you have not time to consider long: I lay myself at your feet, to be for ever made happy or miserable by you.

Isab. How shall I be sure you'll not deceive me? These hasty vows, like angry words, seldom show the heart.

Bell. By all the powers of heaven and earth.

Isab. Hold, swear not! I had better take a man of honour at his word.

Bell. And may heaven throw its curses on me when I break it. My chaplain's in the house, and passes for my valet de chambre. Will you for ever make me happy, madam?

Isab. I'll trust your honour, and I'll make myself so: I throw myself upon you; use me nobly. Now 'tis out.

Bell. Use you as I would my soul: my honour, my heart, my life, my liberty, and all I have is yours: there's not a man in all the world that I can envy now, or wish to be.

Isab. Take care, we shall be spied. The short time I have to

resolve in, will, I hope, make you have a better opinion of my modesty, than otherwise you would have occasion for.

Bell. Dearest, sweetest of creatures ! my joy distracts me, I cannot speak to you.

Isab. For heaven's sake leave me ; if you raise a jealousy in the house I am ruin'd ; we'll meet soon.

Bell. Adieu, my life ! my soul ! I am all obedience. [*Ex. Bellfort.*

Enter Theodosia.

Isab. Oh, my dear, I am happy ; all's out that pained me so ; my lover knows I love him.

Theo. I have confessed to my ghostly father too, and my conscience is at ease.

Isab. Mine received the news with more joy than he could put in words.

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady, and Sir Timothy.

Theo. And mine in rapture ; I am the happiest woman living.

Isab. I'll not yield to you at all in that.

Theo. There's no cause I would not submit to you in, but this, my dear.

Isab. I will hold out in this cause while I have breath ; I am happier in my choice than all the world can make me.

Theo. Mine is the handsomest, wittiest, most accomplitsh gentleman —

Isab. Mine is the beautifullest, sweetest, well-shap'd, well-bred, wittiest gentleman.

Sir Tim. That must be I whom she means, for all my quarrels with her.

La. Sha. Peace ; we shall hear more.

Theo. Little think our fathers how happy we shall be to-morrow.

Sir Jeff. What's that? Listen.

Isab. If no unlucky accident should hinder us, we shall be far happier than they can imagine.

Theo. How we have cheated them all this while!

Isab. 'S life they are behind us; stir not. We have hidden our love from them all this while.

La. Sha. Have you so? But we shall find it now. [*Aside.*

Isab. Your brother little thinks I love him so, for I have been cross and coy to him on purpose. I shall be the happiest woman in him I am to have that ever was.

Theo. I could wish your brother lov'd me as well as mine does you. For never woman loved the man she was to marry as I do him I am to have to-morrow.

Sir Jeff. That's my best daughter: thou wert ever a good child: nay, blush not; all is out: we heard ye both.

Sir Tim. Ay, all is out, my pretty dear dissembler: well, I protest and vow I am mightily obliged to you for your great love to me and good opinion of me.

La. Sha. I hope to-morrow will be a happy day for both our families.

Enter Sir Edward, Bellfort and Doubty, and Musicians.

Oh, Sir Edward, is not that strange I told you? I should not have believed it if I had not seen it.

Sir Edw. And pray give me the same liberty. But now wee'l have some musick; that's good against enchantment. Sing me the song I commanded you, and then wee'l have a dance before we go to bed.

SONG.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Hoh, 'tis a pretty shong; but I vill shing a brave Cronam now; dat is better, I tell you. [He sings.

Sir Edw. 'Tis vere fine; but sing me one song more, in three parts, to sweeten our ears, for all that. [*They gape and strain, but cannot sing, but make an ugly noise.*] Why, what's the matter? you gape and make faees, and do not sing: what's the matter—are you mad?

Priest. Do you play? play, I say; oh, they are bewitch'd: I vill shay no more.

Sir Edw. Play, I say.

Music. I can't; my arms are on the sudden stiff as marble; I cannot move them.

[*They hold up their bows, but cannot play.—Ev.* Priest.

Sir Edw. Sure this is roguery and confederacy.

[*The Priest comes in with holy-water, and flings it upon them so long till they run out roaring.*

Priest. Conjuro te, conjuro in nomine, &c.

Sir Edw. Hold, hold, prethee don't duck us all; we are not all bewitch'd.

Priest. I tell you it ish good for you an bee, and vill defend you upon oceaasion.

Sir Jeff. Now you see, sir, with your own eyes: cannot you give us a receipt to make holy-water?

Priest. A resheit, aboo, boo, boo; by my shoule he is a fool. I have maade two hogsheads gra, and I vill have you vash all de rooms vid it, and de Devil vill not come upon de plaash, by my shalvaation.

Bell. 'Tis a little odd; but however I shall not fly from my belief that every thing is done by natrual causes, because I cannot presently assign those causes.

Sir Edw. You are in the right ; we know not the powers of matter.

Doubt. When any thing unwonted happens, and we do not see the cause, we call it unnatural and miraculous.

Priest. By my shoule you do talke like heretick-dogs and Atheists.

Sir Edw. Let us enquire farther about these musicians.

Priest. I vill maake shome miracles, and I think I vill be after reconcileing dem indeed, oh dou damn'd vitch. [Ex. all but Priest.] Now I doe shee dee, I vill beat upon dee vid my beads and crucifix ; oh, oh, shee is a damn'd Protestant heretick vitch ; daat is de reason she vill not fly : oh, oh, oh ! [Mother Dick, rises up, and bores him ;

he strikes her with beads, and she him with her staff, and beats him out.—Ex. Priest.]

Enter Tom, Shacklehead, and Clod, in the Field.

Tom, Sh. By'r lady, 'tis meeghty strong ale ; ay am well neegh drunken, and my nephew will be stark wood ; his hawkes want their pigeons aw this neeght.

Clod. Why what wounden yeow bee a angee ? Flesh, ay ha getten de bridle, by'r lady, ayst ma some body carry mee, and be my titt too.

Tom. Thou'rt a strange fillee (horse, I should say) ; why didst thou think thou wast a titt when th' bridle was on thee.

Clod. Ay marry, I know weel I am sure ; I wot I was a titt ; a meer titt.

Tom. Listen ; there's a noise of women in the ayr ; it comes towards us.

Clod. Ay, by th' mass, 'tis witches.

Witches (above). Here, this way ; no, that way : make haste ; follow the Dame : we shall be too late ; 'tis time enough :—away, away, away !

Tom. Wawnds and flesh, it is a flock of witches, by'r lady : they

come reeght ore head : I'st let fly at 'em ; hah, be th' mass I ha
mained one ; here's one has a wing brocken at least.

[*He shoots*, M. Spence *shrieks*, and falls down.]

Clod. M. Speneer, by th' mass.

M. Spen. O, rogues ! I'le be revenged on you, dogs, villains ; you
have broken my arm.

Clod. I was made a horse, a titt, by thee, by th' mass I'st be
revenged o'thee. [*He puts the bridle upon her*.]

A horse, a horse, be thou to me,
And carry me where e're I flee.

[*He flies away upon her*.]

Tom. O'ds flesh, what's this ? I connot believe my senees ; I mun
walk home alone ; but I'le charge my piece again, by'r lady, and the
haggs come agen I'st have t'other shoot at 'em. [Ex. Tom. Shack.

The Scene returns to Sir Edward's House.

Enter Bellfort and Doubty.

Bell. My dear friend, I am so transported with excess of joy, it is
become a pain ; I cannot bear it.

Doubt. Dear Bellfort ! I am in the same case, but (if the hope
transports us so) what will enjoyment do ?

Bell. My blood is chill, and shivers when I think on't.

Doubt. One night with my mistress would outweigh an age of
slavery to come.

Bell. Rather than be without a night's enjoyment of mine, I would
be hang'd next morning : I am impatient till they appear.

Doubt. They are women of honour, and will keep their words ;
your parson's ready, and three or four of our servants for witnesses.

Bell. He is so ; 'twill be dispatch'd in half a quarter of an hour : all are retired to bed.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

Doubt. Go in ; yonders my lady mother-in-law coming ; I must contrive a way to secure her : in, in.

Bell. I go.

Doubt. Death, that this old fellow should be asleep already ! She comes now to discover what I know too well already.

La. Sha. He is there I'll swear ; a punctual gentleman, and a person of much honour. Sir, I am come according to your appointment : Sir Jeffery is fast.

Doubt. 'Tis before I expected, madam ; I thought to have left Bellfort asleep, who is a jealous man, and believes there is an intrigue betwixt your ladyship and me.

La. Sha. I vow : ha, ha, ha, me ! no, no ; ha, ha, ha !

Doubt. Retire for a short time, and when I have secured him I'll wait on you ; but let it be i'th' dark.

La. Sha. You speak like a discreet and worthy person ; remember this room ; there's no body lies in it : I will stay there in the dark for you.

[*Er. Lady.*]

Doubt. Your most humble servant. Well, I will go to the ladies' chamber as if I mistook it for mine, and let them know this is the time.

Enter Tegue O Divelly.

Priest. Dere is shometimes de pretty wenches doe walke here in de dark at night, and by my shoulvaation if I doe catch one, I vill be after enjoying her body : and fait and trot I have a great need too, it is a venial sin, and I do not care.

Doubt. Death, who is here ? stay, ladies ; here's the damn'd priest in the way.

Enter Doubt, *with a candle.*

Isab. Go you, wee'l follow by and by in the dark.

[*The ladies retire, Doubty goes to his chamber.*

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. I hear one trampling ; he is come already ; sure Bellfort is asleep : who is there ?

Priest. By my shoul it is a woman's speech : 'tis I. Where are you ? By my fai I vill maak a child upon her body.

La. Sha. Mr. Doubty.

Priest. Ay, let me put a sweet kish upon dy hand, Joy ; and now I vill shalute dy mout, and I vill embraash dy body too indeed.

La. Sha. 'S life, I am mistaken ; this is the Irish Priest : his understanding is sure to betray him.

Priest. I predee now, Joy, be not nishe ; I vill maak shome good sport vid dee indeed. [*La. Sha. pulls her hand away, and flies.*] Hoo now, phaare is dy hand now ? oh, [*enter Mother Dick., and puts her hand into the Priest's,*] here it is by my shoule. I vill use dee braavely upon ocaasion, I vill tell you : predee kish me upon my faash now ; it is a braave kish indeed. [*The Witch kisses him.*] By my shoul dou art very handsome ; I doe know it, dough I cannot shee dee. I predee now retire vid me : aboo, aboo, by my shoule dis is a gaallant ocaasion : come, Joy.

[*Ex. Priest and Witch.*

Enter Lady.

La. Sha. What's the meaning of this ? He talked to some woman, and kissed her too, and is retired into the chamber I was in.

Isab. Everything is quiet : I hear no noise. [*Enter Isab. and Theo.*

Theo. Nor I : this is the happy time.

La. Sha. This must be he : who's there ?

Theo. 'S life ! this is my mother's voice ; retire softly.

Isab. Oh, misfortune ! What makes her here ? We are undone if she discovers us.

La. Sha. Who's there, I say? Will you not answer? What can this mean? 'Tis not a wench, I hope, for Doubty, and then I care not.

[*Isab. and Theo. retire*

Enter Priest and Witch.

I am impatient till he comes. Ha, whom have we here? I am sure this is not he; he does not come that way.

Priest. By my shoul, Joy, dou art a gaallant peeee of flesh, a braave bedfellow, phoo art dou?

Dick. One that loves you dearly.

Priest. Phaat vill I doe to shee dy faash I wonder? Oh, here is a light approaching unto us.

La. Sha. Who's this with a light? I must fly. [*Ex. La. Sha*

Enter Susan, with a candle.

Priest. Now I vill shee dy faash.

Susan. O, Sir, are you there? I am going to Mr. Smerk with this candle, poor man.

Priest. O phaat have I done? Oh! de vich! de vich!

Susan. Oh! the witch! the witch! [*The Witch sinks; she lets fall the caudle and candle, and runs away, shrieking.*

Priest. By my shoule I have had commimicaation and copulaation too vid a succubus. Oh! phaat vill I do! phaat vill I do! By my fuit and trot, I did thought shee had been a braave and gaallant lady, and bee. Oh! oh! [*Ex. Priest.*

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. What shriek was that? Hah! here's no body; sure all's clear now!

Enter Isabella and Theodosia.

Isab. I heard a shriek ; this is the time to venture ; they are frightened out of the gallery, and all's clear now.

Theo. Let's venture ; we shall have people stirring very early this morning to prepare for the wedding else.

La. Sha. Ha ! Who's that ? I am terribly afraid. Heaven ! what's this ? [Isab. and Theo. creep softly into Bellfort and Doubty's chamber.] The chamber-door open'd, and I saw a woman or two go in. I am enraged : I'll disturb 'em.

Isabella, Theodosia, Bellfort, Doubty, disguised, Parson and Servants,
in the chamber.

Isab. You see we are women of words, and women of courage too, that dare venture upon this dreadful business.

Bell. Welcome, more welcome than all the treasures of the sea and land.

Doubt. More welcome than a thousand angels.

Theo. Death ! we are undone ; one knocks. [La. Sha. *knocks.*]

Bell. Curse on them ; keep the door fast.

La. Sha. Gentlemen, open the door, for Heaven's sake, quickly.

Isab. Open it, we are ruined else ; we'll into the bed ; you know what you have to do. [They cover themselves.]

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. Gentlemen, the house is alarm'd with witches, and I saw two come into this chamber, and come to give you notice.

Bell. Here are none but whom you see.

Doubt. They come invisibly then ; for we had our eyes on the door.

La. Sha. Are they not about the bed somewhere ? Let's search.

Bell. There are no witches there, I can assure you.

La. Sha. Look a little, I warrant you. [Sir Jeffery *knocks without.*]

Sir Jeff. Open the door quickly, quickly ; the witches are there.

La. Sha. Oh ! my husband ; I am ruin'd if he sees me here.

Doubt. Put out the candles ; lye down before the door.

[*He enters, and stumbles upon the Servant*

Sir Jeff. Oh ! oh ! I have broken my knees : this is the witches doing : I have lost my wife too : lights, lights there !

La. Sha. We're not stay here.

[*She creeps out softly.*

Isab. Here's no staying for us.

Theo. Quickly ; go by the wall.

[*They steal on.*

Sir Jeff. For Heaven's sake let's into the gallery, and call for lights.

Bell. A curse upon this fellow and all ill luck.

Doubt. Hell take him ; the ladies are gone too.

Act Ends.

ACT V.

Enter Bellfort and Doubt.

Bell. What unfortunate disappointments have we met with !

Doubt. All ill luck has conspired against us this night.

Bell. We have been near being discover'd, which would have ruin'd us.

Doubt. And we have but this night to do our business in ; if we dispateh not this affair now, all will come out to-morrow.

Bell. I tremble to think on't ; sure the surprise the ladies were in before has frighted 'em from attempting again.

Doubt. I rather think that they have met with people in the gallery, that have prevented 'em.

Bell. Now I reflect, I am apt to think so too ; for they seem to be very hearty in this matter. Once more go to their chamber.

Doubt. Go you in then to ours.

[*Bell. goes in.*]

Enter Lady Shaeklehead.

La. Sha. Hold, Mr. Doubt.

Doubt. A curse on all damn'd luck ; is she here ? [Aside.] Sweet madam, is it you ? I have been watching for Bellfort's sleeping ever since.

La. Sha. I venture hard ; since Sir Jeffery miss'd me out of bed, I had much ado to fasten an excuse upon him.

Doubt. I am so afraid of Bellfort's coming, madam ; he was here but even now : the hazard of your honour puts me in an agony.

La. Sha. O, dear sir, put out the candle, and he can never discover any thing ; besides, we will retire into yon room.

Doubt. Death, what shall I do now ? [She puts out the candle.]

La. Sha. And since it is dark, and you cannot see my blushest, I must tell you, you are a very ill gessenger ; for I myself was the person I describ'd.

Doubt. Oh, madam ! you raillé me ; I will never believe it while I live ; it is impossible.

La. Sha. I'le swear 'tis true. Let us withdraw into that room, or we shall be discover'd. Oh, Heaven ! I am undone ; my husband, with a light, run into your chamber.

Doubt. "Tis a happy deliverance. [Aside.] [Ex. Doubt.]

La. Sha. I'le counterfeit walking in my sleep.

Enter Sir Jeffery, with a light.

Sir Jeff. Where is this wife of mine ? She told me she fell asleep in the closet, at her prayers, when I mist her before ; and I found her there at my coming back to my chamber ; but now she is not there I am sure. Ha ! here she is. Ha, what, is she blind ? She takes no notice of me. How gingerly she treads !

La. Sha. Oh ! stand off. Who's that would kill my dear Sir Jeffery ? Stand off, I say.

Sir Jeff. Oh, Lord, kill me ! Where ? Ha ! Here's no body.

La. Sha. Oh ! the witch, the witch : oh, she pulls the cloaths off me. Hold me, dear Sir Jeffery ; hold me.

Sir Jeff. On my conscience and soul she walks in her sleep.

La. Sha. Oh, all the cloaths are off ; cover me ; oh, I am so cold !

Sir Jeff. Good lack a day, it is so ! my dear, my lady.

La. Sha. Hah, ha ! [She opens her eyes, and shrieks.]

Sir Jeff. Wake, I say ; wake.

La. Sha. Ah.

Sir Jeff. "Tis I, my dear.

La. Sha. Oh, Heav'n ! Sir Jeffery, where am I ?

Sir Jeff. Here, in the gallery.

La. Sha. Oh ! how came I here ?

Sir Jeff. Why, thou didst walk in thy sleep. Good luck a day, I never saw the like.

La. Sha. In my sleep, say you ! Oh, Heav'n ! I have catcht my death. Let's to bed, and tell me the story there.

Sir Jeff. Come on. Ha, ha, ha ! this is such a jest ! Walk in your sleep ! Godsniggs, I shall so laugh at this in the morning.

La. Sha. This is a happy come off.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Isabella and Theodosia.

Isab. If we do not get into this chamber suddenly we are undone : they are up in the offices already.

Theo. Never have adventures been so often disappointed in so short a time.

Isab. There's no body in the gallery now ; we may go.

Theo. Haste then, and let us fly thither.

Isab. } Ah, what's this ? { *Just as they are entering,* Chaplain
Theo. } and Susan enter with a candle.

Susan. Oh ! the witches, the witches.

Snerk. Oh, mercy upon us, where is this candle ? So, let me tell you, 'twas no witch ; they were the two young ladies that frightened my dear beauteous love so ; and I'll acquaint their parents with it, I'll assure you.

Susan. This is strange ; what could they have to do at this time o' th' night ?

Snerk. I know not. But I well know what I have to do. I am inflam'd beyond all measure with thy heavenly beauty.

Susan. Alas ! my beauty is but moderate ; yet none of the worst, I must needs say.

Snerk. 'Tis blasphemy to say so ; your eyes are bright like two twin stars ; your face is an ocean of beauty, and your nose a rock

arising from it, on which my heart did split: nothing but ruby and pearl is about thee: I must blazon thee by jewels; thy beauty is of a noble rank.

Susan. Good lack, what fine language is this! well, 'tis a rare thing to be a scholar.

Smerk. 'Tis a miracle I should not think her handsome before this day; she is an angel! Isabella is a dowdy to her. You have an unexhausted mine of beauty. Dear Mrs. Susan cast thy smiles upon me, and let me labour in thy quarry: love makes me eloquent and allegorical.

Susan. Sweet sir, you oblige me very much by your fine language, but I vow I understand it not: yet methinks it goes very prettily.

Smerk. I will unfold my heart unto thee; let me approach thy lip Oh, fragrant! fragrant! *Arabia felic* is upon this lip.

Susan. Ha! upon my lip; what's that? I have nothing; I have no pinple, nor any thing upon my lip, not I.

Smerk. Sweet innocence —— I will be plain. I am inflam'd within, and would injoy thy lovely body in sweet dalliance.

Susan. How, sir! Do you pretend to be a Divine, and would commit this sin! Know, I will preserve my honour and my conscience.

Smerk. Conscience! why so you shall, as long as our minds are united. The casuists will tell you it is a marriage in *foro conscientiae*; and besides, the church of Rome allows fornication; and truly it is much practis'd in our church too. Let us retire: come, come.

Susan. Stand off; I defie you. Your casuists are knaves and you are a Papist: you are a foul voluptuous swine, and I will never smile on you more. Farewell.

Smerk. Hold, hold, dear beanteous creature, I am at thy mercy Must I marry, then? Speak. Prethee spare me that, and I'll do any thing.

Susan. Stand off; I scorn thy love: thou art a piteous fellow.

Smerk. Dear Mrs. Susan, hear me; let us but do the thing, and then I'le marry thee.

Susan. I'le see thee hang'd e'er I'le trust thee, or e'er a whore-master of you all. No, I have been serv'd that trick too often already, I thank you. [Aside.]

Smerk. Must I then marry?

Enter Isabella and Theodosia, disguised with vizors, like Witches.

Isab. Yonder's the chaplain and Susan. But this disguise will fright 'em.

Theo. Let's on; we must venture.

Susan. Oh! the witches, the witches!

Smerk. Oh! fly, fly! [Ex. Susan and Chaplain.]

Enter Bellfort and Doubty.

Bell. What shriek was that?

Doubt. We have been several times alarm'd with these noises.

Bell. Here's nothing but madness and confusion in this family.

Isab. Heav'n! who are these whispering?

Doubt. Who's this I have hold on? Heav'n grant it be not my lady!

Theo. 'Tis I; 'tis Theodosia.

Doubt. 'Tis lucky:— where is your fair companion?

Theo. Here.

Doubt. And here's my friend ——

Bell. A thousand blessings on you.

Enter Priest with a candle.

Priest. Phoo are dese?

Bell. Heav'n what's this, the damn'd Priest? These disguises will serve our turn yet. Oh, sir, we are haunted with witches here; run in quickly for some holy-water.

Priest. I vill, I vill; let me alone.

[*Ev. Priest.*

Bell. Now in, in quickly. [*Ev. Bell., Doubt., Isab., and Theo.*

Enter Priest with holy-water.

Priest. Phaar is dese vitches? Phaar are dey? Hah, dey are wanisht for fear of me: I vill put dish down in dis plaash for my defence. What vill I do now? I have maade fornication vid dis vitch or succubus indeed; when I do go home I vill be after being absolv'd for it, and den I vill be as innocent as de child unborn, by my shoule. I have hang'd my self all round vid reliques indeed, and de sprights and de vitches cannot hurt me, fait and trot. ——

Enter Mother Dickenson.

M. Dick. My dear, I come to visit thee again.

Priest. Phaat is here? De vitch agen does come to haunt me. Benedicite, out upon dee dou damn'd vitch: vat dosht dou come upon me for? I defy dee: a plaague taak dee indeed.

M. Dick. I am no witch; I am a poor innocent woman, and a tenant of Sir Edward's, and one that loves you dearly.

Priest. Dou plaagy vitch, let me come unto my holy-vater, and I vill pay dee off indeed: hoh, by my shalvaation 'tis all flown away —— oh, dou damn'd vitch, I vill hang dee indeed.

M. Dick. Predee be kinder, my dear, and kiss me.

Priest. Out, out: kiss de! — A plaague taake dee, joy: stand off upon me: by my shalvaation, I vill kiss de dog's arse, shaving dy presence, before I vill be after kishing dee.

M. Dick. Be not so unkind to thy own dear. Thou didst promise me marriage, thou know'st, and I come to claim thee for my husband

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, marriage ! Vat vill I marry vid a vitch ?
By my shoule—*conjuro te, fuge, fuge.*

M. Dick. Do not think to put me off with your Latine ; for—do you hear, sir ?—you promised me marriage, and I will have you.

Priest. Oh, phaat vill I do ? vat vill I do ?

M. Dick. This morning I will marry you ; I'll stay no longer : you are mine.

Priest. By my shoule, Joy, I vill tell you, I am a Romish priest, and I cannot maarry. What would you have now ?

M. Dick. You shall turn Protestant then, for I will have you.

Priest. By St. Paatriek, phaat does she say ? Oh, damn'd Protestant vitch ! I vill speak shivilly : Madam, I vill tell dee now, if dou vill repair unto dine own house, by my shoulvaation I vill come unto dee to-morrow, and I vill give dee satisfaection indeed. [*Aside.*] As soon as she does get home, fait and trot I vill bring de constable, and hang her indeed.

M. Dick. I'll not be put off ; I'll have you now.

[*She lays hold on him.*]

Priest. By my shoul I vill not go ; I vill hang dee for a vitch ; and now I do apprehend dee upon daat. Help, help !

Enter Tom Shacklehead and Clod.

I have taaken a vitch indeed. Help, help !

M. Dick. I am your wife.

Priest. Help, help ! I have taaken a vitch.

Tom Sha. Ha ! what's here ? One of the witches, by th' Mess.

Priest. Ay, by my shoule, Joy, I have taaken her.

Tom Sha. Nay, by'r lady, whoo has taken yeow, by yeowr leave.

Clod. We han taken a witch too ; lay hawd on her.

M. Dick. Deber, Deber—little Martin, little Martin—Where art thou, little master ? Where art thou, little master ?

Priest. Dost dou mutter? By my shoule I vill hang dee, Joy; a plague taak dee indeed.

M. Dick. Thou art a Popish priest, and I will hang thee.

Priest. I am innoeent as the child unborn; I vill taak de oades, and bee ——

M. Dick. Marmot, Mamilion, Rouney, Puckling, little master—I have you left me all?

Clod. We han got another witch, who's strongly guarded and watched i'th stabo.

Tom Sha. Come, let's hale her thether. We cou'd not get into the hawse till naw; we came whoame so late at night.

Priest. Come, let us taake de vitch away. I vill hang dee, Joy —— a plague taake dee fait

M. Dick. Am I o'ertaken then —— I am innoeent; I am innocent

Tom Sha. Let us carry her thether: come along.

Priest. Pull her away —— we will be after hanging of you, fait and trot.

Etc.

Enter Sir Timothy and Servant, with a candle.

Sir Tim. I could not rest to-night for the joy of being married to-day. "Tis a pretty rogue —— she's somewhat cross —— but I warrant her she will love me when she has tryed me once.

Serv. Why would you rise so soon? "Tis not day yet.

Sir Tim. 'Tis no matter: I cannot sleep, man: I am to be married, sirrah.

Serv. Ay, and therefore you should have slept now, that you might watch the better at night; for 'twill be uncivil to sleep much upon your wedding-night.

Sir Tim. Uncivil; ay, that it will—very uncivil: I wont sleep a wink. Call my new brother-in-law. Oh, here he is; he can't sleep neither

Enter Hartfort and his Man, with a candle.

Yo. Har. Set down the candle, and go bid the groom get the horses ready ; I must away to the powts.

Sir Tim. Oh, brother, good-morrow to you ; what a devil's this ?—What, booted ! Are you taking a journey upon your wedding-day ?

Yo. Har. No ; but I will not lose my hawking this morning : I will come back time enough to be married, brother.

Sir Tim. Well, breeding's a fine thing—this is a strange ill-bred fellow ! What, hawk upon your wedding-day ! I have other game to fly at — oh, how I long for night ! — why my sister will think you care not for her.

Yo. Har. [Aside.] No more—I don't very minch ! a pox on marrying. I love a hawk and a dog and a horse better than all the women in the world. [To him.] Why I can hawk and marry too. Shee shall see I love her ; for I will leave off hawking before ten a clock.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, I cannot come at the horses, for the people have taken a brace of witches, and they are in the stable, under a strong guard, that will let no body eome at 'em.

Yo. Har. Uds flesh, I shall have my horses bewitch'd, and lose five hundred pounds' worth of horse-flesh.

Sir Tim. No, no ; they can do no hurt — when they are taken the Devil leaves 'em — let's go see 'em —

Yo. Har. What shall we do ? [Their men taking up the
candles, two Spirits fly away with 'em.

Sir Tim. Let us stand up close against the wall.

Yo. Har. Listen ; here are the witches : what will beeome of us ?

Enter Isabella, Theodosia, Bellfort and Doubt.

Bell. A thousand blessings light on thee, my dear pretty witch !

Sir Tim. Oh Lord ! there's the Devil too courting of a witch.

Doubt. This is the first night I ever lived, thou dearest, sweetest creature.

Yo. Har. Oh, sweet quoth a ; that's more than I can say of myself at this time.

Isab. We will go and be decently prepared for the wedding that's expected.

Theo. Not a word of discovery till the last ; creep by the wall. Ha ! who's here ?

Isab. Where ?

Yo. Har. Oh, good Devil, don't hurt us ; we are your humble servants.

Bell. In ; in, quickly — [*Er. Bellfort and Doubt.*]

Sir Tim. Lights, lights ! help, help ! murder, murder ! Oh, good Devil, don't hurt me : I am a whoremaster.

Yo. Har. And I am a drunkard. Help, help ! Murder ! [*Er. Ladies.*]

Eater Tom Shacklehead with a candle, and Tegue O Divelly.

Tom Sha. What's the matter ? [*Thunder softly here.*]

Priest. Phaat is de matter, Joy ?

Sir Tim. O nuncle ! here have been devils and witches : they have blown away with our candles, and put us in fear of our lives.

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

Tom Sha. Here's a great storm arising — What can be the matter ? The haggs are at warek, by'r lady, and they come to me by th' mass, I ha getten my brawd sward : Ayst mow 'em down ; ged faith will I.

Priest. Be not afraid ; I vill taake a caare, and I vill conjure down this tempest, fait an bee. [*Thunders.*]

Tom Sha. Flesh ! that thunder-clap shook the hawse. Candle burns blue too.

Sir Tim. Death ! it goes out. What will become of us ?

Tom Sha. An the witches come ; by'r lady, Ayst mow 'em down with my brawd sward, I warrant o' —— I have shot one witch flying to-neeght already.

Enter M. Hargrave, M. Madge, and two witches more ; they mew, and spit like cats, and fly at 'em, and scratch 'em.

Yo. Har. What's this ! we are set upon by cats.

Sir Tim. They are witches in the shape of cats : what shall we do ?

Priest. Phaat will I do ? Cat, cat, cat ! Oh, oh ! *Conjuro vos, fugite, fugite, Cacodæmones.* Cats, cats !

[They scratch all their faces till the blood runs about 'em.]

Tom Sha. Have at ye all [he cuts at them] : I ha' mauld some of e'm by th' mass. [*The witches screech and run away.*] They are fled, but I am plaguiily scratcht.

Priest. Dey were afraid of my charmies ; and de sign of de cross did maake dem fly —— but dey have scratcht a great deale upon my faash for all daat.

Yo. Har. Mine is all of a gore blood.

Sir Tim. And mine too —— that these damn'd witches should disfigure my countenance upon my wedding-day ?

Yo. Har. O Lord, what a tempest's this !

[*Thunder.*]

Enter Sir Jeffery, with a light.

Sir Jeff. Heaven ! what a storm is this ! The witches and all their imps are at work. Who are these ? Hah ! —— your faces are all bloody.

Sir Tim. We have been frighted out of our wits ; we have been assaulted by witches in the shape of cats, and they have scratcht us most ruefully.

Priest. But I did fright dem away, by my shoule.

Sir Jeff. Why you are as much mauld as any one ; nay, they are at work — I never remember such thunder and lightning ; bid 'em ring out all the bells at the church.

Priest. I vill ^abaptize all your bells for you, Joy, and then they vill stop the tempest indeed, and not before, I tell you : oh, baptized bells are braave things fait.

Tom Sha. Flesh, christen bells !

Sir Tim. Yes ; I believe the great bell at Oxford was christen'd Tom.

Yo. Har. And that at Lineoln has a christen name too.

Priest. I tell de, Joy, I vill eaarry de hosht and shome reliques abroad, and we vill get a black chicken, and maak one of de witches throw it into de aire, and it vill maak stop upon de tempest.

Sir Jeff. Why, all the authors say, ^bsacrificing a black chicken so will raise a tempest.

Tom Sha. What's here, a haund ! Uds flesh, you see I have cut off a haund of one of the haggs.

Sir Jeff. Let's see, this is a lucky evidence ; keep it, and see what witch it will fit, and 'tis enough to hang her.

Priest. The storm begins to stay ; I did shay shome aves, and part of de Gospel of St. John, and in fine, *fugiat tempestas*, and it does go away upon it indeed.

Tom Sha. We may trace her by her blood.

Sir Tim. But hark you, what's the reason my hawks wanted their pigeons ? Uds bud, I shall remember you for it : you think to live like a lubber here, and do nothing.

Tom Sha. Peace, I was drunken ; peace, good Sir Timothy : Ayst do no more so.

Sir Jeff. Methinks all on a sudden the storm is laid.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the constable and the rest of us have taken the whole flock of witches : but they fell upon us like cats first ; but we have beaten 'em into witches, and now we have 'em fast.

Sir Jeff. So now, their power's gone when they are taken ; let's go see 'em.

Yo. Har. I'll wash my face, and away a hawking, now the storm's over : 'tis broad day.

Sir Tim. I will call up Sir Edward's musick, and wake the two brides with a serenade this morning. [*Er. Oneway*]

Enter Sir Edward, and his Man, with a light.

Sir Edw. It has been a dreadful storm, and strangely laid off sudden ; this is a joyful day to me : I am now in hopes to strengthen and preserve my family —— my poor daughter has the worst on't, but she is discreet, and will mould Sir Timothy to what she pleases : he is good natured, and he loves her, and his estate's beyond exception.—Go, call my son to me ; bid him rise ; 'tis day : put out the candle now. [*Er. Servant.*] This son, I out of duty must provide for : for there's a duty from a father to make what he begets as happy as he can : and yet this fool makes me unhappy as he can : but that I call philosophy to my aid, I could not bear him.

Enter Young Hartfort and Servant.

How now, your face scratch'd ! What, were you drunk last night, and have been at cuffs ?

Yo. Har. No, Sir Timothy, I, and Tegne O Dively, and Tom Shacklehead, were assaulted by witches, in the shapes of cats ; and Tom Shacklehead has cut off' one of the cats' hands ; and all the witches are taken, and are in the stable, under a strong guard.

Sir Edw. What foolish wild story is this? You have been drunk in ale, that makes such foggy dreams.

Yo. Har. 'Bhud, sir; the story is true, you'll find it so.

Sir Edw. How now! what makes you booted upon your wedding-day?

Yo. Har. Why, I am going a hawking this morning, and I'll come home time enough to be marry'd.

Sir Edw. Thou most incorrigible ass, whom no precept or example can teach common sense to, that would have made thee full of joy at thy approaching happiness; it would have fill'd thy mind, there could have been no room for any other object; to have a good estate settled upon thee, and to be married to a woman of that beauty, and that wit and wisdom, I have not known her equal, would have transported any one but such a clod of earth as thou art: thou art an excrement broken from me, not my son.

Yo. Har. Why, sir, I am transported; but can't one be transported with hawking too? I love it as I love my life. Would you have a gentleman neglect his sports?

Sir Edw. None but the vilest men will make their sports their business: their books, their friends, their kindred and their country should concern 'em: such drones serve not the ends of their creation, and should be lopt off from the rest of men.

Yo. Har. A man had better dye than leave his sport. Tell me of books! I think there's nothing in 'em for my part: and for musick I had as live set in the stocks as hear your fine songs: I love a bag-pipe well enough, but there's no musick like a deep-mouth'd hound.

Sir Edw. Thou most excessive blockhead, thou art enough to unbitter all my sweets: thou art a wen belonging to me, and I shall do well to cut thee off. But, do you hear, fool? Go and dress yourself, and wait upon your bride, or by heaven I will disinherit

you. This is the critical day on which your happiness or misery depends ; think on that.

[*Er. Sir Edw.*]

Yo. Har. Was ever so devilish a father, to make one neglect one's sport, because he's no sportsman himself. A pox on marrying : could not I hawk and marry too ? Well, I am resolv'd I'll steal out after I am marry'd.

Enter Sir Timothy and Musick.

Sir Tim. Come on. Place your selves just by her chamber and play, and sing that song I love so well.

S O N G.

My dear, my sweet, and most delicious bride,
Awake, and see thine own dear waiting at thy dore.

Surely she cannot sleep for thinking of me, poor rogue.

Isab. (above). Who's this disturbs my rest—is it thou ? I thought 'twas some impertinent coxcomb or other. Dost thou hear ? Carry away that scurvy face from me as soon as possibly thou canst.

Sir Tim. Well, you have a pleasant way with you ; you'll never leave your pretty humors, I see that.

Isab. Ha ! thou hast been scratching with wenches : was not thy face ugly enough, but thou must disfigure it more than Nature has done ? One would have thought that had don't enough.

Sir Tim. Faith thou art a pretty wag ; thou'l never leave thy roguery. Wenches ! Why 'twas done by witches, who, in the shape of cats, had like to have kill'd us : your brother, my uncle, and the Irishman are all as bad as I.

Isab. Prethee begon, and mend thy face ; I cannot bear it.

Sir Tim. Ay, ay, it's no matter ; I'll come into thy chamber ; I must be familiar with you ——

Isab. And I will be very free with you; you are a nauseous fool, and you shall never come into my chamber. S'life, would you begin your reign before you are marry'd? No, I'll dominere now—begon,

[*Er. Isabella.*

Sir Tim. Nay, faith I'll not leave you so, you little cross rogue, you: open the dore there: let me in; let me in, I say.

[*Theodosia comes out in a witches habit and a rizor.*

Theo. Who's that? Thou art my love; come into my arms.

Sir Tim. Oh, the wiche! the wiche! Help! help!

[*He runs out: Theodosia retires.*

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady, Tegue O Divelly, Tom Shacklehead, Clod, and Sir Jefferies' Clerk.

Sir Jeff. So, now thou art come, my dear, I'll dispatch the witches: they are all taken, and guarded in the stable. Clod, bid 'em bring 'em all hither.

La. Sha. That's well: are they caught? Let 'em come before us: we will order 'em.

Sir Jeff. I would do nothing without thee, my dear.

Priest. Here, Lady, taake some 'conjur'd shalt, and put upon dee and palme, and shome holy-wax, daat I did bring for dish occasion, and de witches will not hurt dy ladyship.

La. Sha. Thank you, sir.

Priest. I did give dy husband shome before, Joy; but I will speak a word unto you all—Let every one *spit three times upon deir boshomes, and cross demselves; it is braave upon dis occasion.

Sir Jeff. It shall be done.

[*They all do it.*

Priest. Daat is very well now. Let no vitch* touch no part about you, and let 'em come vid deir arshes before deir faashes, phen dey come to confession or examinaation. We have eye-biting witches in Eerland, that kill vid deir countenance.

Sir Jeff. This is a very learned and wise man.

La. Sha. He is a great man indeed ; we are nothing to him.

Priest. You vill shee now, now I vill speak unto dem : here dey come : I shay bring their arshes before deir faashes.

They enter with the Witches.

Tom Sha. Bring 'em baekward, thus.

Sir Jeff. You Clod and you Tom Shacklehead have sworn sufficiently against the witch Spenceer, and so has that country fellow.

M. Spen. I am an innocent woman, and they have broken my arm with a shot—rogues, villains, murderers.

Priest. Dey are angry, daat is a certain sign of a vitch ; and dey cannot ery,¹ daat is amoder shigne ; look to 'em, dey doe not put spittle upon deir faashies to maake beleife daat dey do weep ; yet Bodin dosh shay daat a vitch can ery three drops vid her right eye, I tell you.

Sir Jeff. Have you searcht 'em all as I bid you, woman ?

Woman. Yes, an't please your worship, and they have all great biggs and teats in many parts, except Mother Madge, and hers are but small ones.

La. Sha. It is enough ; make their mittimus, and send 'em all to gaol.

Witches. { I am innocent ; I am immoeent.
Save my life ; I am no witch.
I am innocent ; save my life.

Priest. Ven dey do shay dey are innocent, and deshire to shave deir lives, 'tis a shertain shigne of a vitch, fait and trot.

Woman. Besides, this woman, Margaret Demdike by name, threaten'd to be revenged on me, and my cow has been suukt dry ever since, and my child has had fits.

M. Demd. She lies, she lies ; I am innocent.

Tom Sha. This is she that had a haund cut off; it fits her to a hair.

Sir Jeff. 'Tis enough; 'tis enough.

M. Harg. Must I be hang'd for having my hand cut off? I am innocent! I am innocent!

Constab. Did not you say to my wife you would be reveng'd on me? and has not she been struck with pain in her rump-bone ever since? and did not my sow east her farrow last night?

Harg. You should send your brother to gaol for cutting my hand off.

Tom Sha. What, for cutting a cat's hand off? you were a cat when I cut it off.

Tho. o Geo. An't, please your worship, this woman, Gumer Dickin-
son, who threped and threped, and aw to beeaw'd me last neeght
i' th' lone, and who said he woud be reveng'd on me, and this morn-
ing, at four a clock, butter would not come, nor the ale warek a bit,
who has bewitcht it.

Sir Jeff. I have heard enough; send 'em all to the gaol.

La. Sha. You must never give a witch any milk, butter, cheese, or
any thing that comes from the cows.

Priest. Now dou damn'd vitch, I vill be after sheeing dee hang'd
indeed; I did taake her by my shonle —

Dick. I am a poor innocent woman; I am abused, and I am his
wife, an't please your worship: he had knowledge of me in a room in
the gallery, and did promise me marriage.

Sir Jeff. Hah! What's this?

Priest. By my shalvaation I am innoeent as de child unborn; I
speak it before heav'n, I did never make fornication in my life.
[*Aside.*] Vid my nostrills: dere is mental reservaation; I am too
subtil for dem indeed, gra. [To them.] It is malice upon me.

La. Sha. There is something in this story, but I dare not speak
of it.

Sir Jeff. I do believe you, Mr. O Dively.

Dick. Besides, he is a Popish priest.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, a priest ! I vill taake de oades, fait and trot ; I did never taake holy orders since I was bore. [*Aside.*] In Jamaica. Dere is another mental reservaation too ; and it is lawful.

Constab. Indeed, sir, I have been told he is a Popish priest, and has been at Rome.

Priest. I speak it in de presence of all de Saints, daat I never did see Roime in all my life. [*Aside.*] Vid de eyes of a lyon. Dere was another, by my shoule.

Sir Jeff. Take away the witches ; there is their mittimus : carry 'em all to Lancaster.

Witches. I am innocent ! I am innocent !

Constab. Come on, you hags, now your master, the devil, has left you. [Enter Const. and Witches.]

Sir Jeff. Sir, you must excuse me, I must give you the oaths upon this information.

Priest. And by my shoule, Joy, I vill taak dem, and twenty or thirty more oades, if dou dosht please ; indeed I vill take 'em all to serve dee, fait and trot.

Sir Jeff. Come into the hall ; there's the Statute-book.

La. Sha. I will go in and see if the brides be ready.

Enter Sir Edward, Bellfort and Doubtby.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, this day I am to do the great duty of a father, in providing for the settlement of my children ; this day we will dedicate to mirth : I hope you will partake with me in my joy.

Bell. I should have had a greater share in any joy that could affect so worthy a man, had not your daughter been the only person I ever saw whom I could have fixt my love upon ; but I am unhappy that I had not the honour to know you till it was too late.

Sir Edw. This had been a great honour to me and my daughter, and I am sorry I did not know it sooner, and assure you it is some trouble upon me.

Doubt. How like a gentleman he takes it ! but I have an ass, nay two, to deal with.

Enter Lady Shacklehead, and Isabella, and Theodosia.

La. Sha. Good morrow, brother ; our brace of brides are ready where are the lusty bridegrooms ?

Sir Edw. Heav'n grant this may prove a happy day.

La. Sha. Mr. Doubt, was ever such an unlucky night as we have had !

Doubt. 'Tis happy to me, who was assur'd of the love of one I love much more than all the joys on earth.

La. Sha. Now you make me blush ; I swear it is a little too much.

Bell. Ladies, I wish you much joy of this day.

Doubt. Much happiness to you.

Enter Sir Jeffery and Tegue O Divelly.

Sir Jeff. Brother, good morrow to you : this is a happy day : our families will soon be one. I have sent all the witches to the gaol.

Sir Edw. Had you evidence enough ?

Sir Jeff. Ay, too much ; this gentleman was accused for being a papist and a priest, and I have given him the oaths and my certificate, and on my conscience he is a very good protestant.

Priest. It is no matter, I did taak de oades, and I am a very good protestant upon occaision, fait.

Sir Edw. Say you so ? Between you and I, how many sacraments are there ?

Priest. How many ? By my shoule dere are sheven : how many

would dere be tink you, hoh? By my shonle I have a dispensaation: indeed I am too cunning for 'em, fait I am.

[*Aside.*]

Sir Edw. So here are the bridegrooms.

Enter Sir Timothy and Yo. Hartfort, Servant.

Sir Tim. Oh, my dear pretty bride, let me kiss thy hand. How joyful am I that I shall have my dear within these arms! Ah! now the little rogue can smile upon me.

Yo. Har. Cousin, good-morrow to you; I am glad to see you: how do you do this morning?

Theo. Never better.

Yo. Har. God be thanked; I am very glad on't.

Sir Edw. Is not the parson come yet?

Serv. Yes, sir; he is very busy at his breakfast in the buttery, and as soon as he has finisht his pipe and his tankard —— he will wait on you: he has marry'd one cupple already, the Chaplain and Mrs. Susan.

Sir Edw. How!

Serv. 'Tis true.

Sir Edw. I am sorry for it: that Chaplain is a rascal —— I have found him out, and will turn him away ——

Enter another Servant.

Serv. Sir, here are some of your tenants and countrymen come to be merry with you, and have brought their piper, and desire to daunce before you.

Enter several Tenants and Country Fellows.

Tenants. We are come to wish your worship, my young master and lady, joy of this happy day.

Sir Edw. You are kindly welcome, neighbours : this is happiness indeed to see my friends and all my loving neighbours thus about me.

All. Heavens bless your good worship.

Sir Edw. These honest men are the strength and sinews of our country ; such men as these are uncorrupted, and while they stand to us we fear no papists nor French invasion ; this day we will be merry together.

Clod. Ayst make bold to daunce for joy.

Sir Edw. Prethce do —— [Clod *dances.*] Go, bid the parson come in ; we will dispatch this business here before you all.

Isab. Hold ; there needs no parson.

Sir Edw. What say you ?

Sir Jeff. How !

Isab. We are marry'd already, and desire your blessing.

Sir Edw. It is impossible. [Bell., Doubt., Isab., and Theo. *kneel.*]

La. Sha. Heav'n ! What's this I see ?

Sir Jeff. Thieves ! robbers ! murderers of my honour : I'll hang that fellow.

Sir Edw. What pageantry is this ? Explain yourself.

Sir Tim. What a devil do you mean now ?

Bell. The truth is, sir, we are marry'd ; we found you fathers were too far ingaged to break off. Love forced us to this way, and nothing else can be a fit excuse.

Doubt. We have designed this ever since last summer, and any other but a private way had certainly prevented it. Let excess of love excuse our fault, Sir Jeffery ; I will exceed what settlement was made upon your daughter.

Bell. And I will, sir, do the same right to yours.

Sir Jeff. Flesh and heart —— I'll murder her.

Doubt. Hold, sir, she is mine now ; I beseech you moderate your passion.

La. Sha. Oh, vile creature ; I'le tear her eyes out.

Doubt. Forbear, good madam : what cannot be redrest must be past by ——

La. Sha. Thou worst of thieves ; thou knowest I can ne'er pass it by.

Sir Jeff. Sir Edward, you may do what you will, but I'le go in and meditate revenge.

La. Sha. And I —— [Er. Sir Jeffery and Lady.

Sir Tim. Hold, hold me ! I am bloody minded, and shall commit murder else ! my honour, my honour ! I must kill him ! hold me fast, or I shall kill him !

Yo. Har. For my part, cousin, I wish you joy ; for I am resolved to hunt, and hawk, and course, as long as I live ——

Sir Tim. Cruel woman ; I did not think you would have serv'd me so : I shall run mad, and hang myself and walk.

Priest. Now phaat is de soleedity of all dish—phy all ish paasht, and what vill you say now ? You must taak shome consolaation unto you — dou must forniaate vid dy moder's maid-sharvants ; and daat is all one by my shoule.

Sir Edw. Hold, gentlemen ; who marry'd you ?

Bell. This gentleman, who is under his gray coat, my parson.

Sir Edw. 'Tis something unhospitable.

Bell. I hope, sir, you'll not have cause to repent it ; had there been any other way for me to have escap't perpetual misery I had not taken this.

Sir Edw. But you, sir, have most injur'd me.

Doubt. I beg a thousand pardons ; tho' I must have perisht if I had not done it.

Theo. It is no injury, sir ; I never could have lov'd your son ; we must have been unhappy.

Isab. And I had been miserable with Sir Timothy.

Yo. Har. To say truth, I did not much care for her neither; I had rather not marry.

Sir Edw. Eternal Blockhead! I will have other means to preserve my name. Gentlemen, you are men of ample fortunes and worthy families — Sir, I wish you happiness with my daughter: take her.

Bell. You have given me more than my own father did—than life and fortune.

Isab. You are the best of fathers and of men.

Sir Edw. I will endeavour to appease Sir Jeffery and my lady.

Doubt. You are generous beyond expression, sir.

Enter Chaplain and Susan.

Chap. Sir, I hope your worship will pardon me; I am marry'd to Mrs. Susan.

Sir Edw. You are a villain, that has made love to my daughter, and corrupted my son.

Chap. Have they told all, I am ruin'd? Good sir, continue me your chaplain, and I will do and preach whatever you command me.

Sir Edw. I'll not have a divine with so flexible a conscience: there shall be no such vipers in my family: I will take care you never shall have orders. But she has serv'd me well, and I will give her a farm of £10 per annum, to plow. Go, sir; it was an office you were born to.

Priest. Did I not bid de fornicaate? and dou didst marry, Joy; if dou hadst not maade marriage, I vould have maade dee a Catholick, and preferred dee to Saint Omers; dey should have bred dee for one of deir witnesses fait.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. I must beg your pardon, sir; I have a warrant against this Kelly, alias Tegue O Divelly—he is accus'd for being in the plot.

Sir Edw. My house is no refuge for traytors, sir.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo ! by my shalvaation dere is no plot, and I vill not go vid you. Dou art a dam'nd fanaatick, if dou dosht shay dere is a plot. Dou art a Presbyterian dogg.

Mess. No striving ; come along with me.

Priest. Phaat vill I do : I am innoeent as de child dat is to be born ; and if they vill hang me, I vill be a shaint indeed. My hanging speech was made for me long ago by de Jesuits, and I have it ready ; and I vill live and dy by it, by my shoule.

Mess. Gentlemen, I charge you, in the king's name, assist me.

Sir Edw. Come, gentlemen, I wish you both the happiness you deserve. How shallow is our foresight and our prudence !

Be ne'er so wise, design what e'er we will,

There is a fate that over-rules us still.

Act Ends.

NOTES ON THE FIFTH ACT.

^a Wier., *præst. Daem.* lib. i, pp. 43, 44, shows that it is the opinion of Papists, that baptized bells will drive away tempests. See also *Gnace. Compend. Maleficarum*, lib. 3, c. 6.

^b Nider, in *Formicario*, cites this from a judge, who had it from the confession of a witch.—Cap. 4.

^c Mall. *Malef. Institor Springer*, part 3, quest. 15. A caution to the judges—“ Secum deferant sal exorcizatum in Dominica die palmarum et herbas benedictas. Haec enim res insimul cum cera benedicta involuta et in collo deportata, &c. miram habent efficaciam, &c. I have made my Irishman translate the Latin false on purpose.]

^d For spitting in their bosoms, see Tibullus, Eleg. 2—“ Ter Cano, ter dictis despue carminibus. And in Eleg. 1—“ Desput in molles et sibi quisque simus.” This Theoderitus mentions—“ ἡς μὴ βασταρθῆ τοῖς ἐσθὶοις ἔπιστα κόκτον.” And several other authors, particularly Theophrastus (*Libro de Characterismis*), speaking of superstitious persons—“ μανίασεσθε τε οἴδων καὶ ἔπιληπτον οφέλεις κόκτον πιόστα; ” for they thought they that were mad, or had the falling-sickness, were possessed with devils.

^e Mal. *Malef.* part. 3, quest. 15—“ Non permittant se ab ea tangi corporaliter.” Id. ibid.—“ Et si commode fieri potest, ipsa à tergo deorsum vertendo ad Judices et assessores introducatur.”

^f Bodin, and several authors mention this; but Mal. *Malef.* particularly part. 3, quest. 15, p. 557—“ Hoc enim pro certissimo signo, &c., quod etiam si ad lacrymandum conjurationibus hortetur aliqua et compellatur (and the inquisitors have an office for this, as you will see in the *Flagellum Daemonum*, per Fr. Jeron. Menguem), in the

2 tome of Mal. Malef.) sed si Malefica existit, lachrymas emittere non potest, dabit quidem flebiles et ex sputo genas et oculos linire," &c. Having of biggs and teats all modern witchmongers in England affirm. The cutting off the hand is an old story.

⁵ A foolish word among the canters for glancing.—(*Epilogue.*)

E P I L O G U E.

By Mrs. BARRY and TEGUE.

Mrs. Barry.

A SKILFUL Mistress uses wondrous art,
 To keep a peevish crazy Lovers heart
 His awkward limbs, forgetful of delights,
 Must be urg'd on by tricks and painful nights ;
 Which the poor creature is content to bear,
 Fine manteaus and new petticoats to wear.
 And Sirs, your sickly appetites to raise,
 The starving Players try a thousand ways.
 You had a Spanish Fryer of intrigue,
 And now we have presented you a Tegue,
 Which with much cost from Ireland we have got ,
 If he be dull, e'en hang him for the plot.

Tigue. Now have a care ; for by my shoul shalvaation,
 Dish vill offend a party in de naation.

Mrs. Barry. They that are angry must be very beasts .
 For all religions laugh at foolish Priests.

Tigue. By creesh, I swear, de Poet has undone me,
 Some simple Tory vill maake beat upon me.

Mrs. Barry. Good Protestants, I hope you will not see,
 A martyr made of our poor Tony Leigh.

Our Popes and Fryers on one side offend,
And yet, alas ! the city's not our friend :
The city neither like us nor our wit ;
They say their wives learn ^a ogling in the pit.
They're from the boxes taught to make advances,
To answer stolen sighs and naughty glances.
We virtuous Ladies some new ways must seek,
For all conspire our playing Trade to break.
If the bold Poet freely shows his vein,
In every place the snarling Fops complain :
Of your gross follies if you will not hear,
With inoffensive nonsense you must bear.
You, like the husband, never shall receive
Half the delight the sportful wife can give.
A Poet dares not whip this foolish age—
You cannot bear the physick of the stage.

F I N I S.

THE LATE
Lancashire Witches.

A WELL RECEIVED
C O M E D Y,

LATELY ACTED AT

The *GLOBE*, on the *Bankside*, by the King's Majesties Actors.

WRITTEN
By THOMAS HEYWOOD
AND
RICHARD BROOME.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.

London:

Printed by Thomas Harper for Benjamin Fisher, and
are to be sold at his Shop at the Signe of
the *Tubbot*, without Aldersgate.

1634.

P R O L O G U E.

CORRANTOES failing, and no foot-post late
Possessing us with Newes of forraine State,
No accidents abroad worthy relation,
Arriving here, we are fore'd from our owne Nation,
To ground the Seene that's now in agitation.
The Project unto many here well knowne ;
Those Witches the fat Taylor brought to towne.
An Argument so thin, persons so low
Can neither yeeld much matter, nor great show.
Expect no more than can from such be rais'd,
So may the Scene passe pardon'd, though not prais'd.

THE

Late Lancashire Witches.

ACTVS I.—SCENA I.

*Enter Master Arthur, Mr. Shakstone, and Mr. Bantam,
as from hunting.*

Arth. Was ever sport of expectation,
Thus erost in th' height!

Shak. Tush! these are accidents all game is subject to.

Arth. So you may call them
Chances, or crosses, or what else you please,
But, for my part, I'll hold them prodigies,
As things transcending Nature.

Bant. O, you speake this,
Because a hare hath erost you.

Arth. A hare! a witch, or rather a divell, I think;
For, tell me, gentlemen, was't possible,
In such a faire course, and no covert neere,
We in pursuit, and she in constant view,
Our eyes not wand'ring, but all bent that way,
The dogs in chase, she ready to be ceas'd;

And, at the instant, when I durst have layd
My life to gage, my dog had pincht her, then
To vanish into nothing ?

Shak. Somewhat strange, but not as you inforce it.

Arth. Make it plaine
That I am in an error ; sure I am
That I about me have no borrow'd eyes.
They are mine owne, and matches.

Bant. She might find some mme as then not visible to us,
And escape that way.

Shak. Perhaps some foxe had earth'd there,
And though it be not common, for I seldome
Have knowne or heard the like, there squat her selfe,
And so her seape appeare but naturall,
Which you proclaime a wonder.

Arth. Well, well, gentlemen, be you of your own faith, but what I see
And is to me apparent, being in sence,
My wits about me, no way lost nor troubled,
To that will I give credit.

Bant. Come, come, all men
Were never of one minde, nor I of yours.

Shak. To leave this argument : are you resolv'd
Where we shall dine to-day ?

Arth. Yes, where we purpos'd.

Bant. That was with Master Generous.

Arth. True, the same.

And where a loving welcome is presum'd,
Whose liberall table's never unprepar'd,
Nor he of guests unfurnish't, of his meanes,
There's non can beare it with a braver port,
And keepe his state unmshaken, one who sels not,

Nor covets he to purchase, holds his owne
Without oppressing others, alwayes prest
To indeere to him any knowne gentleman,
In whom he finds good parts.

Bant. A character not common in this age.

Arth. I cannot wind him up
Vnto the least part of his noble worth,
Tis far above my strength.

Enter Whetstone.

Shak. See who comes yonder,
A fourth, to make us a full messe of guests
At Master Generous' table.

Arth. Tush! let him passe,
He is not worth our luring, a mere coxcombe,
It is a way to call our wits in question,
To have him scene amongst us.

Bant. He hath spy'd us, there is no way to evade him.

Arth. That's my grieve; a most notorious lyar: out upon him.

Shak. Let's set the best face on't.

Whet. What, gentlemen! all mine old acquaintance!
A whole triplexity of friends together! Nay, then,
Tis three to one we shall not soone part company.

Shak. Sweet Mr. Whetstone.

Bant. Dainty Mr. Whetstone.

Arth. Delicate Master Whetstone.

Whet. You say right; Mr. Whetstone I have bin, Mr. Whetstone I am, and Mr. Whetstone I shall be, and those that know me, know withall that I have not my name for nothing; I am hee, whom all the brave blades of the country use to whet their wits upon: sweet Mr. Shakstone, dainty Mr. Bantam, and dainty Mr. Arthur, and how, and how—what all lustieck, all froliozone? I know you are going to my Vncles to dinner, and so am I too. What, shall we all make one randevous there: you need not doubt of your welcome.

Shak. No doubt at all, kind Mr. Whetstone; but we have not seene you of late; you are growne a great stranger amongst us: I desire sometimes to give you a visit: I pray where do you lye?

Whet. Where doe I lye? why sometimes in one place, and then againe in another; I love to shift lodgings: but most constantly, wheresoere I dine or sup there doe I lye.

Arth. I never heard that word proceed from him
I durst call truth till now.

Whet. But where so ever I lye, 'tis no matter for that;
I pray you say, and say truth, are not you three now
Going to dinner to my Vncles?

Baut. I thinke you are a wiche, Master Whetstone.

Whet. How! A wiche, gentlemen? I hope you doe not meane to abuse me, though at this time (if report be true there are too many of them here in our country); but I am sure I look like no such ugly creature.

Shak. It seemes then you are of opinion that there are witches. For mine own part, I can hardly be indued to think there is any such kinde of people.

Whet. No such kinde of people! I pray you, tell me, gentlemen, did never any one of you know my mother?

Arth. Why, was your mother a wiche?

Whet. I doe not say, as witches goe now a dayes; for they, for the most part, are ugly old beldams, but she was a lusty young lasse, and by her owne report, by her beauty and faire looks bewitcht my father.

Baut. It seemes then your mother was rather a young wanton wench, than an old wither'd wiche.

Whet. You say right, and know withall I come of two ancient families; for, as I am a Whetstone by my mother's side, so I am a By-blow by the father's.

Arth. It appeares then, by your discourse, that you came in at the window.

Whet. I would have you thinke I scorne, like my grana'm's cat, to leape over the hatch.

Shak. He hath confess himselfe to be a bastard.

Arth. And I beleeve 'tas a notorious truth.

Whet. Howsoever I was hegot ; here you see I am, And if my parents went to it without feare or wit, What can I helpe it ?

Arth. Very probable ; for as he was got without feare, So it is apparent he was borne without wit.

Whet. Gentlemen, it seemes you have some private busnesse amongst yourselves, which I am not willing to interrupt. I know not how the day goes with you, but for mine owne part, my stomacke is now much upon twelve. You know what houre my Uncle keeps, and I love ever to bee set before the first grace : I am going before : speake ; shall I acquaint him with your comming after ?

Shak. We meane this day to see what fare he keepes.

Whet. And you know it is his custome to fare well, And in that respect I think I may be his kinsman, And so farewell, Gentlemen ; I'le be your forerunner, To give him notice of your visite.

Baut. And so intyre us to you.

Shak. Sweet Mr. Whetstone.

Arth. Kind Mr. Byblow.

Whet. I see you are perfect both in my name and surname : I have bin ever bound unto you, for which I will at this time be your noverint, and give him notice that you universi will bee with him *per prasentes*, and that I take to be presently. [Exit.

Arth. Farewell, as *in prasenti*.

Shak. It seems hee's peece of a scholler.

Arth. What, because he hath read a little Serivener's Latine, hee never proceeded farther in his accidence than to *mentiri non est meum*; and that was such a hard lesson to learne, that he stucke at *mentiri*; and eu'd never reach to *non est meum*; since, a meere ignaro, and not worth acknowledgement.

Bant. Are these then the best parts he can boast of?

Arth. As you see him now, so shall you finde him ever: all in one strain; there is one only thing which I wonder he left out.

Shak. And what might that be?

Arth. Of the same affinity with the rest: at every second word he is commonly boasting either of his aunt or his vncle.

Enter Mr. Generous.

Bant. You name him in good time; see where he comes.

Gener. Gentlemen, welcomme, 'tis a word I use;
From me expect no further complement:
Nor do I name it often at one meeting,
Once spoke (to those that understand me best,
And know I alwaies purpose as I speake),
Hath ever yet sufficed: so let it you;
Nor do I love that common phrase of guests,
As we make bold, or we are troublesome,
Wee take you unprovided, and the like;
I know you understanding gentlemen,
And knowing me, cannot persuade yourselves
With me you shall be troublesome or bold,
But still provided for my worthy friends,
Amongst whom you are lifted.

Arth. Noble sir, you generously instruct us, and to expresse
We can be your apt schollers: in a word
We come to dine with you.

Gener. And, gentlemen, such plainnesse doth best please me. I
had notice
Of so much by my kinsman, and to show
How lovingly I tooke it, instantly
Rose from my chayre to meet you at the gate,
And be myselfe your usher; nor shall you finde,
Being set to meat, that I'le excuse your fare,
Or say I am sorry it falls out so poore:
And had I knowne your comming wee'd have had
Such things and such, nor blame my cooke, to say
This dish or that hath not bin saue'st with care:
Words, fitting best a common hostesse mouth,
When ther's perhaps some just cause of dislike,
But not the table of a gentleman;
Nor is it my wives custome; in a word, take what you find,
and so.

Arth. Sir, without flattery
You may be call'd the sole surviving sonne
Of long since banisht hospitality.

Gener. In that you please me not: but, gentlemen,
I hope to be beholder unto you all,
Which, if I prove, I'le be a gratefull debtor.

Bant. Wherein, good sir.

Gener. I ever studied plainenesse, and truthe withall.

Shak. I pray expresse yourselfe.

Gener. In few I shall. I know this yonth, to whom my wife is
aunt,
Is (as you needs must finde him) weake and shallow;
Dull, as his name, and what for kindred sake
We note not, or at least, are loath to see,
Is unto such well-knowing gentlemen
Most grossely visible. If, for my sake,

You will but seeme to winke at these his wants,
At least at table before us his friends,
I shall receive it as a courtesie,
Not soone to be forgot.

Arth. Presume it, sir.

Gener. Now, when you please, pray enter, gentlemen.

Arth. Would these, my friends, prepare the way before,
To be resolved of one thing before dinner,
Would something adde unto mine appetite,
Shall I intreat you so much?

Bant. O, sir, you may command us.

Gener. I'th meane time
Prepare your stomaches with a bowle of sacke; [Ex. Bant. and Shak.
My cellar can affoord it; now, Mr. Arthur,
Pray freely speake your thoughts.

Arth. I come not, sir,
To presse a promise from you; tak't not so;
Rather to prompt your memory in a motion
Made to you not long sinee.

Gener. Wast not about
A mannor, the best part of your estate,
Morgag'd to one slips no advantages
Which yon would have redeem'd?

Arth. True, sir, the same.

Gener. And, as I thinke, I promist at that time
To become bound with you, or if the usurer
(A base, yet the best title I can give him)
Perhaps should question that security,
To have the money ready. Wast not so?

Arth. It was to that purpose wee discourst.

Gener. Provided, to have the writings in my custody,
Else how should I seure mine owne estate?

Arth. To denie that, I should appeare to th' world
Stupid, and of no braine.

Gener. Your monie's ready.

Arth. And I remaine a man oblig'd to you
Beyond all utterance.

Gener. Make then your word good,
By speaking it no further, onely this,
It seemes your vncle you trusted in so far
Hath failed your expectation.

Arth. Sir, he hath, not that he is unwilling or unable,
But at this time unfit to be solicited ;
For, to the countries' wonder and my sorrow,
He is much to be pitied.

Gener. Why ? I intreat you.

Arth. Because hee's late become the sole discourse
Of all the countrey ; for of a man respected
For his discreation and knowne gravite,
As master of a govern'd family,
The house (as if the ridge were fixt below,
And groundsilts lifted up to make the roofe)
All now turn'd topsie turvy.

Gener. Strange, but how ?

Arth. In such a retrograde and preposterous way
As seldom hath bin heard of ; I thinke never.

Gener. Can you discourse the manner ?

Arth. The good man, in all obedience kneels vnto his son,
Hee with an austere brow commands his father.
The wife presumes not in the daughter's sight
Without a prepared courtesie. The girle, shee
Expectes it as a dutie ; chides her mother,
Who quakes and trembles at each word she speaks ;

And what's as strange, the maid she dominiers
O're her yong mistris, who is aw'd by her.
The son to whom the father creeps and bends,
Stands in as much feare of the groome his man.
All in such rare disorder, that in some
As it breeds pitty, and in others wonder ;
So in the most part laughter.

Gener. How thinke you might this come ?

Arth. 'Tis thought by witchcraft.

Gener. They that thinke so dreame,
For my beliefe is, no such thing can be ;
A madnesse you may call it : dinner stayes,
That done, the best part of the afternoone
We'e lepend about your businesse.

[Enter.

Enter Old Seely and Doughty.

See. Nay, but understand me, neighbor Doughty.

Dough. Good master Seely, I do understand you, and over and over understand you so mneh, that I could e'ene blish at your fondnesse ; and had I a sonne to serve mee so, I would conure a divell out of him.

See. Alas ! he is my childe.

Dough. No, you are his childe, to live in feare of him ; indeed they say old men become children againe ; but before I would become my childe's childe, and make my foot my head, I would stand upon my head, and kick my heels at the skies.

Enter Gregory.

See. You do not know what an only son is. O see, he comes. Now if you can appease his anger toward me, you shall doe an act of timely charity.

Dough. It is an office that I am but weakly vers'd in,
To plead to a sonne in the fathers behalfe ;
Blesse me, what lookes the devilish young rascall
Frights the poore man withall !

Greg. I wonder at your confidence, and how you dare appeare
before me.

Dough. A brave beginning !

See. O sonne, be patient.

Greg. It is right reverend councell ; I thanke you for it : I shall
study patience, shall I, while you practice waies to beggar mee, shall I ?

Dough. Very handsome !

See. If ever I transgresse in the like againe.

Greg. I have taken your word too often, sir, and neither can nor
will forbear you longer.

Dough. What, not your father, Mr. Gregory ?

Greg. What's that to you, sir ?

Dough. Pray tell me, then sir, how many yeares has hee to
serve you ?

Greg. What do you bring your spokesman now, your advocat ?
What fee goes out of my estate now, for his oratory ?

Dough. Come, I must tell you, you forget yourself,
And in this foule unnatural strife wherein
You trample on your father. You are faine
Below humanitie. Y'are so beneath
The title of a sonne, you cannot clayme
To be a man ; and let me tell you, were you mine,
Thou should'st not eat but on thy knees before me.

See. O, this is not the way,
This is to raise impatience into fury ;
I do not seek his quiet for my ease ;
I can beare all his chidings and his threats,

And take them well, very exceeding well,
And finde they do me good on my owne part,
Indeed they do reclaim me from those errors
That might impeach his fortunes, but I feare
Th' unquiet strife within him hurts himself,
And wastes or weakens Nature, by the breach
Of moderate sleepe and dyet ; and I can
No lesse than grieve to finde my weaknesses
To be the cause of his affliction,
And see the danger of his health and being.

Dough. Alas, poore man ! Can you stand open ey'd
Or dry ey'd either at this now in a father ?

Greg. Why, if I grieve you, you may look of ont,
I have seen more than this twiee twenty times,
And have as often bin deceiv'd by his dissimulations ;
I can see nothing mended.

Dough. He is a happy sire that has brought vp his to this.

See. All shall be mended, son, content yourself ;
But this time forget but this last fault.

Greg. Yes, for a new one to-morrow.

Dough. Pray, Mr. Gregory, forget it ; you see how
Submissive your poore penitent is ; forget it ;
Forget it ; put it out o' your head ; knocke it
Out of your braines. I protest, if my father,
Nay, if my father's dogge should have embrac't him.
What was the trespass ? It e'ud not be so hainous.

Greg. Wel, sir, you now shall be a judge, for all your jeering.
Was it a fatherly part, thinke you, having a sonne,
To offer to enter in bonds for his nephew, so to indanger
My estate to redeeme his morgage.

See. But I did it not, sonne ?

Greg. I know it very well, but your dotage had done it, if my care had not prevented it.

Dough. Is that the busesse? Why if he had done it, had hee not bin sufficiently secur'd in having the morgage made over to himselfe?

Greg. He does nothing but practice waies to mndo himselfe and me: a very spendthrift, a prodigall sire, hee was at the ale but tother day, and spent a foure-penny club.

Ses. "Tis gone and past, sonne.

Greg. Can you hold your peace, sir? And, not long ago, at the wine, he spent his teaster, and two-pence to the piper: that was brave, was it not?

Ses. Truely we were civilly merry: but I have left it.

Greg. Your civility, have yon not? For, no longer agoe than last holiday evening, he gam'd away eight double-ring'd tokens on a rubber at bowles with the curate and some of his idle companions.

Dough. Fie, Mr. Gregory Seely! Is this seemely in a sonne? You'l have a rod for the childe, your father, shortly, I feare. Alasse, did hee make it cry? Give me a stroke and I'le beat him: bless me, they make me almost as mad as themselves.

Greg. Twere good you would meddle with your own matters, sir.

Ses. Sonne, sonne.

Greg. Sir, sir, as I am not beholden to you for house or land, for it has stood in the name of my ancestry, the Seelyes, above two hundred yeares, so will I look you leave all as you found it.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. What is the matter: can yeow tell?

Greg. O, Lawrence, welcom. Thou wilt make al wel, I am sure.

Law. Yie, whick way con yeow tell? But what the foule evill doone yee, heres sick an a din.

Dough. Art thou his man, fellow, ha! that talkest thus to him?

Law. Yie, sir, and what ma' yeow o' that? He mainteynes me to rule him, and I'le deu't, or ma' the heart weary o'the weambe on him.

Dough. This is quite upside downe; the some controlls the father, and the man overcrownes his master's coxcombe; sure they are all bewitch'd.

Greg. 'Twas but so, truely Lawrencee; the peevid old man vex't me, for which I did my duty, in telling him his owne, and Mr. Doughty here maintaines him against me.

Law. I forboden yeow to meddle with the old carle, and let me alone with him, yet yeow still be at him; hee serv'd yeow but weell to bast ye for't, ant he were stronk enough; but an I faw fowle with yee, an I swaddle yee not savorly may my girts brast.

See. Prethee, good Lawrencee, be gentle, and do not fright thy master so.

Law. Yie, at your command anon.

Dough. Enough, good Lawrencee; you have said enough.

Law. How trow yeou that? A fine world, when a man cannot be whyet at heame for busie brain'd neighbors.

Dough. I know not what to say to any thing here; this cannot be but witchcraft.

Enter Joane and Winny.

Win. I cannot indure it, nor I will not indure it.

Dough. Hey day! the daughter upon the mother too?

Win. One of us two, chuse you which, must leave the house; wee are not to live together, I see that; but I will know, if there be law in Lancashire for't, which is fit first to depart the house or the world, the mother or the daughter.

Joan. Daughter, I say.

Win. Do you say the daughter, for that word I say the mother, unlesse you can prove me the eldest, as my discretion almost warrants

it. I say the mother shall out of the house, or take such courses in it as shall sort with such a house and such a daughter.

Joan. Daughter, I say, I will take any course so thou wilt leave thy passion : indeed it hurts thee, childe ; I'll sing and be merry, weare as fine clothes, and as delicate dressings as thou wilt have me, so thou wilt pacifie thy selfe, and be at peace with me.

Win. O, will you so ? in so doing I may chance to looke upon you. Is this a fit habite for a handsome young gentlewoman's mother ? As I hope to be a lady, you look like one o'the Scottish wayward sisters. O my hart has got the hickup, and all lookes greene about me ; a merry song now, mother, and thou shalt be my white girle.

Joan. Ha, ha, ha ! She's overcome with joy at my conversion.

Dough. She is most evidently bewitcht.

S O N G .

Joan. There was a deft lad and a lasse fell in love,
 With a fa la la, fa la la, Langtidowne dilly ;
 With kissing and toying this maiden did prove,
 With a fa la la, fa la la, Langtidowne dilly ;
 So wide i' th' wast, and her belly so high,
 That unto her mother the maiden did cry,
 O Langtidowne dilly, O Langtidowne dilly,
 Fa la la, Langtidowne, Langtidowne dilly.

Enter Parnell.

Parn. Thus wodden yeon doone and I were dead, but while I live
 yeon fadge not on it ; is this aw the warke yeon confine ?

Dough. Now comes the mayd to set her mistresses to work.

Win. Nay, pri'thee, sweet Parnell, I was but chiding the old wife
 for her unhandsonnesse, and would have been at my work presently :

she tells me now she will weare fine things, and I shall dresse her head as I list.

Dough. Here's a house well govern'd !

Parn. Dresse me no dressings, lessen I dresse yeou beth, and learne a new lesson with a wainon right now, han I bin a servant here this halfe dozen o'yeares, and con I see yeou idler then my selve ?

Joa., Winn. Nay, prithee, sweet Parnell, content, and hark thee.

Dough. I have knowne this, and till very lately, as well govern'd a family as the country yields, and now what a nest of severall humors it is growne, and all divellish ones ; sure all the witches in the country have their hands in this honne-spun medley, and there be no few, 'tis thought.

Parn. Yie, yie, ye shall, ye shall, another time, but not now, I thanke yeou ; yeou shall as soone pissem and paddle in't, as flap me in the mouth with an awd petticoat, or a new paire o' shoine, to be whyet ; I cannot be whyet, nor I wonnot be whyet, to see sickly doings I.

Law. Hold thy prattle, Parnell ; aw's com'd about as weene a had it, wotst thou what, Parnell ? Wotst thou what ? O deare, wotst thou what ?

Parn. What's the fond wexen waild trow I.

Law. We han bin in love these three yeares, and ever wee had not enough ; now is it com'd about that our love shall be at an end for ever and a day, for wee mun wed may humny, wee mun wed.

Parn. What the deowl ayles the lymmer lowne ; bin thy braines broke lowse, trow I.

Law. Sick a waddin was there never i' Lancashire as ween couple at on Monday newst.

Parn. Awa, awaw, saym yeon this sickerly, or done you but jaum me ?

Law. I jaum thee not, nor flam thee not, 'tis all as true as booke ; here's both our masters have consented and coneloyded, and our

mistresses mun yeild toyt, to put aw house and lond and aw they have into our hands.

Parn. Awa, awaw.

Law. And we mun marry, and be master and dame of aw.

Parn. Awa, awaw.

Law. And theyn be our sijourners, because they are weary of the world, to live in frendiblenessse, and see what will come on't.

Parn. Awa, awaw, agone.

See. and *Greg.* Nay, 'tis true, Parnell; here's both our hands on't, and give you joy.

Joan and *Win.* And ours too, and 'twill be fine ifackins.

Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw!

Dough. Here's a mad businesse towards.

See. I will bespeake the guests.

Greg. And I the meat.

Joan. I'le dresse the dinner, though I drip my sweat.

Law. My care shall sumptuous parrelments provide.

Win. And my best art shall trickly trim the bride.

Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw.

Greg. He get choyce musick for the merriment.

Dough. And I will waite with wonder the event.

Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

Enter four Witches, severally.

Mil. Hoe! well met, well met.

Meg. What new devise, what dainty straine
More for our myrrh now then our gaine,
Shall we in practice put.

Meg. Nay, dame,
Before we play another game,
We must a little laugh and thanke
Ourfeat familiars for the pranck
They play'd us last.

Mawd. Or they will misse
Us in our next plot, if for this
They find not their reward.

Meg. 'Tis right.

Gil. Therefore sing, Mawd, and call each spright.
Come away, and take thy duggy, [Enter foure Spirits.

Meg. Come, my Mamilion, like a puggy.

Mawd. And come, my puckling, take thy teat,
Your travals have deserved your meat.

Meg. Now upon the churles ground
On which we're met, let's dance a round:
That cockle, darnell, poppin wild,
May choake his graine, and fill the field.

Gil. Now spirits, fly about the taske
That we projected in our maske.

Meg. Now let us laugh to thinke upon
Thefeat which we have so lately done.

Evenant Spirits.

In the distraction we have set
In Seelyes house ; which shall beget
Wonder and sorrow 'mongst our foes,
Whilst we make laughter of their woes.

All. Ha, ha, ha !

Meg. I can but laugh now to foresee
The fruits of their perplexity.

Gil. Of Seely's family ?

Meg. I, I, I, the father to the sonne doth cry,
The sonne rebukes the father old ;
The daughter at the mother scold,
The wife the husband check and chide ;
But that's no wonder, through the wide
World 'tis common.

Gil. But to be short,
The wedding must bring on the sport
Betwixt the hare-brayn'd man and mayd,
Master and dame that over-sway'd.

All. Ha, ha, ha !

Meg. Enough, enough,
Our sides are charn'd or lesse this stufle
Would laughter-cracke them ; let's away
About the jig : we dance to day,
To spoile the hunters sport.

Gil. I, that be now the subject of our chat.

Meg. Then list yee well, the hunters are
This day by vow to kill a hare,
Or else the sport they will forswear ;
And hang their dogs up.

Mawd. Stay, but where
Must the long threatned hare be found ?

Gil. They'l search in yonder meadow ground.

Meg. There will I be, and like a wily wat,
Until they put me up, ile squat.

Gil. I and my pneckling will a brace
Of greyhounds be, fit for the race :
And linger where we may be tane
Up for the course in the by-lane,
Then will we lead their dogs a course,
And every man and every horse ;
Untill they breake their neeks, and say—

All. The Divell on Dun is rid this way. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Meg. All the doubt can be but this,
That if by chance of me they misse,
And start another hare.

Gil. Then we'll not run
But finde some way how to be gone.
I shal know thee, Peg, by thy grissl'd gut.

Meg. And I you, Gilian, by your gaunt thin gut.
But where will Mawd bestow her selfe to day ?

Mawd. O' th' steeple top ; Ile sit and see you play. [Exit].

Enter Mr. Generous, Arthur, Bantam, Shakstone, and Whetstone.

Gener. At meeting, and at parting, gentlemen,
I onely make use of that generall word,
So frequent at all feasts, and that but once ; y'are welcome.
You are so, all of you, and I intreat you
Take notice of that speciall businesse,
Betwixt this gentleman, my friend, and I,
About the morgage, to which writings drawne,
Your hands are witnesse.

Bant. and *Shak.* We acknowledge it.

Whet. My hand is there too, for a man cannot set to his marke, but it may be call'd his hand; I am a gentleman both wayes, and it hath been held that it is the part of a gentleman to write a scurvie hand.

Bant. You write, Sir, like your selfe.

Gener. Pray take no notice of his ignorance,
You know what I fortold you.

Arth. 'Tis confess, but for that word by you so seldom spoke
By us so freely on your part perform'd,
We hold us much ingag'd.

Gener. I pray, no complement
It is a thing I doe not use my selfe,
Nor do I love 't in others.

Arth. For my part, could I at once dissolve myself to words
And after turne them into matter; such
And of that strength, as to attract the attention
Of all the curious, and most itching cares
Of this our critick age; it cou'd not make
A theame amounting to your noble worth:
You seeme to me to super-arrogate,
Supplying the defects of all your kindred
To immoble your own name: I now have done sir.

Whet. Heyday, this gentleman speakes like a country parson that had tooke his text out of Ovid's Metamorphosis.

Gener. Sir, you hyperbolize;
And I coo'd chide you for't, but whil'st you comiue
At this my kinsman, I shall winke at you:
'Twil prove an equall match.

Arth. Your name proclaims
To be such as it speakes, you, Generous.

Gener. Still in that strain!

Arth. Sir, sir, whilst you persever to be good
I must continue gratefull.

Gener. Gentlemen, the greatest part of this day you see is spent
In reading deeds, conveyances, and bonds,
With sealing and subcribing; will you now
Take part of a bad supper.

Arth. We are like travellers
And where such bayt, they doe not use to inne,
Our love and service to you.

Gener. The first I accept,
The last I entertaine not; farewell, gentlemen.

Arth. We'l try if we can finde in our way home
When hares come from their coverts, to reliffe
A course or two.

Whet. Say you so, gentlemen; nay then I am for your company
still, 'tis sayd hares are like hermophrodites, one while male, and
another female, and that which begets this yeare, brings young ones
the next; which some think to be the reason that witches take their
shapes so oft. Nay, if I lye, Pliny lies too; but come, now I have light
upon you, I cannot so lightly leave you; farewell, vncle.

Gener. Cozen, I wish you would consort yourselfe
With such men ever, and make them your president,
For a more gentle carriage.

Arth. Good Master Generous. [Exit. *Manet Generous*

Enter Robert.

Gener. Robin.

Rob. Sir.

Gener. Goe call your mistresse hither.

Rob. My mistresse, sir, I doe call her mistresse, as I doe call you
master, but if you would have me call my mistresse to my master, I
may call lowd enough before she can heare me.

Gener. Why she's not deaf I hope; I am sure since dinner she had her hearing perfect.

Rob. And so she may have at supper too for ought I know; but I can assure you that she is not now within my call.

Gener. Sirrah, you trifler; give me the key o' th' stable,
I will goe see my gelding; i' th' meane time
Goe seeke her out: say she shall finde me there.

Rob. To tell you true, sir, I shall neither find my mistresse here, nor you your gelding there.

Gener. Ha! how comes that to passe?

Rob. Whilst you were busie about your writings, she came and commanded me to saddle your beast, and sayd she would ride abroad to take the ayre.

Gener. Which of you fellowes did she take along to wayte on her?

Rob. None, sir.

Gener. None! hath she us'd it often?

Rob. Oftner I am sure than she goes to church, and leave out Wednesdayes and Fridayes.

Gener. And still alone?

Rob. If you call that alone, when no body rides in her company.

Gener. But what times hath she sorted for these journeyes?

Rob. Commonly when you are abroad, and sometimes when you are full of businesse at home.

Gener. To ride out often and alone, what sayth she
When she takes horse, and at her bække returne?

Rob. Onely conjures me that I shall keepe it from you, then clappes me in the fist with some small piece of silver, and then a fish cannot be more silent then I.

Gener. I know her a good woman and well bred,
Of an unquestion'd carriage, well reputid
Amongst her neighbors, reckonid with the best

And ore me most indulgent; though in many
Such things might breed a doubt and jealousie,
Yet I hatch no such phrensie. Yet to prevent
The smallest jarre that might betwixt us happen,
Give her no notice that I know thus much.
Besides, I charge thee, when she eraves him next
He be deny'd: if she be vexed or mov'd
Doe not thou feare, I'le interpose myselfe
Betwixt thee and her anger: as you tender
Your duty and my service, see this done.

Rob. Now you have exprest your minde, I know what I have to doe; first, not to tell her what I have told you, and next to keep her side-saddle from comming upon your gnelding's backe: but howsoever, it is like to hinder me of many a round tester.

Gener. As oft as thou deny'st her, so oft clayme
That teaster from me, 't shall be roundly pay'd.

Rob. You say well in that, sir; I dare take your word, you are an honest gentleman, and my master; and now take mine as I am your true servant, before shee shall backe your gnelding again in your absence, while I have the charge of his keeping, she shall ride me, or I'le ride her.

Gener. So much for that. Sirrah, my butler tells me
My seller is drunke dry; I meane those bottles
Of sack and claret are all empty growne,
And I have guests to-morrow, my choyse friends.
Take the gray nag i' th' stable, and those bottles
Fill at Lancaster,
There where you use to fetch it.

Rob. Good newes for me, I shall, sir.

Gener. O Robin, it comes short of that pure liquor
We drunke last terme in London, at the Myter

In Fleet-street, thou remembrest it ; me thought
It was the very spirit of the grape,
Meere quintessence of wine.

Rob. Yes, sir, I so remember it, that most certaine it is I never shall forget it, my mouth waters ever since—when I but think on't, whilst you were at supper above, the drawer had me down in the cellar below, I know the way in againe if I see 't, but at that time to finde the way out againe, I had the help of more eies than mine own : is the taste of that ipsitatem stil in your pallat, sir ?

Gener. What then ? But vaine are wishes. Take those bottles And see them fil'd where I command you, sir.

Rob. I shall : never c'ud I have with such a faire opportunitie : for iust in the mid way lies my sweet-heart, as lovely a lasse as any is in Lancashire, and kisses as sweetly : I'le see her going or comming, I'le have one smouch at thy lips, and bee with thee to bring Mal Spencer.

Exit.

Gener. Go hasten your return. What he hath told me Touching my wife is somewhat strange: no matter Bee't as it will, it shall not trouble me. She hath not lyen so long so neere my side, That now I should be jealous.

Enter a Souldier.

Sold. You seeme, sir, a gentleman of quality, and no doubt but in your youth have beeene acquainted with affaires military; in your very lookes there appears bounty, and in your person humanity. Please you to vouchsafe the tender of some small courtesie to help to beare a souldier into his countrey.

Gener. Though I could tax you, friend, and justly too, For begging 'gainst the statute in that name, Yet I have ever bin of that compassion,

Where I see want, rather to pittie it
Than to use power. Where hast thou serv'd?

Sold. With the Russian against the Polack, a heavy war, and hath
brought me to this hard fate. I was tooke prisoner by the Pole, and
after some few weeks of durance, got both my freedom and passe.
I have it about me to show, please you to vouchsafe the perusall.

Gener. It shall not need. What countryeman?

Sold. Yorkshire, sir. Many a sharpe battell by land, and many a
sharpe storme at sea, many a long mile, and many a short meale; I
have travell'd and suffer'd ere I c'nd reach thus far. I beseech you,
sir, take my poore and wretched ease into your worship's noble
consideration.

Gener. Perhaps thou lov'st this wandring life,
To be an idle loitering beggar, than
To eat of thine owne labour.

Sold. I, sir! loitering I defie, sir, I hate lazimesse as I do leprosie;
it is the next way to breed the scurvie. Put mee to hedge, ditch,
plough, thresh, dig, delve, anything: your worship shall find that I
love nothing lesse than loitering.

Gener. Friend, thou speakest well.

*Enter Miller (*his hands and face scracht and bloody*).*

Mil. Your mill quoth he, if ever you take me in your mill againe,
I'll give you leave to cast my flesh to the dogges, and grinde my
bones to powder, betwixt the milstones. Cats do you call them? for
their hugenesse they might be eat a mountaines, and for their clawes,
I thinke I have it here in red and white to shew; I pray looke here,
sir, a murraine take them, I'll be sworne they have scracht where I
am sure it itcht not.

Gener. How eams't thou in this pickle?

Mil. You see, sir, and what you see, I have felt, and am come to give you to understand I'le not endure such another night, if you would give mee your mill for nothing. They say we millers are theives, but I e'ud as soone bee hanged as steale one piece of a nap all the night long. Good landlord, provide yourself of a new tenant, the noise of such catterwawling, and such scratching and clawing before I would endure againe, I'le be tyed to the saile when the wind blowes sharpest, and they flie swiftest, till I be torn into as many fitters as I have toes and fingers.

Sold. I was a miller myselfe, before I was a souldier. What, one of my own trade, should be so poorly spirited, frighted with cats?

Sir, trust me with the mill that he forsakes,

Here is a blade that hangs upon the belt

That spight of all these rats, cats, wezells, witches,

Or dogges, or divels, shall so conjure them

I'le quiet my possession.

Gener. Well spoke, souldier.

I like thy resolution. Fellow, you then

Have given the mill quite over?

Mil. Over, and over, here I utterly renounce it; nor would I stay in it longer, if you would give me your whole estate; nay if I say it, you may take my word, landlord.

Sold. I pray, sir, dare you trust your mill with me?

Gener. I dare, but I am loth, my reasons these.

For many moneths, scarce any one hath lien there

But have been strangely frighted in his sleep,

Or from his warme bed drawne into the floore,

Or clawd and scratcht, as thou seest this poore man,

So much, that it stood long untenanted,

Till he late undertooke it, now thine eies

Witnessse how he hath sped.

Sold. Give me the keis, Ile stand it all danger.

Gener. 'Tis a match: deliver them.

Mil. Mary, with all my heart, and I am glad, I am so rid of 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Boy with a switch.

Boy. Now I have gathered bullies, and fild my bellie pretty well, I'le goe see some sport. There are gentlemen coursing in the meadow hard by; and 'tis a game that I love better than going to schoole ten to one.

Enter an invisible Spirit. F. Adson with a brace of greyhounds.

What have we here, a brace of greyhounds broke loose from their masters? It must needs be so, for they have both their collars and slippes about their necks. Now I looke better upon them, methinks I should know them, and so I do: these are Mr. Robinson's dogges, that dwels some two miles off, I'le take them up, and lead them home to their master; it may be something in my way, for he is as liberall a gentleman, as any is in our contrie. Come, Hector, come. Now if I e'nd but start a hare by the way, kill her, and carry her home to my supper, I should thinke I had made a better afternoones worke of it than gathering of bullies; Come, poore cures, along with me.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Arthur, Bantam, Shakstone, and Whetstone.

Arth. My dog as yours.

Shak. For what?

Arth. A piecee

Shak. 'Tis done

Bant. I say the pide dog shal outstrip the browne.

Whet. And I'le take the brown dog's part against the pide.

Bant. Yes, when he's at the lap you'll take his part.

Arth. Bantam, forbear him prethee.

Bant. He talks so like an asse, I have not patience to endure his nonsense.

Whet. The browne dogge for two peeces.

Bant. Of what?

Whet. Of what you dare; name them from the last Farthings with the double springs, to the late Coy'd peeces which they say are all counterfeit.

Bant. Well, sir, I take you; will you cover these, give them into the hands of either of those two gentlemen.

Whet. What needs that? doe you thinke my word and my money is not all one?

Bant. And weigh alike: both many graines too light.

Shak. Enough of that; I presume, Mr. Whetstone, you are not ignorant of what belongs to the sport of hunting.

Whet. I thinke I have reason, for I have bin at the death of more hares.

Bant. More then you shed the last fall of the lease.

Whet. More then any man here, I am sure. I would be loath at these yeares to be ignorant of hairing or whoring; I knew a hare close hunted clime a tree.

Bant. To finde out birds' nests.

Whet. Another leap into the river, nothing appearing above water, save onely the tip of her nose, to take breath.

Shak. Nay, that's verie likely, for no man can fish with an angle but the line must be made of hare.

Whet. You say right; I knew another, who, to escape the dogges, hath taken a house, and leapt in at a window.

Bant. It is thought you came into the world that way.

Whet. How meane you that?

Bant. Because you are a bastard.

Whet. Bastard! O base,

Bant. And thou art base all over.

Arth. Needs must I now condemne your indiscretion,
To set your wit against his.

Whet. Bastard? that shall be tried. Well, gentlemen, concerning hare-hunting, you might have hard more, if he had had the grace to have said less; but for the word bastard, if I do not tell my vncle, I and my aunt too, either when I would speake ought or goe of the skore for any thing, let me never be trusted, they are older than I, and what know I, but they might bee by when I was begot; but if thou, Bantam, do'st not heare of this with both thine eares, if thou hast them still, and not lost them by scribbling, instead of Whet-stone call me Grinde-stone, and for By-blow, Bulfinch. Gentlemen, for two of you your companie is faire and honest; but for you, Bantam, remember, and take notice also, that I am a bastard, and so much I'le testifie to my aunit and vncle.

[Exit.]

Arth. What have you done? 'twill grieve the good Old gentleman, to heare him baffled thus.

Bant. I was in a cold sweat, ready to faint
The time he staid amongst us.

Shak. But come, now the hare is found and started,
She shall have law, so to our sport.

[Exit.]

Enter Boy, with the Greyhounds.

Boy. A hare, a hare! halloe, halloe! the Divell take these curses; will they not stir? Halloe, halloe, there, there, there; what, are they growne so lither and so lazie? Are Mr. Robinson's dogges turn'd tykes with a wanion? The hare is yet in sight, halloe, halloe, mary, hang you for a couple of mungrils (if you were worth hanging), and have you serv'd me thus? Nay then I'le serve you with the like

sance). You shall to the next bush, there will I tie you, and use you like a couple of curs, as you are, and though not leash you, yet lash you whilst my switch will hold; nay, since you have left your speed, I'll see if I can put spirit into you, and put you in remembrance what halloe, halloe, meanes. [*As he beats them there appears before him Goody Dickison, and the Boy upon the dogs, going in.*] Now blesse me, heaven, one of the greyhounds turn'd into a woman, the other into a boy! The lad I never saw before, but her I know well; it is my gammer Dickison.

Dick. Sirah, you have serv'd me well to swinde me thus.
You yong rogue, you have vs'd me like a dog.

Boy. When you had put yourself into a dog's skin, I pray how en'd I help it? But Gammer, are not you a Witch? If you bee, I beg upon my knees you will not hurt me.

Dick. Stand up, my boie, for thou shalt have no harme,
Be silent, speake of nothing thou hast scene,
And here's a shilling for thee.

Boy. I'll have none of your money, Gammer, because you are a witch; and now she is out of her fourre leg'd shape, I'll see if with my two legs I can out-run her.

Dick. Nay, sirra, though you be yong, and I old, you are not so nimble, nor I so lame, but I can overtake you.

Boy. But, Gammer, what do you mean to do with me, now you have me?

Dick. To hugge thee, stroke thee, and embrace thee thus,
And teach thee twentie thousand prety things,
So thou tell no tales; and boy, this night
Thou must along with me to a brave feast.

Boy. Not I, Gammer, indeed lay I dare not stay out late.
My father is a fell man, and if I bee out long, will both chide and beat me.

Dick. Not, sirra, then perforee thou shalt along,
This bridle helps me still at need,
And shall provide us of a steed.
Now, sirra, take your shape and be
Prepar'd to hurrie him and me.
Now looke and tell mee wher's the lad become.

Boy. The boy is vanisht, and I can see nothing in his stead
But a white horse readie saddled and bridled.

Dick. And that's the horse we must bestride.
On which both thou and I must ride,
Thou boy before, and I behinde,
The earth we tread not, but the winde,
For we must progresse through the aire,
And I will bring thee to such fare
As thou ne're saw'st. Up and away,
For now no longer we can stay.

Boy. Help, help! [She catches him up, and turning round, Exit.

Enter Robin and Mall.

Rob. Thanks, my sweet Mall, for thy courteous entertainment, thy
creame, thy cheese-eakes, and every good thing: this, and this for
all. [Kisse.

Mal. But why in such hast, good Robin?

Rob. I confesse my staye with thee is sweet to mee, but I must spur
Cutt the faster for't, to be home in the morning; I have yet to Lancaster
to ride to night, and this my bandileer of bottles to fill to night, and
halfe a score mile to ride by currie-combe time, i' the morning, or the
old man chides, Mal.

Mal. Hee shall not chide thee, feare it not.

Rob. Pray Bacchus I may please him with his wine, which will be
the hardest thing to do; for since hee was last at London and tasted

the Divinitie of the Miter, searee any liquor in Lancashire will go downe with him : sure, sure he will never be a Puritane ; he holds so well with the Miter.

Mal. Well, Robert, I finde you love by your hast from me ; I le undertake you shal be at Lancaster, and twise as fur, and yet at home time enough ; and be rul'd by me.

Rob. Thou art a witty rogue, and thinkst to make me believe any thing, because I saw thee make thy broome sweepe the house without hands t'other day.

Mal. You shall see more than that presently, because you shall beleeve me ; you know the house is all a bed here, and I dare not be mist in the morning. Besides I must be at the wedding of Lawrence and Parnell to-morrow.

Rob. I, your old sweet-heart Lawrence ? Old love will not be forgotten.

Mal. I care not for the loss of him, but if I fit him not hang mee but to the point, if I goe with you to night, and help you to as good wine as your master desires, and you keepe your time with him, you will give me a pinte for my company ?

Rob. Thy belly full wench.

Mal. I le but take up my milk payle and leave it in the field, till our comming backe in the morning, and wee'll away.

Rob. Goe fetch it quickly then.

Mal. No, Robert, rather than leave your company so long, it shall come to me.

Rob. I would but see that.

[*The Payle goes.*

Mal. Looke yonder, what do you think on't ?

Rob. Light, it comes ; and I do thinke there is so much of the Divell in't as will turne all the milke shall come in't these seven yeares, and make it burne too, till it stinke worse than the Proverbe of the Bishopps foot.

Mal. Looke you sit, heere I have it, will you get up and away?

Rob. My horse is gone! nay, prithee Mal., thou hast set him away: leave thy roguerie.

Mal. Looke againe.

Rob. There stands a blacke long-sided jade: mine was a truss'd gray.

Mal. Yours was to short to earrie double such a journey. Get up. I say, you shall have your owne againe i'th' morning.

Rob. Nay but, nay but—

Mal. Nay, and you stand butting now, I'le leave you to look your horse. Payle on afore to the field, and staie till I come.

Rob. Come away then, hey for Laneaster! stand up. [Exit].

ACTVS. III. SCENA I.

Enter Old Seely and Joane his Wife.

Sev. Come away, wife, come away, and let us be ready to breake the cake over the brides head at her entrance; we will have the honour of it, we that have playd the steward and cooke at home, though we lost church by't and saw not Parson Knit-knot do his office, but we shall see all the house rites performed; and—oh what a day of jollity and tranquillity is here towards!

Joan. You are so frolick, and so cranck now, upon the truee is taken amongst us, becauase our wrangling shall not wrong the wedding; but take heed (you were best) how you behave your selfe, lest a day to come may pay for all.

Sev. I feare nothing, and I hope to dye in this humor.

Joan. Oh, how hot am I! rather then I would dresse such another dinner this twelve moneth, I would wish wedding quite out of this yeares almanack.

See. I'le fetch a cup of sack, wife—

Joan. How brag he is of his liberty! but the holy-day carries it.

See. Here, here, sweet-heart, they are long methinks a comming,
the bels have rung out this halfe houre, harke now the wind brings
the sound of them sweetly againe.

Joan. They ring backwards methinks.

See. I fack they doe, sure the greatest fire in the parish is in our
kitchin, and there's no harme done yet; no, 'tis some merry conceit of
the stretch-rope the ringers, now they have done, and now the
wedding comes; hearke, the fidlers and all. Now have I liv'd to see a
day; come, take our stand, and be ready for the bride-eake, which we
will so cracke and crumble upon her crowne: O they come, they come.

Enter Musitians, Lawrence, Parnell, Win., Mal. Spenceer, *two* Country
Lasses, Doughty, Greg., Arthur, Shakstone, Bantam, *and* Whetstone.

All. Joy, health, and children to the married paire.

Law. and *Parn.* We thanke you all.

Law. So pray come in and fare.

Parn. As well as we, and taste of every eate:

Law. With bonny bridegroome and his lovely mate.

Arth. This begins bravely.

Dough. They agree better then the bels eene now; 'slid they rung
tunably till we were all out of the church, and then they clatter'd as
the divell had beeene in the bellfry: on, in the name of wedlocke-
fidlers, on.

Law. On with your melody.

Bant. Enter the gates with joy,
And as you enter, play the sack of Troy.

[*The Fidlers passe through and play the battle.*

The Spirit appeares.

Joan. Welcome, bride Parnell.

See. Bridegroome Lawrence eke,
In you before, for we this cake must breake. [Exit Lawrence.
Over the bride— [As they lift up the cake, the Spirit snatches it,
Forgi' me what's become and poures down bran.
O' th' eake, wife?

Joan. It slipt out of my hand, and is faine into crums I think.

Dough. Crumbs! the divell of erum is here, but bran, nothing
but bran—what prodigie is this?

Parn. Is my best brides eake come to this? O wea warth it.

[Exit Parn., Seely, Joane, and Maides.]

Whet. How daintily the brides haire is powder'd with it.

Arth. My haire stands an end to see it!

Bant. And mine.

Shak. I was never so amaz'd!

Dough. What can it meane?

Greg. Pox, I think not on't, 'tis but some of my fathers and
mothers rougery; this is a law-day with 'em, to doe what they list.

Whet. I never feare any thing, so long as my aunt has but bidden
me thinke of her, and she'll warrant me.

Dough. Well, gentlemen, let's follow the rest in, and feare nothing
yet, the house smels well of good cheere.

See. Gentlemen, will it please you draw neere? the guests are now
all come, and the house almost full, meat's taken up.

Dough. We were now eomming.

See. But some Gregory, nephew Arthur, and the rest of the young
gentlemen, I shall take it for a favour if you will (it is an office which
very good gentlemen doe in this country,) accompane the bridegroome
in serving the meat.

All. With all our hearts.

Ser. Nay, neighbor Doughty, your yeares shall excuse you.

Dough. Peugh, I am not so old but I can carry more meate then I can eate, if the young rascals coo'd carry their drinke as well, the country would be quieter. [Knock within, as at dresser.]

Ser. Well fare your hearts—the dresser calls in, gentlemen. [Enter Gentlemen.] "Tis a busie time, yet will I review the bill of fare for this dayes dinner (*reades*) for forty people of the best quality, four messes of meat; viz., a leg of mutton in plum broth, a dish of marrow-bones, a capon in white broth, a surloyne of beefe, a pig, a goose, a turkie, and two pyes; for the second course, to every messe four chickens in a dish, a couple of rabbets, custard, flawn, florentines, and stew'd pruines; all very good country fare, and for my credit. [Enter Musitians playing before Lawrence, Doughty, Arthur, Shakstone, Bantam, Whetstone, and Gregory, with dishes; a Spirit (*over the doore*) does some action to the dishes as they enter.] The service enters, O, well sayd musicke, play up the meat to the table till all be serv'd in; I'le see it passe in answer to my bill.

Dough. Hold up your head, Mr. Bridegroome.

Law. On afore, fiddlers, my doubler cewles in my honds.

Ser. Inprimus, a leg of mutton in plum broth; how now, Mr. Bridegroome, what carry you?

Law. "Twere hot eene, now it's caw'd as a steane.

Ser. A stone, 'tis horne, man.

Law. Aw.

[Exit. Fidlers.]

Ser. It was mutton, but now 'tis the horns on't.

Law. Aw, where's my bride? [Exit]

Dough. 'Zookes, I brought as good a surloyne of beefe from the dresser as knife coo'd be put to, and see—I'le stay i' this house no longer.

Arth. And if this were not a capon in white broth, I am one i' the coope.

Shak. All, all's transform'd, looke you what I have!

Baut. And I !

Whet. And I ! yet I feare nothing, thank my amit.

Greg. I had a pie that is not open'd yet, I'le see what's in that,—
live birds as true as I live, look where they flye ! [Exit Spirit :

Dough. Witches, live witches, the house is full of witches, if we love
our lives let's ont on't.

Enter Joane and Win.

Joan. O husband, O guests, O sonne, O gentlemen, such a chancce
in a kitchin was never heard of, all the meate is flowne out o' the
chimney top I thinke, and nothing instead of it but snakes, batts, frogs,
beetles, hornets, and humble-bees ; all the sallets are turn'd to Jewes
eares, mushromes, and puckfists ; and all the custards into cowsheards !

Dough. What shall we doe, dare we stay any longer ?

Arth. Dare we ! why not, I defie all witches, and all their works ;
their power on our meat cannot reach our persons.

Whet. I say so too, and so my amit ever told me, so long I will
feare nothing, be not alrayd, Mr. Donghly.

Dough. Zookes, I feare nothing at all, but to thinke of these
invisible mischieves, troubles me I confesse.

Arth. Sir, I will not goe about to over-rule your reason, but for my
part I will not out of a house on a bridall day, till I see the last man
borne.

Dough. Zookes, thou art so brave a fellow that I will sticke to thee,
and if we come off handsomely, I am an old batchelour thou know'st,
and must have an heyre ; I like thy spirit. Where's the bride ? where's
the bridegroome ? where's the musieke ? where be the lasses ? ha'
you any wine i' the house ? Though we make no dinner, let's try if
we can make an afternoone.

Joan. Nay, sir, if you please to stay, now that the many are frigted
away, I have some good cold meates, and halfe a dozen bottles of wine.

Sew. And I will bid you welcome.

Dough. Say you me so; but will not your sonne be angry, and your daughter chide you?

Greg. Feare not you that, sir; for, look you, I obey my father.

Win. And I my mother.

Joan. And we are all this instant as well and as sensible of our former errors, as you can wish us to be.

Dough. Na, if the witches have but rob'd of your meat, and restor'd your reason, here has beeene no hurt done to-day; but this is strange, and as great a wonder as the rest to me.

Arth. It seemes though these hags had power to make the wedding cheere a *deceptione visus*, the former store has scap'd 'em.

Dough. I am glad on't, but the divell good 'hem with my surloyne, I thought to have set that by mine owne trencher,—but you have cold meat, you say?

Joan. Yes, sir.

Dough. And wine, you say?

Joan. Yes, sir.

Dough. I hope the country wenches and the fiddlers are not gone.

Win. They are all here; and one, the merriest wench, that makes all the rest so langh and tickle.

Sew. Gentlemen, will you in?

All. Agreed on all parts.

Dough. If not a wedding we will make a wake on't, and away with the witch; I feare nothing now you have your wits againe; but look you, hold 'em while you have 'em.

[Exit]

Enter Generous and Robin, with a paper.

Gener. I confesse thou hast done a wonder in fetching me so good wine; but, my good servant Robert, goe not about to put a myracle upon me: I will rather beleieve that Lancaster affords this wine, which

I thought impossible till I tasted it, then that thou coo'dst in one night fetch it from London.

Rob. I have known when you have held mee for an honest fellow, and would have beleev'd me.

Gener. Th'art a knave to wish me beleeve this; forgi' me, I would have sworne if thou had'st stayd but time answerable for the journey (to his that flew to Paris and back to London in a day) it had been the same wme, but it can never fall within the compasse of a Christians beleefe, that thou cou'ldest ride above three hundred miles in eight honres; you were no longer out, and upon one horse too, and in the night too!

Rob. And carry a wench behind me too, and did something else too; but I must not speak of her lest I be divell-torne.

Gener. And fill thy bottles too, and come home halfe drunke too, for so thou art, thou wouldest never a had such a fancy else!

Rob. I am sorry I have sayd so much, and not let Lancaster have the credit o' the wine.

Gener. O, are you so? and why have you abus'd me and your selfe then all this while, to glorifie the Myter in Fleet-street?

Rob. I could say, sir, that you might have the better opinion of the wine, for there are a great many pallats in the kingdome that can relish no wine, unlesse it be of such a taverne, and drawne by such a drawer.

Gener. I sayd, and I say againe, if I were within ten mile of London, I durst sweare that this was Myter wine, and drawn by honest Jacke Paine.

Rob. Nay, then, sir, I swore, and I sweare againe, honest Jack Paine drew it.

Gener. Ha, ha, ha! if I coo'd beleieve there was such a thing as witchcraft, I should thinke this slave were bewitch'd now with an opinion.

Rob. Much good doe you sir, your wine and your mirth, and my placee for your next groome; I desire not to stay to be laught out of my opinion.

Gener. Nay, be not angry, Robin, we must not part so; and how does my honest 'drawer?' ha, ha, ha! and what newes at London, Robin? ha, ha, ha! but your stay was so short I think you coo'd heare none, and your haste home that you coo'd make none: is't not so, Robin? ha, ha, ha! what a strange fancy has good wine begot in his head!

Rob. Now will I push him over and over with a peece of paper: Yes, sir, I have brought you something from London.

Gener. Come on, now let me heare.

Rob. Your honest drawer, sir, considering that you consider'd him well for his good wine—

Gener. What shall we heare now?

Rob. Was very carefull to keepe or convay this paper to you, which it seemes you dropt in the roome there.

Gener. Blesse me! this paper belongs to me indeed; 'tis an acquittance, and all I have to show for the payment of one hundred pound: I tooke great care for't, and coo'd not imagine where or how I might loose it; but why may not this bee a tricke? This knave may finde it when I lost, and conceale it till now to come over me withall; I will not trouble my thoughts with it further at this time. Well, Robin, looke to your busynesse, and have a care of my guelding.

[*Exit Generous.*

Rob. Yes, sir. I think I have netted him now, but not as I was netted last night: three hundred miles a night upon a rawbon'd divell, as in my heart it was a divell, and then a wench that shar'd more o' my backe then the sayd divell did o' my bum, this is ranke riding, my masters: but why had I such an itch to tell my master of it, and that he should beleeve it; I doe now wish that I had not told, and that hee will not beleeve it, for I dare not tell him the meanes 'foot, my wench and her friends the fiends, will tear me to pieces if

I discover her ; a notable rogue, she's at the wedding now, for as good a mayd as the best o'em—O, my mistresse.

Enter Mrs. Generous with a bridle.

Mrs. Gener. Robin.

Rob. I mistresse.

Mrs. Gener. Quickly, good Robin, the gray guelding.

Rob. What other horse you please, mistresse.

Mrs. Gener. And why not that?

Rob. Truly, mistresse, pray pardon me, I must be plaine with you : I dare not deliver him you ; my master has tane notice of the ill case you have brought him home in divers times.

Mrs. Gener. O is it so, and must he be made acquainted with my actions by you ? and must I then be controll'd by him, and now by you ? you are a sawey groome.

Rob. You may say your pleasure.

[*He turns from her.*]

Mrs. Gener. No, sir, I'le doe my pleasure.

[*She bridles him.*]

Rob. Aw.

Mrs. Gener. Horse, horse, see thou bee,

And where I point thee carry me. [*Ereunt neighing.*]

Enter Arthur, Skakeston, and Bantam.

Arth. Was there ever such a medley of mirth, madnesse, and drunkennesse shuffled together !

Shak. Thy vnekle and aunt, old Mr. Seely and his wife, doe nothing but kisse and play together like monkeyes.

Arth. Yes, they doe over-love one another now.

Bant. And young Gregory and his sister doe as much overdoe their obedience now to their parents.

Arth. And their parents as much over-doat upon them ; they are all as farre beyond their wits now in loving one another, as they were wide of them before in crossing.

Shak. Yet this is the better madnesse.

Bant. But the married couple that are both so daintily whittled, that now they are both mad to be a bed before supper-time, and by and by he will and she wo' not ; streight she will and he wo' not ; the next minute they both forget they are married, and defie one another.

Arth. My sides cene ake with laughter.

Shak. But the best sport of all is the old batchelour, Master Doughty, that was so cautious, and fear'd every thing to be witchcraft, is now wound up to such a confidence that there is no such thing, that hee dares the divell doe his worst, and will not out o'the house by all persuasion, and all for the love of the husband-man's daughter within, Mal Spenceer.

Arth. There I am in some danger ; he put me into halfe a beliefe I shall be his heire ; pray shhee be not a witch, to charme his love from mee. Of what condition is that wench—do'st thou know her ?

Shak. A little ; but Whetstone knowes her better.

Arth. Hang him, rogue ; he'l belye her, and speak better than she deserves, for he's in love with her too. I saw old Doughty give him a box o' the eare for kissing her, and hee turn'd about as he did by thee yesterday, and swore his aunt should know it.

Bant. Who would ha' thought that impudent rogue would have come among us after such a baffle !

Shak. He told me he had complain'd to his aunt on us, and that she would speak with us.

Arth. Wee will all to her to patch up the businesse, for the respect I beare her husband, noble Generous.

Bant. Here he comes.

Enter Whetstone.

Arth. Hearke you, Mr. Byblow ; do you know the lasse within ? What do you call her—Mal Spenceer ?

Whet. Sir, what I know I'll keepe to myselfe : a good civile merry harmlesse rogue she is, and comes to my aunt often, and that's all I know by her.

Arth. You doe well to keepe it to yourselfe, sir.

Whet. And you may do well to question her, if you dare ; for the testy old coxcombe that will not let her goe out of his hand—

Shak. Take heed ; he's at your heels.

Enter Doughty, Mal, and two country Lasses.

Dough. Come away, wenches : where are you, gentlemen ? Play, fiddlers : let's have a dance. Ha, my little rogue ! [Kisses *Mal*]. Zookes ! what ayles thy nose ?

Mal. My nose ! Nothing, sir [turnes about] ; yet mee thought a flie toucht it. Did you see any thing ?

Dough. No, no ; yet I would almost ha' sworn, I would not have sprite or goblin blast thy face for all their kingdome : but hang't there is no such thing. Fidlers, will you play ? [Selengers round.] Gentlemen, will you danee ?

All. With all our hearts.

Arth. But stay : where's this houshold—this family of love ? Let's have them into the revels.

Dough. Hold a little, then.

Shak. Here they come all, in a true-love knot.

Enter Seely, Joane, Greg., Wm.

Greg. O, father, twentie times a day is too little to aske you blessing !

Sev. Goe too, you are a rascall, and you, houswife, teach your daughter better manners ; I'll ship you all for New England els.

Bant. The knot's untied, and this is another change.

Joan. Yes, I will teach her manners, or put her out to spin two-

penny tow: so you, deare husband, will but take me into favor; I'le talke with you, dame, when the strangers are gone.

Greg. Deare father.

Win. Deare mother.

Greg., Win. Deare father and mother, pardon us bnt this time.

See., Jou. Never; and therefore hold your peace.

Dough. Nay, that's unreasonable.

Greg., Win. O! —

[*Weepe.*

See. But for your sake I'le forbear them, and beare with any thing this day.

Arth. Doe you note this? Now they are all worse than ever they were, in a contrary vaine: what thinke you of witcherraft now?

Dough. They are all naturall fooles, man, I finde it now. Art thou mad to dreame of witcherraft?

Arth. He's as much chang'd and bewitcht as they, I feare.

Dough. Hey day! Here comes the payre of boyld lovers in sorrell sops.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell.

Law. Nay, deare hunny, nay, hunny, but eance, eance.

Par. Nu, na, I han' swarne, I han' swarne, not a bit afore bed, and look yeou it's but now dauncing time.

Dough. Come away, bridegroome, wee'll stay your stomack with a damnee. Now, masters, play a good: come, my lasse, wee'l shew them how 'tis. [*Musick, selengers round.* *As they begin to daunce*

they play another tune, then fall into many.

Arth., Bant., Shak. Whether now, hoe?

Dough. Hey day! why, you rogues.

Whet. What do's the divell ride o' your fiddlestickes?

Dough. You drunken rogues, hold, hold, I say, and begin againe, soberly, the Beginning of the World.

[*Musick, every one a severall tune.*

Arth., Bant., Shak. Ha, ha, ha! How's this?

Bant. Every one a severall tune.

Dough. This is something towards it. I bad them play the Beginning o' the World, and they play I know not what.

Arth. No, 'tis Running o' the Country, severall waies. But what do you thinke on't? [Musicke cease.]

Dough. Thinke! I thinke they are drunke. Prithee doe not thou thinke of witcherhaft? For my part I shall as soone thinke this maid one, as that there's any in Lancashire.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha!

Dough. Why do'st thou laugh?

Mal. To thinke the bridegroome should once ha' bin mine, but he shall rue it, I'le hold him this point on't, and that's all I care for him.

Lough. A witty rogue.

Whet. I tell you, sir, they say shee made a payle follow her t'other day up two payre of stayres.

Dough. You lying rascal.

Arth. O sir, forget your anger.

Mal. Looke you, Mr. Bridegroome, what my care provides for you.

Law. What, a point?

Mal. Yes, put it in your pocket, it may stand you instead anon, when all your points be tane away, to trusse up your trinkits; I meane your slopes withall.

Law. Mal, for awd acquaintance I will 'ma' thy point a point of preferment. It shan bee the foreman of a haell jewrie o'points, and right here will I weare it.

Par. Wy'a, wy'a, awd leove wo no be forgotten, but ay's never be jealous the mare for that.

Arth. Play, fidlers, anything.

Dough. I, and let's see your faces, that you play fairly with us.

Musitians shew themselves above.

Fid. We do, sir, as loud as we can possibly.

Sha. Play out that we may heare you.

Fid. So we do, sir, as loud as we can possibly.

Dough. Doe you heare anything?

All. Nothing, not we, sir.

Dough. 'Tis so, the rogues are brib'd to crosse me, and their fiddles shall suffer, I will breake 'em as small as the bride cake was to day.

Arth. Looke you, sir, they'll save you a labour; they are doing it themselves.

Whet. Oh brave fiddlers! there was never better scuffling for the Tudberry bull.

Mat. This is Mother Johnson and Goddy Dickison's roguerie, I finde it, but I cannot helpe it; yet I will have musike: sir, there's a piper without would be glad to earne money.

Whet. She has spoke to purpose, and whether this were witcherhaft or not: I have heard my amnt say twentie times, that no witcherhaft can take hold of a Lancashire bag-pipe, for it selfe is able to charme the divell; He fetch him.

Dough. Well said, a good boy now; come, bride and bridegroome, leave your kissing and fooling, and prepare to come into the daunce. Wee'le have a horne-pipe, and then a posset, and to bed when you please. Welcome, piper, blow till I bagge cracke agen, a lusty horne-pipe; and all into the daunce, nay young and old.

Daunce. — Lawrence and Parnell reel in the daunce;
at the end Mat vanishes, and the piper.

All. Bravely performed

Dow. Stay, where's my lasse?

Arth., Bant., Shak. Vanisht, she and the piper both vanisht, no bodie knowes how.

Dough. Now do I plainly perceive again, here has bin nothing but witcherie all the day; herfore into your posset, and agree among

yourselves as you can, He out o' the house; and, gentlemen, if you love me or yourselves, follow me.

Arth., Bant., Shak., Whet. I, I, away, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ses. Now, good son, wife, and daughter, let me intreat you, be not angry.

Win. O, you are a trim mother, are you not?

Joan. Indeed childe, He do so no more.

Greg. Now, sir, He talke with you, your champions are al gon.

Lor. Weell, sir, and what wun yeou deow than?

Par. Whay, whay, what's here to doe? Come away, and whickly, and see us into our brayd chamber, and delicatly ludg'd togeder, or wee'l whap you out o' dores i'th, morne to sijourne in the common, come away.

All. Wee follow yee.

[*Ereunt.*]

ACTVS IV. SCENA I.

Enter Mistresse Generous and Robin.

Mrs. Gener. Know you this gingling bridle, if you see't agen? I wanted but a paire of gingling spurs to make yon mend your pace, and put you into a sweat.

Rob. Yes, I have reason to know it after my hard journey; they say there be light women, but for your owne part, though you be merry, yet I may be sorry for your heaviness.

Mrs. Gener. I see thou art not quite tyr'd by shaking of thy selfe; 'tis a signe that as thou hast brought mee hither, so thou art able to beare mee backe, and so you are like, good Robert; yon will not let me have your master's gelding, you will not. Wel, sir, as you like this journey, so deny him to me hereafter.

Rob. You say well, mistresse, you have jaded me (a pox take you for a jade). Now, I bethinke myselfe, how damnable did I ride last night, and how divellishly have I bin rid now !

Mrs. Gener. Doe not grumble, you groome ! Now the bridl's of I turne thee to grazing, gramercy, my good horse, I have no better provender for thee at this time ; thou hadst best, like Esop's asse, to feed upon thistles, of which this place will affoord thee plenty. I am bid to a better banquet, which done, He take thee up from grasse, spur cutt, and make a short cutt home ; farewell.

Rob. A pox upon your tayle.

Enter all the Witches and Mal, at several dores.

All. The lady of the feast is come ; welcome, welcome !

Mrs. Gener. Is all the cheare that was prepared to grace the wedding feast, yet come ?

Good. Dick. Part of it's here. The other we must pull for. But what's hee ?

Mrs. Gener. My horse, my horse, ha, ha, ha !

All. Ha, ha, ha !

[*Exeunt.*]

Rob. My horse, my horse ! I would I were now some country major, and in authority, to see if I would not venter to rowze your satanicall sisterhood. Horse, horse, see thou bee, and where I point thee, eary me,—is that the trick on't ? the devil himselfe shall be her carrier next, if I can shun her ; and yet my master will not beleeve there's any witches ; there's no running away ; for I neither know how nor whether ; besides to my thinking, there's a deepe ditch, and a hye quick set about mee ; how shall I passe the time ? what place is this ? it looks like an old barne ; He peep in at some cranny or other, and try if I can see what they are doeing. Such a bevy of beldames did I never behold ; and cramming like so many cormorants ; marry, choke you with a mischeife.

Good. Dick. Whoope, whurre, here's a sturre, never a cat, never a curre, but that we must have this demurre.

Mal. A second course.

Mrs. Gener. Pull, and pull hard
For all that hath bin prepar'd
For the great wedding feast.

Mal. As chiefe
Of Doughtyes surloine of rost beefe.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Meg. 'Tis come, 'tis come.

Maud. Where hath it all this while beeene?

Meg. Some
Delay hath kept it, now 'tis here,
For bottles next of wine, and beere,
The merchants cellers, they shall pay for't.

Mrs. Gener. Well,
What sod or rost meat more, pray tell.

Good. Dick. Pul for the poultry, foule and fish,
For euptic shall not be a dish.

Rob. A pox take them, must onely they feed upon hot meat, and I upon nothing but cold sallads.

Mrs. Gener. This meat is tedious, now some farie,
Fetch what belongs unto the dairie.

Mal. Thats butter, milk, whey, curds and cheese,
Wee nothing by the bargain leese.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Good. Dick. Boy, there's meat for you.

Boy. Thanke you.

Good. Dick. And drinke too.

Meg. What beast was by thee hither rid?

Maud. A badger nab.

Meg. And I bestrid
A porcupine that never prickt.

Mal. The dull sides of a beare I kickt.
I know how you rid, Lady Nan.

Mrs. Gener. Ha, ha, ha! upon the knave my man.

Rob. A murrein take you, I am sure my hoofer pay'd for't.

Boy. Meat, lie there, for thou hast no taste; and drinke there, for thou hast no relish; for in neither of them is there either salt or savour.

All. Pull for the posset, pull.

Rob. The brides posset, on my life; nay, if they come to their spoone meat once, I hope theil breake up their feast presently.

Mrs. Gener. So those that are our waiters nere,
Take hencee this wedding cheere.
We will be lively all, and make this barn our hall.

Good. Dick. You, our familiers, come,
In speech let all be dumbe,
And to close up our feast,
To welcomme every gest
A merry round let's daunce.

Meg. Some musicke then i' th' aire
Whilst thus by paire and paire.
We nimblly foot it; strike.

[*Musick.*

Mal. We are obeyd.

Sprite. And we hel's ministers shall lend our aid.

*Daunce and Song together. In the time of which
the Boy speaks.*

Boy. Now whilst they are in their jollitie, and I do not mind me,
He steale away, and shift for myselfe, though I lose my life for't. [*Erit.*

Meg. Enough, enough, now part,
To see the bride's vext heart,
The bridegroome's too and all,

That vomit up their gall,
For lacke o' th wedding chere.

Good. Dick. But stay, where's the boy? Looke out, if he escape us, we are all betrayed.

Meg. No following further, yonder horsemen come,
In vaine is our pursuit, let's breake up court.

Good. Dick. Where shall we next meet?

Maid. At Mill.

Meg. But when?

Mrs. Gener. At night.

Meg. To horse, to horse.

2. Where's my Mamilian?

1. And my incubus?

[*Robin stands amazed at this.*]

3. My tyger to bestri'd.

Mal. My puggie.

Mrs. Gener. My horse.

All.

Away, away!

The night we have feasted, now comes on the day.

Mrs. Gener. Come, sirrah, stoope your head like a tame jade, whilst I put on your bridle.

Rob. I pray, Mistresse, ride me as you would be rid.

Mrs. Gener. That's at full speed,

Rob. Nay, then, I'll try conclusions. [*A great noyse within at*

Mare, Mare, see thou be,

their parting.

And where I point thee carry me.

[*Eveant.*]

Enter Mr. Generous, making him ready.

Gen. I see what man is loath to entertaine,
Offers it selfe to him most frequently,
And that which we most covet to embrace,
Doth seldomе court us, and proves most averse;

For I, that never coo'd conceive a thought
Of this my woman worthy a rebuke,
(As one that in her youth bore her so fairly
That she was taken for a seeming saint)
To render me such just occasion,
That I should now distrust her in her age ;
Distrust ! I cannot, that would bring me in
The poore aspersion of fond jealousie ;
Which even from our first meeting I abhorrd.
The gentile fashion sometimes we observe
To sunder beds ; but most in these hot monthes,
June, July, August ; so we did last night.
Now I (as ever tender of her health,
And therefore rising early as I use)
Ent'ring her chambry to bestow on her
A custom'd visite ; finde the pillow swell'd,
Unbruised with any weight, the sheets unruffled,
The curtaines neither drawne, nor bed layd down ;
Which shewes she slept not in my house to night.
Should there be any contract betwixt her
And this my groome, to abuse my honest trust ;
I should not take it well, but for all this
Yet cannot I be jealous. — Robin—

Enter Robin.

Gener. Is my horse safe, lusty, and in good plight ?
What, feeds he well ?

Rob. Yes, sir, he's broad buttock'd, and full flanek'd ; he doth not
bate an ace of his flesh.

Gener. When was he rid last ?

Rob. Not, sir, since you backt him.

Gener. Sirrah, take heed I finde your not a knave,
Have you not lent him to your mistresse late?
So late as this last night?

Rob. Who, I sir? may I dye, sir, if you finde me in a lye, sir.

Gener. Then I shall finde him where I left him last.

Rob. No doubt, sir,

Gener. Give me the key o' th' stable.

Rob. There, sir.

Gener. Sirrah, your mistresse was abroad all night,
Nor is she yet come home: if there I finde him not,
I shall finde thee, what to this present houre
I never did suspect; and I must tell thee
Will not be to thy profit.

[*Exit.*]

Rob. Well, sir, finde what you can, him you shall finde, and what
you finde else; it may be for that; instead of gramerey horse, you
may say gramerey Robin; you will beleeve there are no witches! Had
I not been late bridled, I coo'd have sayd more, but I hope she is ty'd
to the racke that will confesse something; and though not so much as
I know, yet no more then I dare justifie—

Enter Generous.

Rob. Have you found your gelding, sir?

Gener. Yes, I have.

Rob. I hope not spurr'd, nor put into a sweat; you may see by his
plump belly, and sleeke legs, he hath not bein sore travail'd.

Gener. Y'are a saucy groome to receive horses
Into my stable, and not aske me leave.
Is't for my profit to buy hay and oates,
For every strangers jades?

Rob. I hope, sir, you finde none feeding there but your owne; if there
be any you suspect, they have nothing to champe on, but the bridle.

Gener. Sirrah, whose jade is that ty'd to the racke?

Rob. The mare you meane, sir?

Gener. Yes, that old mare.

Rob. Old, doe you call her? you shall finde the marke still in her mouth, when the bridle is out of it. I can assure you 'tis your owne beast.

Gener. A beast thou art to tell me so: hath the wine
Not yet left working—not the Myter wine,
That made thee to beleeve witchcraft?
Prithee perswade me
To be a drunken sot like to thy selfe,
And not to know mine owne.

Rob. He not perswade you to any thing; you will beleieve nothing but what you see: I say the beast is your owne, and you have most right to keepe her; shee hath cost you more the currying then all the combs in your stable are worth. You have paid for her provender this twentie yeares and upwards, and furnisht her with all the caparisons that she hath worne, of my knowledge, and because she hath been ridden hard the last night, doe you renounce her now?

Gener. Sirrah, I feare some stolne jade of your owne that you would have me keepe.

Rob. I am sure I found her no jade the last time I rid her; she carried me the best part of a hundred miles in lesse than a quarter of an houre.

Gener. The divell she did!

Rob. Yes, so I say, either the divell or she did; an't please you walke in and take off her bridle, and then tell me who hath more right to her, you or I.

Gener. Well, Robert, for this once He play the groome, and do your office for you. | *Exit*

Rob. I pray doe, sir; but take heed, lest when the bridle is out of

her mouth, she put it not into yours ; if she doe, you are a gone man : if she but say once—

Horse, horse, see thou be ;
Be you rid (if you please) for me.

Enter Mr. Generous and Mrs. Generous ; he with a bridle.

Gener. My blood is turn'd to ice, and all my vitals
Have ceas'd their working ! dull stupidity
Surpriseth me at once, and hath arrested
That vigorous agitation, which till now
Exprest a life within me : I, me thinks,
Am a meere marble statue, and no man ;
Unweave my age, O time, to my first thread ;
Let me loose fiftie yeares in ignorance spent :
That being made an infant once againe,
I may begin to know what or where am I,
To be thus lost in wonder !

Mrs. Gener. Sir.

Gener. Amazement still pursues me : how am I chang'd,
Or brought ere I can understand myselfe,
Into this new world ?

Rob. You will beleeve no witches ?

Gener. This makes me beleeve all, I any thing ;
And that myselfe am nothing : prithee, Robin,
Lay me to myselfe open—what art thou,
Or this new transform'd creature ?

Rob. I am Robin, and this your wife, my mistress.

Gener. Tell me the earth
Shall leave its seat, and mount to kisse the moone ;
Or that the moone, enamour'd of the earth,
Shall leave her spheare, to stoope to us thus low.

What!—what's this in my hand, that, at an instant,
Can, from a foure leg'd creature, make a thing
So like a wife?

Rob. A bridle, a jugling bridle, sir.

Gener. A bridle, hence imchantment,
A viper were more safe within my hand,
Then this charm'd engine. [Casts it away; Robin takes it up.

Rob. Take heed, sir, what you do; if you cast it hence, and she
catch it up, we that are here now, may be rid as far as the Indies
within these few houres. Mistresse, down of your mares-bones, or your
mary-bones, whether you please, and confesse yourselfe to bee what you
are; and that's, in plaine English, a witch—a grand, notorious witch.

Gener. A witch! My wife a witch!

Rob. So it appeares by the storie.

Gener. The more I strive to unwinde
Myselfe from this meander, I the more
Therein am intricated: prithee, woman,
Art thou a witch?

Mrs. Gener. It cannot be deny'd, I am such a curst creature.

Gener. Keep aloofe, and doe not come too neare me, O my trust!
Have I, since first I understood myselfe,
Bin of my soule so charie, still to studie
What best was for its health; to renounce all
The workes of that black fiend with my best force,
And hath that serpent twin'd me so about,
That I must lye so often and so long
With a divell in my bosome!

Mrs. Gener. Pardon, sir.

Gener. Pardon! Can such a thing as that be hop'd?
Lift up thine eyes (lost woman) to yon hilts;
It must be thence expected: look not down

Unto that horrid dwelling, which thou hast sought
At such deare rate to purchase : prithee, tell me,
(For now I can beleeve) art thou a witch ?

Mrs. Gener. I am.

Gener. With that word I am thunderstrooke,
And know not what to answer ; yet resolve me,
Hast thou made any contract with that fiend,
The enemy of mankinde ?

Mrs. Gener. O ! I have.

Gener. What ? and how farre ?

Mrs. Gener. I have promis'd him my soule.

Gener. Ten thonsand times better thy body had
Bin promis'd to the stake, I, and mine too,
To have suffer'd with thee in a hedge of flames :
Then such a compact ever had bin made. Oh !—

Rob. What cheere, sir ? Show thyselfe a man, though she
appear'd so late a beast. Mistresse, confesse all ; better here than in
a worse place : out with it.

Gener. Resolve me, how farre doth that contract stretch ?

Mrs. Gener. What interest in this soule myselfe eoo'd claime,
I freely gave him, bnt his part that made it
I still reserve, not being mine to give.

Gener. O cunning divell ! foolish woman, know
Where he can clayme but the least little part,
He will usurpe the whole : th'art a lost woman.

Mrs. Gener. I hope not so.

Gener. Why ! hast thou any hope ?

Mrs. Gener. Yes, sir, I have.

Gener. Make it appeare to me.

Mrs. Gener. I hope I never bargain'd for that fire,
Further than penitent teares have power to quench.

Gener. I would see some of them.

Mrs. Gener. You behold them now
(If you looke on me with charitable eyes),
Timetur'd in blood, blood issuing from the heart,
Sir, I am sorry; when I looke towards heaven
I beg a gracions pardon; when on you
Me thinkes your native goodnesse should not be
Lesse pittifull than they: 'gainst both I have err'd;
From both I beg atonement.

Gener. May I presum't?

Mrs. Gener. I kneele to both your mercies.

Gener. Know'st thou what a witch is?

Mrs. Gener. Alas! none better,
Or, after mature recollection, can be
More sad to thinke on't.

Gener. Tell me, are those teares
As full of true-hearted penitence,
As mine of sorrow, to behold what state,
What desperate state, th' art faine in?

Mrs. Gener. Sir, they are.

Gener. Rise, and as I doe, so heaven pardon me;
We all offend, but from such falling off,
Defend us! Well, I do remember, wife,
When I first tooke thee, 'twas for good and bad;
O, change thy bad to good, that I may keep thee,
As then we past our faiths, till death us sever.
I will not aggravate thy grieve too much,
By needles iteration: Robin, hereafter
Forget thou hast a tongue; if the least syllable
Of what hath past be rumoured, you loose me;
But if I finde you faithfull, you gaine me ever.

Rob. A match, sir ; you shall finde me as mute as if I had the bridle still in my mouth.

Gener. O woman, thou had'st need to weepe thyselfe
Into a fountaine, such a penitent spring
As may have power to quench invisible flames,
In which my eyes shall ayde ; too little all,
If not too little, all's forgiven, forgot ;
Only thus much remember, thou had'st extermin'd
Thy selfe out of the blest society
Of saints and angels, but on thy repentance
I take thee to my bosome, once againe ;
My wife, sister, and daughter. Saddle my gelding,
Some businesse that may hold me for two dayes
Calls me aside.

Ereunt.

Rob. I shall, sir. Well, now my mistresse hath promis'd to give over her witchery. I hope, though I still continue her man, yet she will make me no more her journey-man : to prevent which the first thing I doe shall be to burne the bridle, and then away with the witch. [Exit.]

Enter Arthur and Doughty.

Arth. Sir, you have done a right noble courtesie, which deserves a memory, as long as the name of friendship can beare mention.

Dough. What have I done, I ha' done ; if it be well, 'tis well ; I doe not like the bouneing of good offices ; if the little care I have taken shall doe these poore people good, I have my end in't, and so my reward.

Enter Bantam.

Bant. Now, gentlemen, you seeme very serious.

Arth. 'Tis true we are so, but you are welcome to the knowledge of our affayres.

Bant. How does thine uncle and aunt, Gregory and his sister—the families of Seelyes—agree yet, can you tell?

Arth. That is the businesse; the Seelye houshold is divided now.

Bant. How so, I pray?

Arth. You know, and cannot but with pity know,
Their miserable condition, how
The good old couple were abus'd, and how
The young abus'd themselves; if we may say
That any of hem are their selves at all,
Which sure we cannot, nor approve them fit
To be their owne disposers, that would give
The governance of such a house and living
Into their vassailes hands, to thrust them out on't
Without or law or order: this consider'd
This gentleman and myselfe have taken home,
By faire entreaty, the old folkes to his house.
The young to mine, untill some wholesome order,
By the judicious of the Commonwealth,
Shall for their persons and estate be taken.

Bant. But what becomes of Lawrence and his Parnell?
The lusty couple, what doe they now?

Dough. Alas, poore folkes, they are as farre to seeke of how they
doe, or what they doe, or what they should doe, as any of the rest:
they are all growne ideots, and till some of these damnable jades, with
their divellish devises bee found out, to discharne them, no remedy can
be found. I mean to lay the country for their hagships, and if I can
anticipate the purpose of their grand Mr. Divell to confound 'em
before their lease be out, be sure I'll do't. [A shout within.

Cry. A Skimington, a Skimington, a Skimington!

Dough. What's the murther now? is hell broke loose?

Enter Mr. Shakstone.

Arth. Tom Shakstone, how now, canst tell the newes?

Shak. The news, ye heare it up i'th aire, do you not?

Within. A Skimington, a Skimington, a Skimington!

Shak. Hearke ye, do ye not heare it? There's a Skimington, towards gentlemen.

Dough. Ware wedlocke hoe.

Bant. At whose suit, I prithee, is Don Skimington come to towne?

Shak. Be tell you, gentlemen, since you have taken home old Seely and his wife to your house, and you their son and daughter to yours, the house-keepers Lawrencee and his late bride Parnell are fallen out by themselves.

Arth. How, prithee?

Shak. The quarrell began, they say, upon the wedding-night, and in the bride-bed.

Bant. For want of bedstaves?

Shak. No, but a better implemet; it seemes the bridegroome was unprovided of, a homely tale to tell.

Dough. Now out upon her, shee has a greedy worme in her; I have heard the fellow complained on, for an over mickle man among the maids.

Arth. Is his haste to goe to bed at afternoone come to this now?

Dough. Witchery, witchery, more witchery, still flat and plaine witchery. Now do I thinke upon the codpeeee point the young jade gave him at the wedding: shee is a witch, and that was a charme, if there be any in the world.

Arth. A ligatory point.

Bant. Alas, poore Lawrencee!

Shak. He's comming to make his mone to you about it, and she too, since you have taken their masters and mistresses to your care, you must do them right too.

Dough. Marry, but He not undertake her at these yeares, if lust, Lawrennee, cannot do't.

Bant. But has she beaten him?

Shak. Grieviously broke his head in I know not how many places : of which the hoydens have taken notice, and will have a Skinnington on horse-backe presently. Looke ye, here comes both plaintiff and defendant.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell.

Dough. How now, Lawrennee ! What, has thy wedlock brought thee already to thy night-cap ?

Law. Yie gadwat, sir, I ware wadded but aw to feun.

Par. Hлан yeou reeson to complayne, or ay trow yeou gaffer Downought ? Wa warth the day that ever I wadded a Downought.

Arth., Bant., Shak. Nay, hold, Parnell, hold !

Dough. We have heard enough of your valour already ; wee know you have beaten him, let that suffice.

Parn. Ware ever poore mayden betrayed as ay ware unto a swagbellied earle that cannot, aw waw, that cannot ?

Dough. What saies she ?

Dough. I know not; she catterwawles, I think. Parnell, be patient, good Parnell, and a little modest too, 'tis not amisse ; wee know not the relish of every eare that heares us ; let's talke within ourselves. What's the defect ? What's the impediment ? Lawrence has had a lusty name among the batchellors.

Parn. What he ware when he ware a batchelor, I know better than the best maid i' th' tawne. I wad I had not.

Arth., Bant., Shak. Peace, Parnell.

Parn. Tware that cossen'd me ; he has not now as he had then.

Arth., Bant., Shak. Peace, good Parnell.

Parn. For then he could, but now he cannot, he cannot.

Arth., Bant., Shak. Fie, Parnell, fie !

Parn. I say agean and agean, hee cannot, he cannot.

Arth., Bant., Shak. Alas! poore Parnell.

Parn. I am not a bit the better for him, sin wye ware wad. [Cries.

Dough. Here's good stuffe for a jurie of women to pass upon.

Arth. But Parnell, why have you beaten him so grievously? What would you have him doe in this ease?

Dough. He's out of a doing case it seemes.

Parn. Marry, sir, and beat him will I into his grave, or baeke to the priest, and be unwadded agone; for I wonot bee bauid to lig with him and live with him, the laife of an honest woman for aw the layves good i' Loneeshire.

Dough. An honest woman: that's a good mind, Parnell. What say you to this, Lawrencee?

Law. Keepe her of o' me, and I shan teln yeou and she be by, I am nobody; but keep her off and seareh me, let me be seareht as never witch was searcht, and finde anything mor or lasse upo me than a sufficient mon shold have, and let me honekt by't.

Arth. Do you heare this, Parnell?

Parn. Ah, leear, leear, deel tacke the leear, troist yee and hong yee.

Dough. Alasse, it is too plaine, the poore fellow is bewiteht.

Here's a plaine maleficium versus hanc now.

Arth. And so is she bewiteht too into this immodesty.

Bant. She would never talke so else.

Law. I pray'n yeou gi' me the lere o' that Latine, sir.

Dough. The meaning is, you must get half-a-dozen bastards within this twelvemoneth, and that will mend your next mariage.

Law. And I thought it would ma' Parnell love me, I'd be sure on't, and gang about it now right.

Shak. Y' are soone provided it seems for such a journey.

Dough. Best tarry till thy head be whole, Lawrencee.

Parn. Nay, nay, ay's white casten away ent I bee vnwadded agen, and then I ne undertack to find three better husbands in a bean eod.

Shak. Hearke, gentlemen, the show is comming.

Arth. What, shall we stay and see't?

Bant. O, by all means, gentlemen.

Dough. 'Tis best to have these away first.

Parn. Nay, mary shan yeou not, sir. I heare yeou well enogh, and I con the meaning o' the show well enogh; an I stay not the show, and see not the show, and ma' one i' the show, let me be honest up for a show. He ware them to mel or ma with a woman that mels or mae's with a testril a longie, a dow little losell that cannot; and if I skin not their Skimington's cockskeam for't, ma that warplin boggle me a week lonker, and that's a curse eno' for any wife, I tro.

Dough. Agreed, perhaps 'twill mend the sport.

[Enter drum beating before a Skimington and his Wife on a horse; divers country Rusticks; as they passe Parnell pulls Skimington off the horse, and Lawrence, Skimington's wife; they beat 'em; drum beats alar; horse comes away. The Hoydens at first oppose the gentlemen, who draw; the Clownes raiile bonnet (make a ring), Parnell and Skimington fight.

Dough. Beat, drim, alarmim. Enough, engugh, here, my masters, now patch up your show if you can, and catch your horse again, and when you have done, drinke that.

Rabble. Thanke, your worship.

[Exit, shouting.

Parn. Lat 'em, as they laik this, gang a procession with their aydolls Skimington agean.

Arth. Parnell, thou didst bravely.

Parn. I am sure I han drawne blood o' theyr aydolls.

Law. And I think I tickled his waife.

Parn. Yie to be sure, yeou bene eane of the owd ticklers; But with what, con yeou tell?

Law. Yieu with her owne ladell.

Parn. Yie, marry, a ladell is something.

Dough. Come, you have both done well ; goe into my house, see your old master and mistresse, while I travell a course to make yee all well againe ; I will now a witch hunting.

Parn. Na course for hys, but to be unwadded agone.

Arth., Shak., and Bant. Wee are for Whet, and his aunt, you know.

Dough. Farewell, farewell.

Enter Mrs. Generous and Mal Spencer.

Mrs. Gener. Welcome, welcome, my girle ! What hath thy Puggy yet suukt upon thy pretty duggy ?

Mal. All's well at home, and abroad too ;
What ere I bid my Pug, hee'l doo. You sent for mee ?

Mrs. Gener. I did.

Mal. And why ?

Mrs. Gener. Weneh, Ile tell thee ; thou and I
Will walk a little : how doth Meg,
And her Mamillion ?

Mal. Of one leg
Shee's growne lame.

Mrs. Gener. Because the beast
Di misse us last Good Friday feast :
I gest as much.

Mal. But All Saints night
She met, though she did halt downe right.

Mrs. Gener. Dickison and Hargrave, prithee tel,
How do they ?

Mal. All about us well.
But Puggy whisper'd in mine eare,
That you of late were put in feare.

Mrs. Gener. The slave, my man.

Mal. Who, Robin ?

Mrs. Gener. Hee.

Mal. My sweetheart?

Mrs. Gener. Such a tricke serv'd me.

Mal. About the bridle, now alacke.

Mrs. Gener. The villain brought me to the rack:

Tyed was I both to rack and manger.

Mal. But thence how scap't you?

Mrs. Gener. Without danger, I think my spirit.

Mal. I bnt than

How pacified was your good man?

Mrs. Gener. Some passionate words, mixt with fore't tears,
Did so enchant his eyes and eares,
I made my peace, with promise never
To doe the like; but once and ever
A witch thou know'st. Now understand
New businesse were tooke in hand.
My husband packt out of the towne,
Know that the house and all's our owne.

Enter Whetstone.

Whet. Naunt, is this your promise, Naunt? (What, Mal! How doest thou, Mal?) You told mee you wold put a tricke upon these gentlemen, whom you made me invite to supper, who abused and called me bastard (And when shall I get one upon thee, my sweet rogue?); and that you would doe (and shall you and I never have any doing together?) Supper is done, and the table ready to withdraw; and I am risen the earliest from the boord; and yet, for ought I can see, I am never a whit the nearer. (What, not one kisse at parting, Mal?)

Mrs. Gener. Well, cozen, this is all you have to do:
Retire the gallants to some private roome,

Where call for wine, and junckets what you please,
 Then thou shalt need to do no other thing
 Than what this note directs thee ; observe that,
 And trouble me no farther.

Whet. Very good, I like this beginning well; for where they sleighted me before, they shall finde me a man of note. [Exit.

Mal. Of this the meaning ?

Mrs. Gener. Marry, lasse,
 To bring a mew coneit to passe.
 Thy spirit, I must borrow more,
 To fill the number three or foure ;
 Whom we will use to no great harm,
 Only assist me with thy charme.
 This night wee'l celebrate to sport ;
 'Tis all for mirth, we mean no hurt.

Mal. My spirit and myselfe command ;
 Mamillion, and the rest at hand, shall all assist.

Mrs. Gener. Withdraw then, quicke,
 Now, gallants, ther's for you a trick. [Exit.

Enter Whetstone, Arthur, Shakstone, and Bantam.

Whet. Heer's a more private roome gentlemen, free from the noise of the hall. Here we may talke, and throw the chamber out of the casements. Some wine, and a short banquet.

Enter with a Banquet, Wine and two Topers.

Whet. So now leave us.

Arth. Wee are much bound to you, master Whetstone, For this great entertainment : I see you command The house in the absence of your unkle.

Whet. Yes, I thanke my aunt; for though I be but a daily guest, yet I can be welcome to her at midnight.

Shak. How shall we passe the time?

Bant. In some discourse.

Whet. But no such discourse as we had last, I beseech you.

Bant. Now, master Whetstone, you reflect on me.

'Tis true, at our last meeting some few words

Then past my lips, which I could wish forgot:

I thinke I call'd you bastard.

Whet. I thinke so too; but what's that amongst friends? for I would faine know, which amongst you all knowes his own father.

Bant. You are merrie with your friends, good master Byblow, and wee are guests here in your unckles house, and therefore priviledged.

Enter Mistresse Generous, Mal, and Spirits.

Whet. I presume you had no more priviledge in your getting than I. But tell me, gentlemen, is there any man here amongst you that hath a minde to see his father?

Bant. Why, who shall shew him?

Whet. That's all one; if any man here desire it, let him but speake the word, and 'tis sufficient.

Bant. Why, I would see my father.

Mrs. Gener. Strike.

[*Musique.*

Enter a Pedant, dauncing to the Musique; the strain don, he points at Bantam, and looks full in his face.

Whet. Doe you know him that lookest so full in your face?

Bant. Yes, well, a pedant in my fathers house, Who, being young, taught me my A. B. C.

Whet. In his house, that goes for your father, yon would say ; for know, one morning, when your mothers husband rid early to have a Nisi prius try'd at Lancaster Syzes, hee erept into his warne place, lay close by her side, and then were you got. Then come, your heeles and tayle together, and kneele unto your own deare father.

All. Ha, ha, ha !

Bant. I am abused.

Whet. Why laugh you, gentlemen ? It may be more mens cases than his or mine.

Bant. To be thus geer'd.

Arth. Come, take it as a jest ;
For I presume 'twas meant no otherwise.

Whet. Would either of you two now see his father in earnest ?

Shak. Yes ; canst thou shew me mine ?

Mrs. Gener. Strike.

Enter a nimble Taylor dauncing, using the same posture to Shakstone.

Whet. Hee lookes on you. Speake, do you know him ?

Shak. Yes, he was my mothers taylor. I remember him ever since I was a childe.

Whet. Who, when hee came to take measure of her upper parts, had more minde to the lower; whilst the good man was in the fields hunting, he was at home whoring.

Then, since no better comfort can be had,
Come downe, eome downe, aske blessing of your dad.

All. Ha, ha, ha !

Bant. This cannot be indur'd.

Arth. It is plaine witcherraft.
Nay, since we all are bid unto the feast,
Let's fare alike, come, shew me mine too,

Mrs. Gener. Strike.

Enter Robin with a switch and a curycombe, he points at Arthur.

Whet. He points at you.

Arth. What then?

Whet. You know him?

Arth. Yes, Robin, the groome belonging to this house.

Whet. And never served your father?

Arth. In's youth I thinke he did.

Whet. Who, when your supposed father had businesse at the Lord-President's Court in Yorke, stood for his attorney at home, and so it seems you were got by deputy; what, all a-mort? If you will have but a little patience, stay and you shall see mine too:

And know I shew you him, the rather,

To finde who hath the best man to his father

Mrs. Gener. Strike.

[*Musick.*

Enter a Gallant, as before to him.

Whet. Now, gentlemen, make me your president, learne your duties, and doe as I doe.—A blessing, dad.

Whet. Come, come, let's home, we'll find some other time, when to dispute of these things.

Whet. Nay, gentlemen, no parting in spleene; since we have begun in mirth, let's not end in melancholy; you see there are more By-blowes than beare the name; it is growne a great kindred in the kingdome. Come, come, all friends; let's into the cellar and conclude our revels in a lusty health.

Shak. I faine would strike, but cannot.

Bant. Some strange fate holds me.

Arth. Here then all anger end,

Let none be mad at what they cannot mend.

[*Ereunt.*

Hal. Now say, what's next?

Mrs. Gener. I th' mill there lyes
 A souldier yet with unscratcht eyes ;
 Summon the sisterhood together,
 For we with all our spirits will thither :
 And such a catterwalling keepe,
 That he in vaine shall thinke to sleepe.
 Call Meg, and Doll, Tib, Nab, and Jug,
 Let none appeare without her Pug.
 We'l try our utmost art and skill,
 To fright the stout knave in the mill.

[Exit.]

ACTVS. V. SCENA I.

Enter Doughty, Miller, Boy in a cap.

Dough. Thou art a brave boy, the honour of thy country ; thy statue
 shall be set up in brasse upon the market crosse in Lancaster ; I blesse
 the time that I answered at the font for thee. 'Zookes, did I ever
 thinke that a godson of mine should have foughht hand to fist with the
 divell !

Mil. He was ever an unhappy boy, sir, and like enough to grow
 acquainted with him ; and friends may fall out sometimes.

Dough. Thou art a dogged sire, and doest not know the vertue of
 my godsonne—my some now ; he shall be thy some no longer ; he
 and I will worry all the witches in Lancashire.

Mil. You were best take heed though.

Dough. I care not, though we leave not above three untainted
 women in the parish ; we'll doe it.

Mil. Doe what you please, sir ; there's the boy, stout enough to

justify anything he has said. Now, 'tis ont, he should be my sonne still by that; though he was at death's dore before he would reveale anything, the damnable jades had so threatned him; and as soone as ever he had told he mended.

Dough. 'Tis well he did so; we will so swing them in twopenny halters, boy.

Mil. For my part I have no reason to hinder anything that may root them all out; I have tasted enough of their mischiefe, witnesse my usage i' th' mill, which could be nothing but their roguerie. One night in my sleepe they set me astride stark naked a top of my mill, a bitter cold night too, 'twas daylight before I waked, and I durst never speake of it to this houre, because I thought it impossible to be beleeved.

Dough. Villanous bags!

Mil. And all last summer my wife could not make a bit of butter

Dough. It would not come, would it?

Mil. No, sir; we could not make it come, though she and I, both together, churn'd almost our harts out, and nothing would come, but all run into thin waterish geere: the pigges would not drinke it.

Dough. Is't possible?

Mil. None but one, and he ran out of his wits upon't, till wee bound his head, and layd him a sleepe, but he has had a wry mouth ever since.

Dough. That the divell should put in their hearts to delight in such villanies! I have sought about these two dayes, and heard of a hundred such mischievous tricks, though none mortall, but could not finde whom to mistrust for a witch, till now this boy, this happy boy, informes me.

Mil. And they should neere have been sought for me, if their affrightments and divellish devices had not brought my boy into such a sickness; whereupon, indeed, I thought good to acquaint your

worship, and bring the boy unto you, being his godfather, and, as you now stieck not to say, his father.

Dough. After you I thanke yon gossip. But, my boy, thou hast satisfied me in their names and thy knowledge of the women, their turning into shapes, their dog-trickes, and their horse-trickes, and their great feast in the barne (a pox take them with my surloyne, I say still). But a little more of thy combat with the divell, I prithee; he came to thee like a boy, thou sayest, about thine owne bignesse?

Boy. Yes, sir; and he asked me where I dwelt, and what my name was.

Dough. Ah, rogue!

Boy. But it was in a quarrelsome way; whereupon I was as stout, and ask'd him who made him an examiner?

Dough. Ah, good boy!

Mil. In that he was my sonne.

Boy. He told me he would know, or beat it out of me; and I told him he should not, and bid him doe his worst; and so't we went.

Dough. In that he was my sonne againe: ha, boy! I see him at it now.

Boy. We fought a quarter of an honre, till his sharpe nailes made my eares bleed.

Dough. O, the grand divell pare 'em.

Boy. I wondred to finde him so strong in my hands, seeming but of mine owne age and bignesse, till I, looking downe, perceived he had clubb'd cloven feet, like oxe feet; but his face was as young as mine.

Dough. A pox, but by his feet he may be the club-footed horse-courser's father, for all his young looks.

Boy. But I was afraid of his feet, and ran from him towards a light that I saw, and when I came to it, it was one of the witches, in

white, upon a bridge ; that scar'd me backe againe, and then met me the boy againe, and he strucke me, and lay'd mee for dead.

Mil. Till I, wondring at his stay, went out, and found him in the tranee ; since which time he has beene haunted and frighted with goblins forty times, and never durst tell any thing (as I sayd), because the hags had so threatned him, till, in his sickness, he revealed it to his mother.

Dough. And she told nobody but folkes on't. Well, Gossip Greety, as thou art a miller, and a close thiefe, now let us keepe it as close as we may till we take 'hem, and see them handsomly hanged o' the way. Ha, my little Cutte-divell, thou art a made man : come, away with me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Souldier.

Sold. These two nights I have slept well, and heard no noise
Of cats or rats ; most sure the fellow dreamt,
And scratcht himself in's sleep. I have traveld desarts,
Beheld wolves, beares, and lyons—indeed, what not
Of horrid shape ? And shall I be afrayd
Of cats in mine owne country ? I can never
Grow so mouse-hearted. It is now a calme,
And no wind stirring, I can beare no sayle ;
Then best lye downe to sleepe. Nay, rest by me,
Good Morglay, my comrague and bedfellow,
That never sayl'd me yet ; I know thou didst not.
If I be wak'd, see thou be stirring too ;
Then come a gib, as big as Ascapart,
We'l make him play at leap-frog. A brave souldiers lodging,
The floore my bed, a millstone for my pillow,
The sayles for curtaynes. So, good night.

[*Lyes downe.*

*Enter Mrs. Generous, Mal, all the Witches and their Spirits
(at severall dores.)*

Mrs. Gener. Is nab come?

Mal. Yes.

Mrs. Gener. Where's Jug?

Mal. On horseback yet,

Now lighting from her broome-staffe.

Mrs. Gener. But where's Peg?

Mal. Entred the mill already.

Mrs. Gener. Is he fast?

Mal. As senelesse as a dormouse.

Mrs. Gener. Then to work, to work, my pretty Laplands,

Pinch, here, scratch,

Doe that within, without we'l keep the watch.

[*The Witches retire; the Spirits come about him
with a dreadfull noise: he starts.*

Sold. Am I in hell? then have amongst you devils;

This side, and that side, what behinde, before?

Ile keep my face unscratch'd dispight you all:

What, doe you pinch in private, clawes I feele

But can see nothing, nothing pinch me thus?

Have at you then, I and have at you still;

And stil have at you. [*Beates them off, followes them in*

One of them I have pay'd, *and enters againe.*

In leaping out o'th' hole a foot or care

Or something I have light on. What, all gone—

All quiet? not a cat that's heard to mew?

Nay, then Ile try to take another nap.

Though I sleepe with mine eyes open.

[*Exit.*

Enter Mr. Generous, and Robin.

Gener. Robin, the last night that I lodg'd at home
My wife (if thou remembrest) lay abroad,
But no words of that.

Rob. You have taught me silence.

Gener. I rose thus early much before my houre,
To take her in her bed ; 'Tis yet not five :
The sunne scarce up. Those horses take and lead 'em
Into the stable, see them rubb'd and drest.
We have rid hard. Now, in the interim, I
Will step and see how my new miller fares,
Or whether he slept better in his charge,
Than those which did precede him.

Rob. Sir, I shall.

Gener. But one thing more——

[Whispers.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Now from last nights witchcraft we are freed,
And I that had not power to cleare myselfe
From base apersion, am at liberty.
For vow'd revenge. I cannot be at peace
(The night-spell being took of) till I have met
With noble Mr. Generous : in whose search
The best part of this morning I have spent ;
His wife now I suspect.

Rob. By your leave, sir.

Arth. O y're well met, pray tell me how long is't
Since you were first my father ?

Rob. Be patient, I beseech you, what doe you meane, sir ?

Arth. But that I honour
Thy master, to whose goodnesse I am bound,

And still must remaine thankefull, I should prove
Worse than a murderer, a meere paricide
By killing thee, my father.

Rob. I your father ! he was a man I alwayes lov'd
And honour'd. He bred me.

Arth. And you begot me. Oh, you us'd me finely, last night !
Gener. Pray what's the matter, sir ?

Arth. My worthy friend, but that I honour you
As one to whom I am so much oblig'd.
This villaine could not stirre a foot from hence
Till perisht by the sword.

Gener. How hath he wronged you ?
Be of a milder temper I intreat,
Relate what and when done ?

Arth. You may command me :
If aske me what wrongs, know this groome pretends
He hath strumpeted my mother ; if when, blaz'd
Last night at midnight. If you aske me further
Where, in your own house ; when he pointed to me
As had I been his bastard.

Rob. I doe this ! I am a horse agen if I got you, Master, why
Master.

Gener. I know you, Mr. Arthur, for a gentleman
Of faire endowments, a most solid braine,
And setled understanding. Why this fellow
These two dayes was scarce sundered from my side,
And for the last night I am most assur'd
He slept within my chamber, twelve miles off,
We have ne're parted since.

Arth. You tell me wonders,
Since all your words to me are oracles,

And such as I most constantly beleeve.
But, sir, shall I be bold and plaine withall?
I am suspitious, all's not well at home;
I dare proceed no farther without leave,
Yet there is something lodged within my breast
Which I am loath to utter.

Gener. Keepe it there,
I pray doe, a season (O my feares);
No doubt ere long my tongue may be the key
To open that your secret; get you gone, sir,
And doe as I commanded.

Rob. I shall, sir. Father, quoth he,
I should be proud indeed of such a sonne. [Exit

Gener. Please you now walk with me to my mill: I faine would see
How my bold soldier speeds. It is a place
Hath beene much troubled.

Enter Souldier.

Arth. I shall waite on you.—See, he appears.

Gener. Good morrow, souldier.

Sold. A bad night I have had,
A murrin take your mill sprights.

Gener. Prithee tell me, hast thou bin frighted then?

Sold. How! frighted sir!
A doungcart full of divels coo'd not do't,
But I have been so nipt, and pull'd, and pinch'd,
By a company of hell-eats.

Arth. Fairies, sure.

Sold. Rather foule fiends, fairies have no such clawes,
Yet I have kept my face whole, thanks my semiter,
My trusty Bilbo, but for which, I vow,

I had been torne to pieces. But I think
I met with some of them. One I am sure
I have sent limping hence.

Gener. Didst thou fasten upon any?

Sold. Fast or loose, most sure I made them flye,
And skip out of the port-holes. But the last
I made her squeake, she has forgot to mew,
I spoyl'd her catterwawling.

Arth. Let's see thy sword.

Sold. To look on, not to part with from my hand;
'Tis not the soldiers custome.

Arth. Sir, I observe 'tis bloody towards the point.

Sold. If all the rest 'scape scot-free, yet I am sure
There's one hath payd the reckoning.

Gener. Looke well about; [Looke about and findes the hand.
Perhaps there may be scene tract of bloud.

Sold. What's here? Is't possible cats should have hands,
And rings upon their fingers?

Arth. Most prodigious!

Gener. Reach me that hand.

Sold. There's that of the three I can best spare.

Gener. Amazement upon wonder! Can this be?
I needs must know't by most infallible markes.
Is this the hand once plighted holy vowes,
And this the ring that bound them? doth this last age
Afford what former never durst beleeve?
O how have I offended those high powers,
That my incredulity should merit
A punishment so grievous, and to happen
Vnder mine own roofe, mine own bed, my bosome!

Arth. Know you the hand, sir?

Gener. Yes, and too well can reade it.
Good Master Arthur, beare me company
Unto my house; in the society
Of good men there's great solace.

Arth. Sir, Ile waite on you.

Gener. And, soldier, do not leave me: lock thy mill;
I have imployment for thee.

Sold. I shall, sir; I think I have tickled some of your tenants-at-will, that thought to revell here rent-free: the best is, if one of the parties shall deny the deed, we have their hand to show. [Exit.]

A bed thrust out; Mrs. Generous *in it:* Whetstone and
Mal Spencer *by her.*

Whet. Why, aunt, deere aunt, honey aunt, how doe you, how fare you, cheere you? how is't with you? You have bin a lusty woman in your time; bnt now you look as if you could not doe withall.

Mrs. Gener. Good Mal, let him not trouble me.

Mal. Fie, Mr. Whetstone; you keep such a noise in the chamber, that your aunt is desirous to take a little rest and cannot.

Whet. In my vuncles absence, who but I should comfort my aunt? Am I not of the bloud? Am not I next of kin? Why, aunt!

Mrs. Gener. Good nephew, leave me.

Whet. The divell shall leave you ere Ile forsake you, aunt; you know, sie is so, and being so sick, doe you thinke Ile leave you: what know I but this bed may prove your death-bed, and then I hope you will remember me, that is, remember me in your will. [Knocke within.] Who's that knocks with such authority? Ten to one my vuncle's come to towne.

Mrs. Gener. If it be so, excuse my weaknes to him: say I can speake with none.

Mal. I will, and scape him, if I can; by this accident all

must come out, and here's no stay for me. [Knock again.] Againe ! Stay you here with your aunt, and Ile goe let in your vncle.

Whet. Doe, good Mal ; and how, and how, sweet aunt ?

Enter Mr. Generous, Mal, Arthur, Soldier, and Robin.

Gener. Y'are well met here ; I am told you oft frequent This house as my wives choyee companion, Yet have I seldom seene you.

Mal. Pray, by your leave, sir ; Your wife is taken with suddaine qualme : She hath sent me for a doctor.

Gener. But that labour Ile save you. Soldier, take her to your charge. And now where's this sicke woman ?

Whet. O, vncle, you come in good time ; my aunt is so suddenly taken, as if she were ready to give up the spirit.

Gener. 'Tis almost time she did. Speake, how is't, wife ? My nephew tels me you were tooke last night With a shrewd sicknesse, which this mayde confirmes.

Mrs. Gener. Yes, sir ; but now desire no company ; Noyse troubles me, and I would gladly sleepe.

Gener. In company there's comfort : prithee, wife, Lend me thy hand, and let me feele thy pulse ; Perhaps some feaver : by their beating I May guesse at thy disease.

Mrs. Gener. My hand ! 'tis there.

Gener. A dangerous sicknes, and I feare't death ; 'Tis oddes you will not scape it. Take that backe, And let me prove the t'other ; if, perhaps, I there can finde more comfort.

Mrs. Gener. I pray excuse me.

Gener. I must not be deny'd ;
Sick folkes are peeving, and must be ore-rul'd, and so shall you.

Mrs. Gener. Alas ! I have no strength to lift it up.

Gener. If not thy hand, wife, shew me but thy wrist,
And see how this will match it ; here's a testate
That cannot be out-fac'd.

Mrs. Gener. I am undone.

Whet. Hath my aunt bin playing at handee dandee ? Nay, then, if
the game goe this way, I feare she'l have the worst hand on't.

Arth. 'Tis now apparent
How all the last night's businesse came about :
In this my late suspicion is confirm'd.

Gener. My heart hath bled more for thy curst relapse,
Than drops hath issu'd from thy wounded arme.
But wherefore should I preach to one past hope ?
Or where the divell himselfe claimes right in all,
Seeke the least part or interest ? Leave your bed ;
Up, make you ready : I must deliver you
Into the hand of justice. O, deare friend,
It is in vain to guesse at this my griefe,
Tis so inundant. Soldier, take away that young,
But old in mischiefe.
And being of these apostats rid so well,
He see my house no more be made a hell.
Away with them !

[*Exit.*

Enter Bantam and Shakstone.

Bant. He out o' the country, and as soone live in Lapland as
Lancashire hereafter.

Shak. What, for a false, illusive apparition ? I hope the divell is
not able to perswade thee thou art a bastard.

Bant. No, but I am afflited to thinke that the divell should have power to put such a trick upon us, to countenance a rascal that is one.

Shak. I hope Arthur has taken a course with his uncle about him by this time. Who would have thought such a foole as hee could have beeene a witch?

Bant. Why doe you thinke there's any wise folks of the quality? Can any but fooles be drawne into a covenant with the greatest enemy of mankind? Yet I cannot thinke that Whetstone is the witch? The young queane that was at the wedding was i'th' house, yee know.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell, in their first habits.

Shak. See Lawrence and Parnell civilly accorded againe, it seemes, and accoutr'd as they were wont to be when they had their wits.

Law. Blest be the houre, I say, my hunny, may sweet Pall, that ay's becom'd thaine agone, and thou's becom'd maine agone, and may this ea kisse ma us tway beecome both eane for ever and a day.

Parn. Yie, marry, Lull, and thus shadden it be; there is nought gotten by lawing out; we mun faw in or we get nought.

Bant. The world's well mended here; we cannot but rejoice to see this, Lawrence.

Law. And you been welcome to it, gentlemen.

Parn. And wee been glad to see it.

Shak. And I protest I am glad to see it.

Parn. And thus shan yeou see't till our deeing houre. Ween con leave now for a laife time, the dewle shonot ha the poore to put us to peeces agone.

Bant. Why now all's right and straight, and as it should be.

Law. Yie, marry, that is it; the good houre be blessed for it, that put the wit into may head, to have a mistrust of that pestilent cod-peecce-point, that the witched wench, Mal Spence, go me; ah, woe worth her, that were it that made aw so nought!

Bant. and *Shak.* It's possible?

Parn. Yie, marry, it were an inchauntment, and about an houre since it come intill our hearts to doe—what yeou thinke?—and we did it.

Bant. What, Parnell?

Parn. Marry, we take the point, and we easten the point into the fire, and the point spitter'd and spatter'd in the fire, like an it were (love blesse us), a laive thing in the faire; and it hopef and skippet, and riggled, and frisket in the faire, and crept about laike a worme in the faire, that it were warke enough for us both with all the chimney tooles to keepe it into the faire, and it stinket in the faire, worsen than ony brimstone in the faire.

Bant. This is wonderfull as all the rest.

Law. It wold ha scar'd only that hadden their wits till a seen't, and we werne mad cont it were deone.

Parn. And this were not above an houre sine, and you connot devaise how we han lovd t'ont' other by now, yeou woud een blisse your selu to see't.

Law. Yie an han pit on our working geere, to swinke and serve our master and maistresse like intill painfull servants agone, as we shudden.

Bant. "Tis wondrous well.

Shak. And are they well agen?

Parn. Yie and weel's luuke Heane blisse them; they are awas weel becom'd as none ill had ever beene aneast' hem; lo ye, lo ye, as they come.

Enter Seely, Joane, Gregory, and Win.

Greg. Sir, if a contrite heart, strucke through with sence
Of its sharpe errors, bleeding with remorse,
The blacke polluted staine it had conceiv'd,
Of fonle immaturall disobedience,
May yet, by your faire mercy, finde remission;

You shall upraise a sonne out o' the gulph
Of horrour and despaire, unto a blisse
That shall for ever crowne your goodnesse, and
Instruetive in my after life to serve you,
In all the duties that befit a sonne.

See. Enough, enough, good boy; 'tis most apparent
We all have had our errors, and as plainly
It now appeares, our judgments, yea our reason
Was poyson'd by some violent infection,
Quite contrary to nature.

Bant. This sounds well.

See. I feare it was by witchcraft: for I know
(Blest be the power that wrought the happy means
Of my delivery), remember that,
Some three months since I erost a wayward woman
(One that I now suspect), for bearing with
A most unseemly disobedience,
In an untoward ill-bred sonne of hers,
When, with an ill looke and an hollow voyce,
She mutter'd out these words. Perhaps ere long
Thy selfe shalt be obedient to thy sonne.
She has play'd her pranke it seemes.

Greg. Sir, I have heard that witches apprehended under hands of
lawfull authority, doe loose their power, and all their spels are
instantly dissolv'd.

See. If it be so, then at this happy houre,
The witch is tame that over us had power.

Joan. Enough, childe, thou art mine, and all is well.

Win. Long may you live, the well-spring of my blisse.
And may my duty and my fruitfull prayers
Draw a perpetuall stremme of blessings from you.

See. Gentlemen, welcome to my best friend's house;
You know the unhappy cause that drew me hether.

Bant. And cannot but rejoice to see the remedy so neere at hand.

Enter Doughty, Miller, and Boy.

Dough. Come, Gossip, come Boy. Gentlemen, you are come to
the bravest discovery. Mr. Seely and the rest, how is't with you?
You look reasonable well me thinkes.

See. Sir, we doe find that we have reason enough to thank you for
your neighbourly and pious care of us.

Dough. Is all so well with you already? Goe to, will you know a
reason for't, gentlemen: I have catcht a whole kennel of witches. It
seemes their witch is one of them, and so they are dischard'g; they
are all in officers hands, and they will touch here with two or three
of them, for a little private parley, before they goe to the justices.
Master Generous is coming hither too, with a supply that you dream
not of, and your nephew Arthur.

Bant. You are behoden, sir, to Master Generous, in behalfe of
your nephew for saving his land from forfeiture in time of your
distraction.

See. I will acknowledge it most thankfully.

Shak. See, he comes.

*Enter Mr. Generous, Mrs. Generous, Arthur, Whetstone, Mal,
Soldier, and Robin.*

See. O, Mr. Generous, the noble favour you have shew'd
My nephew for ever bindes me to you.

Gener. I pittyed then your misery, and now
Have nothing left but to bewayle mine owne
In this unhappy woman.

See. Good Mistresse Generous——

Arth. Make a full stop there, sir; sides, sides, make sides; you know her not as I doe; stand aloofe there, mistresse, with your darling witch; your nephew too, if you please, because, though he be no witch, he is a wel-willer to the infernal science.

Gener. I utterly discard him in her blood,
And all the good that I intended him
I will conferre upon this vertuous gentleman.

Whet. Well, sir, though you be no vnkle, yet mine aunt's mine aunt, and shall be to her dying day.

Dough. And that will be about a day after next sizes I take it.

Enter Witches, Constable, and Officers.

O here comes more o' your naunts, naunt Dickenson and naunt Bargrave, ods fish and your granny Johnson too; we want but a good fire to entertain 'em.

Arth. See how they lay their heads together!

Gil. No succour, [Witches charme together.]

Mawd. No relieve.

Peg. No comfort!

All. Mawsey, my Mawsey, gentle Mawsey come.

Mawd. Come, my sweet puckling.

Peg. My Mamilion.

Arth. What doe they say?

Bant. They call their spirits, I thinke.

Dough. Now a shame take you for a fardell of fooles, have you knowne so many of the Divels tricks, and can be ignorant of that common feate of that old jugler; that is, to leave you all to the law, when you are once seized on by the tallons of authority? He undertake this little demigorgon constable with these common-wealth characters upon

his staffe here, is able in spite of all your bugs-words till you come to his kingdome to him, and there take what you can finde.

Truth. But, gentlemen, shall we try if we can by examination get from them something that may abbreviate the cause unto the wiser in commission for the peace, before wee carry them before 'em?

Gener. and *See.* Let it be so.

Dough. Well say, stand out Boy, stand out Miller, stand out Robin, stand out Soldier, and lay your accusation upon 'em.

Bant. Speake, boy, doe you know these creatures, women I dare not call 'em?

Boy. Yes, sir, and saw them all in the barne together, and many more, at their feast and witchery.

Rob. And so did I, by a divellish token, I was rid thither, though I rid home againe as fast without switch or spur.

Mil. I was ill handled by them in the mill.

Sold. And I sliced off a eats foot there, that is since a hand, who ever wants it.

See. How I and all my family have suffered, you all know.

Law. And how I were bewitched, my Pall here knowes.

Parn. Yie Lall, and the witch I knew, an I prayen yeou goe me but leave to serat her well-favorely.

Bant. Hold, Parnell.

Parn. Yeou can blame no honest woman, I trow, to serat for the thing she leoves.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha!

Dough. Doe you laugh, gentlewoman? what say you to all these matters?

Mrs. Gener. I will say nothing, but what you know you know, And as the law shall finde me let it take me.

Gil. And so say I.

Mard. And I.

Mal. And I, other confession you get none from us.

Asth. What say yon to granny?

Peg. Mamillion, ho Mamillion, Mamillion.

Asth. Who's that you call?

Peg. My friend, my sweet-heart, my mamillion.

Witches. You are not mad?

Dough. Ah, ah, that's her divell, her inebus, I warrant; take her off from the rest they'll hurt her. Come hether poore old woman. He dandle a witch a little, thou wilt speake, and tell the truth, and shall have favour, doubt not. Say, art not thou a witch? [They storme.

Peg. "Tis folly to dissemble, yie, sir, I am one.

Dough. And that Mamillion which thou call'st upon
Is thy familiar divell is't not? Nay, prithee, speake.

Peg. Yes, sir.

Dough. That's a good woman, how long hast had's acquaintance, ha?

Peg. A matter of sixe years, sir.

Dough. A pretty matter. What, was he like a man?

Peg. Yes, when I pleas'd.

Dough. And then he lay with thee, did he not sometimes?

Peg. "Tis folly to dissemble; twice a weeke he never fail'd me.

Dough. Humh,—and how? and how a little? was he a good bed-fellow?

Peg. "Tis folly to speake worse of him than he is.

Dough. I trust me is't. Give the divell his due.

Peg. He pleas'd me well, sir, like a proper man.

Dough. There was sweet coupling.

Peg. Onely his flesh felt cold.

Asth. He wanted his great tires about him that he has at home.

Dough. Peace, and did he weare good clothes?

Peg. Gentleman like, but blacke, black points and all.

Dough. I, very like his points were blacke enough. But come we'll

tritle w'ye no longer. Now shall you all to the justices, and let them take order with you till the Sizses, and then let law take his course, and Vivat Rex. Mr. Generous, I am sorry for your cause of sorrow: we shall not have your company?

Gener. No, sir, my prayers for her soules recovery
Shall not be wanting to her, but mine eyes
Must never see her more.

Rob. Mal, adiew, sweet Mal, ride your next journey with the company you have there.

Mal. Well, rogue, I may live to ride in a coach before I come to the gallowes yet.

Rob. And Mrs. the horse that stayes for you rides better with a halter than your gingling bridle. *Evenant Gener. and Robin.*

Dough. Mr. Seely, I rejoyce for your families attonement

Seel. And I praise heaven for you that were the means to it.

Dough. On afore Drovers with your untoward cattell

Evenant severally.

Bant. Why doe not you follow, Mr. By-blow, I thank your aunt for the tricke she would have father'd us withall.

Whet. Well, sir, mine aunt's mine aunt, and for that trick I will not leave her till I see her doe a worse.

Bant. Yare a kinde Kinsman.

Evenant. *Flourish.*

SONG. II ACT.

1.

Come, Mawsy, come Puckling,
And come my sweet suckling,
My pretty Mamillion, my Joy,
Fall each to his duggy,
While kindly we huggie,
As tender as nurse over boy.

Then suck our blouds freely, and with it be jolly.
While merrily we sing hey, trolly, lolly.

2.

We'l dandle and clip yee,
We'l stroke yee, and leape yee,
And all that we have is your due;
The feates you doe for us,
And those which you store us
Withal, tyes us onely to you.

Then suck our blouds freely, and with it be jolly.
While merrily we sing hey, trolly, lolly.

E P I L O G U E.

NOW while the witches must expect their due,
By lawfull justice, we appeal to you
For favourable censure; what their crime
May bring upon 'em, ripens yet of time
Has not reveal'd. Perhaps great mercy may,
After just condemnation, give them day
Of longer life. We represent as much
As they have done, before Lawes hand did touch
Upon their guilt. But dare not hold it fit
That we for justices and judges sit,
And personate their grave wisedomes on the stage,
Whom we are bound to honour; no, the age
Allowes it not. Therefore unto the Lawes
We can but bring the witches and their cause,
And there we leave 'em, as their divels did.
Should we goe further with 'em? Wit forbud.
What of their storie further shall ensue,
We must referre to time—ourselves to you.

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